



THE INDEPENDENT

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IN THE 18-PAGE BROADSHEET REVIEW

28-PAGE EDUCATION SECTION



David Beckham: humbling of a hero

STAN HEY, THURSDAY REVIEW FRONT



Jay Weldon: my disgrace

RAPE DEBATE COMMENT



Are GCSEs just too easy?

OPEN ENDS

Historic handshake for peace

CARRYING THE hopes for progress of most of Northern Ireland on their shoulders, David Trimble and Seamus Mallon, a Unionist and a nationalist, yesterday gave the province the first element of its new cross-community government.

They became, in line with the historic Good Friday agreement, the new first minister and deputy first minister of Northern Ireland.

Their handshake symbolised the new system, which will see representatives of the two communities at the head of a new executive to be elected from the new Belfast assembly.

The assembly's first meeting voted them jointly into office by a majority of both Unionist and nationalist members.

Sinn Féin abstained in the vote but made clear it approved of the new arrangement and would give it a fair wind, stressing at the same time that it expected to be part of the new ruling executive when it is chosen later in the year.

The Democratic Unionist Party leader, the Rev Ian Paisley, and his allies voted against.

The agreement's intricate architecture will take many more months to be put in place fully. But this was a crucial stage in the process of building a new government which, months from now, will take over much of the running of Northern Ireland.

Yesterday's proceedings featured sustained attacks on Mr Trimble from the anti-agreement Unionists, who called on the Ulster Unionist Party leader to rule out taking part in a government which might

BY DAVID MCKITTRICK
Ireland Correspondent

include Sinn Féin in the absence of the IRA decommissioning weapons.

But Mr Trimble and Mr Mallon both made strong speeches just before the vote and none of the alleged waverers in the Trimble camp showed any sign of breaking ranks.

After the vote, Mr Paisley said sourly: "There will be OBEs galore." Mr Trimble said he hoped Northern Ireland was



Trimble: Assembly choice

coming out of its 30-year morass, which had seen so much violence and terrorism. To much heckling from the DUP he said their questions on decommissioning were not put in any sense of honest inquiry but were rather "another cheap political stunt".

He said Northern Ireland had an opportunity to work towards peace. In a reference to both republican and loyalist assembly members, he said that there were many people in the room who had in the past

done terrible things. He said they needed to demonstrate that they could change, adding: "We are not saying that simply because someone has a past that they cannot have a future."

He said the enterprise was not going to fail because of any lack of effort on the part of his party.

Mr Mallon was nominated by his party, the SDLP, after its leader, John Hume, announced he had decided to concentrate on his posts as a Westminster MP and a Member of the European Parliament. Mr Mallon said that whatever differences they had, they had to work out a means of working together on a basis of consent, equality and justice.

He said David Trimble had acted with courage, dignity and integrity, adding that he believed that, as they proceeded, the Unionist leader would inspire confidence within the nationalist community. He added: "We share an absolute conviction that now, at the end of this century, we're going to change the face of life in the north of Ireland. There will be no exclusions in this new arrangement."

Many members said they were concerned about this weekend's Orange March at Drumree, in County Armagh, where the traditional march has been banned by the Northern Ireland Parades Commission. Tensions are running high in both communities, with growing worries that the occasion could result in confrontation and possibly widespread disturbances in the streets.

The Orange Order has said it intends to defy the ban and to stage protests against it.

The World Cup? Forget it...



Tim Henman knocked out Petr Korda in straight sets yesterday, redeeming England's sporting pride

Robert Hallam

...as Henman saves the day

SUDDENLY a nation of football fans became tennis lovers. Just as the defeated England World Cup team arrived back at Heathrow, Tim Henman became the first English player to progress to the Wimbledon semi-finals since Roger Taylor in 1973.

Tennis demands a more measured patriotic fervour than football. Henman does not even have a song in the charts, though there is still

BY DAVID LISTER

time before Friday's semi-final against top seed Pete Sampras for him to get into the recording studio.

For a shellshocked nation, Henman's straight-sets victory over Australian Open champion Petr Korda restored a feeling of optimism after a day when offices, supermarkets and schools echoed to talk of the dramas of the night before

and the country's unhappiest young man, David Beckham.

It was hard to credit that a couple of days ago he was one of the most envied men in Britain - engaged to a Spice Girl, earning millions and a sex symbol. By last night he had issued a public apology to the country and his team-mates for the petulant kick that saw him sent off in England's World Cup exit to Argentina.

The team arrived back at

Heathrow on Concorde with the flag of St George fluttering from the cockpit window. The team did not speak to reporters, coach Glenn Hoddle shrugging his shoulders and mouthing the words "we tried".

For the country it was a curious day of depression at England's exit and elation at a gutsy performance. In case there had not been sufficient drama, the Football Association headquarters caught fire.



Setback for Aids treatment

A NEW TREATMENT for Aids patients which has significantly extended life expectancy has suffered a serious setback.

Medical researchers in the US have reported the first case of an HIV-infected person who had become resistant to the latest class of anti-viral drugs.

Tests on the strain of HIV infecting the patient, a gay middle-aged man from San Francisco, revealed that the virus had developed resistance against six of the eleven approved drugs for treating Aids, including four of the new protease inhibitors.

Drug resistance has always been a problem with HIV and scientists developed a form of

BY STEVE CONNOR
Science Editor

treatment known as combination therapy with two or more drugs taken simultaneously in the hope of preventing the emergence of resistant strains.

The therapy proved an enormous success and was hailed as the nearest thing to a cure.

However, Frederick Hecht, assistant clinical professor of medicine at the San Francisco General Hospital, has detected the transmission of protease inhibitor resistance from one patient to another and warned that this could represent an "an emerging clinical and pub-

lic health problem because protease inhibitors are a powerful weapon in the arsenal against HIV".

Details of the study are to be published later this month in the *New England Journal of Medicine* but they were released early at the International Aids Conference in Geneva because of their significance.

"We still don't know how frequently resistant strains are transmitted. But we now know that people can acquire strains with multi-drug resistance, including resistance to protease inhibitor treatment," Professor Hecht said.

Part of the rationale for giving

patients two or more anti-viral drugs simultaneously was that this would make it virtually impossible for HIV to mutate to a form that would be multi-resistant. But these hopes may now be dashed with the latest study showing that the infected man picked up the HIV strain from a lover whose combination therapy had still allowed the virus to develop resistance to several protease inhibitors.

Thomas Coates, director of the Aids Research Institute at the University of California, at San Francisco, said: "This doesn't mean that combination therapy is not a good thing... but it is clearly not the final answer".

Straw bans black militant

JACK STRAW announced last night that he was not prepared to lift the ban preventing the American black militant leader Louis Farrakhan from entering Britain. The Home Secretary said his decision was influenced by violent scenes involving British followers of Mr Farrakhan outside the inquiry into the murder of Stephen Lawrence this week.

A group of around 30 activists from Mr Farrakhan's Nation of Islam organisation tried to force their way into the inquiry chamber in south London as police used CS spray to retain order.

In a faxed letter to the Na-

BY IAN BURRELL
Home Affairs Correspondent

tion's offices in Chicago, Mr Straw said he was "minded to maintain" Mr Farrakhan's exclusion from Britain.

The decision follows a review of Mr Farrakhan's case which began in the autumn. The original ban was enforced in 1986 by the then Home Secretary, Douglas Hurd, who feared that Mr Farrakhan's inflammatory language could spark racial unrest in the wake of the Broadwater Farm riot in Tottenham, north London.

Mr Farrakhan has called Jews "bloodsuckers", de-

scribed Zionism as a "dirty religion" and revered Adolf Hitler as a "great man".

But last month, as *The Independent* revealed yesterday, the radical leader signed a statement in which he acknowledged that Britain was a multi-cultural society and promised to do nothing to incite racial hatred. The development prompted concern that the ban on Mr Farrakhan would be lifted.

The Nation of Islam leader has the opportunity to make further representations before Mr Straw makes a final decision.

Benjamin Muhammad, a spokesman for Mr Farrakhan said Nation of Islam lawyers

would consider Mr Straw's statement before deciding whether to make further representations. He added: "This is a violation of human rights and the exclusion... appears to have both racial and political overtones." He said it was unjust to relate Mr Farrakhan's entry status with the events at the Stephen Lawrence inquiry.

"The [British] government wants to ban the honourable minister Farrakhan who has violated no law and yet there has been no denial of privilege to the five men who killed Stephen Lawrence and that is a contradiction," Mr Muhammad said.

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Benjamin Netanyahu accused Israel's President of conspiring with the Palestinian enemy
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Employment in manufacturing is falling at its fastest rate for more than five years
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Bowlers had a field day as 23 wickets fell on the first day of the match between Derbyshire and Essex
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"One ring and I was covered" - John G. Sweller.

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HOME NEWS
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On the eve of its 50th anniversary, Frank Dobson, the health secretary, yesterday charged the NHS with failing to honour one of its founding principles - the delivery of equal care to all.

An artist who uses pornography and elephant dung in his work and another who depicts entrails and genitalia are on the short-list for the Turner Prize. Page 7

John Prescott is set to introduce "instant" fines for private train companies who fail to keep services running on time. **Page 10**

The orang-utan, the only Asian great ape and one of man's closest relatives, is on course for extinction, an environmental campaign group warned. **Page 12**

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Ethnic Albanian political leaders in Pristina edged closer to working with Kosovo fighters, but failed to agree on how to enlist them in a unified struggle for independence.

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The rapper Ol' Dirty Bastard, founder of the Wu-Tang Clan, has been shot and injured in a robbery. Page 15

Washington officials are still trying to determine whether the incident over southern Iraq on Tuesday was a deliberate challenge by Iraq or an aberration. Page 16

PAGES 18 - 23

The row between Andrew Millar, British Biotech's sacked director of clinical research, and the company's outgoing chief executive reached new heights yesterday

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Eagle Star said 540 employees at its commercial insurance arm would lose their jobs following the merger of its parent company with Zurich Insurance. **Page 21**

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Paul Sampson, will play for England against South Africa in Cape Town on Saturday, two years after being called into the Test training squad while still at school.

Walter Smith took over as manager of Everton and vowed not to rush into changing the side who narrowly missed relegation from the Premiership last season. **Page 28**

'Children are nature's way of making their parents look more alike.'
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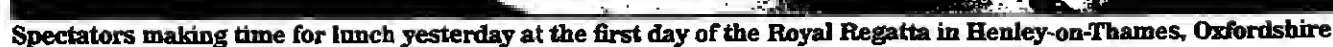
'No Chinese newspaper has reported Mr Clinton's remarks about human rights, even when they have been broadcast on live television.'

'I am at a loss to understand why saying that life is preferable to death should be taken to mean that I think rape is okay and that this should be spread over quite so many headlines.'

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John Voogs

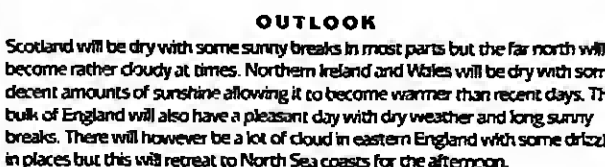
After the widely derided evidence given by the five suspects earlier this week, the tribunal yesterday dismissed reports that it was actively considering whether they could be prosecuted for perjury.

Such action would seriously disrupt the crop experiments, which aim to collect data about how the plants behave in the environment where commercial versions would be grown. The plants can only be grown in the open after undergoing a review process during which the grower must get a specific licence from the Department of the Environment.

ment sources said: "That won't be the end of their trouble."

Mr Smith will be announcing initiatives which government insiders said last night would show that he has won some important battles inside Whitehall including his demand for more access for the public to the arts, such as opera at Covent Garden.

THE WORLD

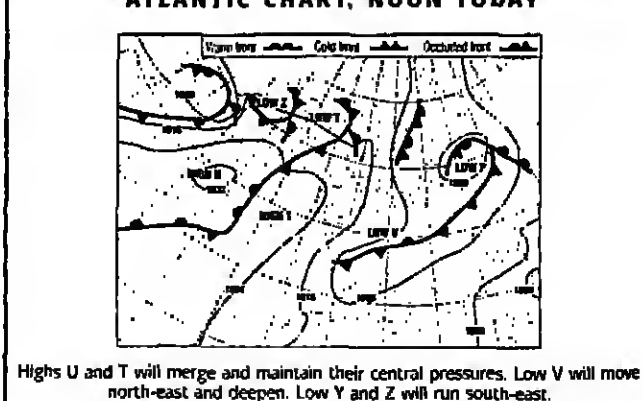


Scotland will be dry with some sunny breaks in most parts but the far north will become rather cloudy at times. Northern Ireland and Wales will be dry with some decent amounts of sunshine allowing it to become warmer than recent days. The bulk of England will also have a pleasant day with dry weather and long sunny breaks. There will however be a lot of cloud in eastern England with some drizzle in places but this will retreat to North Sea coasts for the afternoon.

Friday will be dry with sunshine in most parts but cloud will build over north-west and northern Scotland and Northern Ireland and drizzle will break out. There will be rain in Scotland, northern England and Northern Ireland on Saturday but elsewhere it will be dry with sunny breaks, feeling warmer in the south. On Sunday there will be further rain in the north and in Northern Ireland but it will be dry elsewhere with sunny breaks.

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Source: The Met Office. Calls charged at 50p per min inc VAT.

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S England	Good	-	-	Good
Wales	Good	-	-	Good
C England	Good	-	-	Good
N England	Good	-	-	Good
Scotland	Good	-	-	Good
N. Ireland	Good	-	-	Good

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'You almost felt you could touch her. So different from Hello!'

WHEN PRINCESS Diana caught sight of a photograph of her face pasted onto the centre of a red and blue rosette worn by Margaret Tyler at the opening of a hospital last year, she remarked: "You have got it bad."

Had the Princess been able to see Mrs Tyler still sporting her rosette, or any of the other inveterate fans who had travelled from as far afield as Japan and the US to visit Althorp House yesterday, she might have been tempted to say something similar.

It is almost a year since Diana's death - or "that ghastly event", as Earl Spencer referred to it in the programme for the exhibition dedicated to his sister's memory.

Yet to many visitors it seems like yesterday. The scene was reminiscent of last September, but on a smaller scale.

They brought flowers - roses, lilies and posies, though this time they had to remove the cellophane - they lit candles and left hand-written poems. There were tears, there were memories and there were the inevitable jabs at the Royal family. "If Earl Spencer hadn't done anything, I don't think the other side would have," said one elderly visitor. "At the end of the day, the public loved her, regardless of what the Royals say. She was our princess and that's it."

Gloria Trainor, 34, emerged from Althorp house pleased with her purchases. "I got a beautiful china

BY CLARE GARNER

cup, and on the back it had one of the segments of the speech at the funeral," she said. That segment, as it turned out, was not one of the controversial ones, simply reading: "The very essence of compassion, of duty, of style, of beauty."

Mrs Trainor had flown over from New Jersey especially for the exhibition, just as she had done for the funeral. "When I heard the estate would be open, I just felt compelled to come," she said. "And I'm glad I did. Seeing more of Diana's personal items and where she grew up gives you more of a feel of who she was."

Mrs Tyler was tickled pink with the trinkets she had bought to add to her 5,000-piece collection. Her £8.50 mug, £12.50 candle and £3.50 programme were "bargains". And she would happily have paid double the £9.50 entry fee. "I think it's a pittance, to be honest. You have to pay £12 to get into Madam Tussaud's in London."

Earl Spencer was on hand to greet the visitors. Among the exhibits he had laid on for them were Diana's passport, a photograph of her favourite pet (a cat called Marmalade), a tapestry cushion that she made at West Heath School, and the menu from her wedding. Mrs Tyler, 54, said: "There were her ballet shoes, her tap shoes, her tiaras. You can't believe it. It's almost ghostly to think she wore them."

If Earl Spencer's purpose was to reclaim Diana, he was eminently successful. He has had, it seems, the final word. In the preface to the programme he writes that Diana was the embodiment of Spencer qualities, which include "an appreciation of what is important and a dismissal of what is irrelevant".

The original draft of his funeral speech is on display in a lit cabinet and a lengthy passage from it is inscribed on a plaque beside the lake. The island on which Diana is buried - or not, as some would have it - was the *pièce de résistance* for many. "You felt that you could reach out and touch her," said one visitor. "It's much smaller than what you would think from photos in *Hello* and *Majesty*."

Kim Keen, 33, admits she is "one of the conspiracy theorists, in a big way". She said that when she saw pictures of Diana and Dodi on the boat, she had a premonition that "something bad was going to happen".

But beyond all the childhood memorabilia, perhaps the biggest insight into Princess Diana's life available to the public yesterday was the media presence. Television crews and reporters outnumbered visitors as they descended upon anyone who emerged from the Althorp House gates.

"I've done about four or five interviews," sighed Mrs Keen, "to think what that woman went through..."



Margaret Tyler shows off her souvenirs after visiting Althorp House yesterday.

Tom Pilon

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AIR FRANCE

WINNING THE HEARTS OF THE WORLD

New powers for MPs on arms exports

MINISTERS YESTERDAY announced that MPs are to be given new powers to oversee government policy on arms exports. In an attempt to prevent a repetition of the arms-to-Iraq scandal.

But they rejected one major recommendation in Sir Richard Scott's report into the export of defence equipment to Saddam Hussein's regime from Britain.

While Sir Richard said that the control of arms export licences should be moved to the Ministry of Defence to separate it from the promotion of arms sales and prevent any conflict of interest, a White Paper published yesterday said it should remain at the Department of Trade and Industry.

Parliament will be given the chance to scrutinise new regulations on arms exports, but calls for the creation of a committee to look at sensitive licences before they are granted have been dismissed. Instead, an annual report will set out what arms have been sold, on a country-by-country basis.

Demands that arms brokers operating from Britain should be made to register and to apply for licences, even if the goods they sell never touch British soil, have also been ignored. However, brokers will be liable for prosecution if they break European Union or British arms embargoes, regardless of whether the goods come from the United Kingdom.

Other new measures will include a law to prevent British

BY FRAN ABRAMS
Political Correspondent

citizens from passing information about weapons designs electronically or by fax without a licence.

An existing law that bars UK citizens from any involvement with chemical weapons is to be extended to cover biological and nuclear weapons.

Lord Clinton-Davis, the Trade minister, said the new controls could never fully prevent unscrupulous individuals from trying to get round the rules, but they would be a step in the right direction.

"Ministers are not afraid to put themselves in the firing line about these matters. I am sure the situation is far stronger than it ever was, and rightly so," he said.



Menzies Campbell: critical of arms trade White Paper

Campaigning groups and opposition parties were critical of the announcement, though. Menzies Campbell, the Liberal Democrat spokesman on foreign affairs and defence, said the White Paper paid only lip service to transparency and parliamentary scrutiny.

"This is a poor response to the level of public outrage over arms exports which followed the publication of the Scott report and falls a long way short of Labour's rhetoric in Opposition," he said.

Liz Clegg, co-ordinator of Saferworld's arms trade programme, said the announcement was broadly in line with the Government's commitment to transparency and accountability.

"We will be pressing for further measures, particularly in the area of brokering and also for prior parliamentary scrutiny of arms exports," she said. "Mercenaries operating from Britain could face new regulation under plans being drawn up by ministers in the wake of the arms-to-Sierra Leone debacle, a minister has confirmed."

In answer to a question from Lord Avebury, who broke the news that Sandline International had broken a United Nations embargo on arms exports to the country following a coup, the Foreign Office minister, Baroness Symons, said the Government was considering a number of options, including checks on mercenaries.

UK will ratify treaty on mines, says Blair

MPs WILL pass an international ban on land-mines into British law next Friday, it was confirmed last night. Tony Blair was cheered by Labour MPs as he confirmed in the Commons that Britain was about to ratify the convention.

The Government had been under pressure to take the measure before the first anniversary of the death of Diana, Princess of Wales, who campaigned for a ban.

Mr Blair said that the United Kingdom had already achieved much in advance of ratification of the treaty: with an export ban and moratorium on

the use of anti-personnel land-mines in place three weeks after Labour took office.

Almost half Britain's stockpile had already been destroyed, with 450,000 mines disposed of so far. Aid for demining activities overseas had been doubled, the Prime Minister added.

"If legislation is completed in July, as we wish it to be, then we will be amongst the first 40 nations to ratify - as we promised to do," he said.

Mr Blair was replying to Lindsay Hoyle (Lab, Chorley),

who said that as yesterday was the birthday of the princess it was a "golden opportunity" to make such an announcement.

He urged the Prime Minister to commend the "good work" done in Angola, Kuwait and other countries by the Royal Ordnance landmine clearance unit based in his constituency.

An official spokesman for the Prime Minister confirmed later that the Commons would consider the Bill next Friday. MPs had been due to be in their constituencies on that date with the House of Commons not sitting at all.

THE OLYMPUS MJU II

Dobson accuses NHS of failing to provide equal care for all

BY JEREMY LAURANCE
Health Editor

ON THE eve of its 50th anniversary, Frank Dobson, the Secretary of State for Health, yesterday charged the National Health Service with failing to honour one of its founding principles – the delivery of equal care to all.

Labour's most prized social innovation was hugely popular, a "brilliant bargain" and had done more than any other to improve people's lives, he said. But there were "gaping holes" in the arrangements for ensuring that everyone got the best quality of treatment across the NHS.

Addressing a conference of more than 3,000 NHS managers in London, Mr Dobson announced a new drive to improve standards and tackle unacceptable variations in care so that no patient had to put up with inferior treatment. "Sadly, the machinery of the NHS has been of little help in this. In some cases it has even hindered the spread of best practice," he said.

He pledged that the NHS would get "more money – a lot more money" but delays to the completion of the Government's spending review prevented him from naming a figure. An announcement is expected later this month. Instead, Mr Dobson launched a document stating how the Government plans to ensure every patient gets the right treatment. Called "A First-Class Service", it echoes the drive by David Blunkett, the Secretary of State for Education, to raise standards in schools.

The document, which is out for consultation until 18 September, highlights examples of variations in care, including one study of 35 surgeons that showed their mastectomy rate for breast cancer ranged from nil to 80 per cent. It notes that the clot-busting drug, streptokinase, which has been shown to save the lives of heart-attack victims, took years to come into routine use, despite increasing evidence of its benefits. Mr Dobson said: "The Gov-



A student play specialist keeps a young patient amused on a children's ward at Addenbrookes Hospital, Cambridge

Brian Harris

ernment is not prepared to leave quality to chance. Patients deserve a first-class service wherever they are treated."

A National Institute for Clinical Excellence, heralded in last November's White Paper on the NHS, will examine the efficiency and cost-effectiveness of new drugs and technologies and issue guidelines on their use. New teams of doctors and

managers will be appointed in each NHS trust to run a system of "clinical governance", which will monitor practice to ensure it is in line with the nationally agreed guidance.

The institute, which will be doctor-led but will include NHS managers and patients, will supersede 26 national and regional organisations that issue guidance on treatments currently, but will carry more clout.

Ministers denied that it would be used as a cover for rationing treatments, but agreed that it could decide to impose restrictions on the prescription of a new drug such as Viagra, the impotence drug. However, Viagra is expected to receive a licence in the UK in September, before the institute is in operation.

Alan Milburn, the health minister, said: "There are

proven treatments, on both cost and clinical grounds, which are being introduced too slowly, and there are unproven treatments which are being introduced too quickly. The institute will improve that. It may lead to faster uptake of new or existing treatments."

To prevent further scandals such as the children's heart-surgery disaster in Bristol and the cervical and breast screen-

ing failures in Canterbury and Exeter, a Commission for Health Improvement, also outlined in the White Paper, is to run spot checks on hospitals, visiting each trust routinely every three or four years. The commission will have the power to send hit squads into failing institutions.

These agencies will be backed by a new legal requirement on NHS trusts to provide

high-quality care, in addition to their financial responsibility to balance the books.

Mr Dobson told a press conference following his speech: "For the first time, clinical standards will have to be on the agenda of trust boards. Managers will have to make sure clinical standards are met. Until now, the only legal duty of the NHS trust boards has been to break even."

Managers shelve plans to close unit

BY SIAN CLARE

PLANS TO close a hospital children's unit were shelved just before Frank Dobson, the Secretary of State for Health, was due to make an NHS 50th-anniversary visit, it emerged yesterday.

Nurses and parents were planning to stage a protest against the closure at Trafford General Hospital in Greater Manchester during Mr Dobson's visit this Sunday, until the last-minute reprieve was announced.

The hospital was chosen for Mr Dobson's NHS anniversary visit because 50 years previously it had been the setting of a famous picture of Aneurin Bevan, founder of the National Health Service, with a child who was heralded as the first NHS patient.

Mr Dobson said yesterday that he had told the NHS North West regional executive – which he said was made up of Conservative appointees – to withdraw the plans.

He said the closure of the children's unit would have an impact on services in other parts of Greater Manchester and there had been no proper consultation with people across the region.

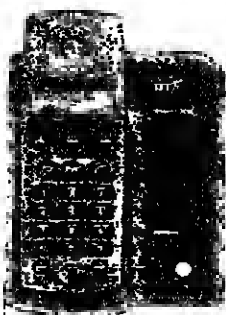
Mr Dobson insisted that he would have acted sooner had he known about the proposal earlier.

He told BBC Radio 4's *The World at One* programme: "It happened because that was the first I'd heard of it."

"If I'd heard a month ago what these Tory appointees were doing, I'd have intervened then."

A statement issued by North West NHS Executive yesterday said: "Regional health managers have now required Salford and Trafford Health Authority to withdraw proposals to change children's services at Trafford General Hospital."

"This will not affect the planned development of services at Salford Hope Hospital, which were approved following the earlier consultation in 1996."



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Graduates can't communicate, say employers

EMPLOYERS FACE increasing difficulties in recruiting graduates despite the big expansion of universities, according to a survey out today.

They are happy with the academic standards of new graduates but not with their ability to solve problems, communicate and work in teams.

In some subjects, such as IT, chemistry, food science and engineering, Britain is not producing enough graduates.

The problem is particularly acute in electrical and electronic engineering and computer science, according to the survey from the Association of Graduate Recruiters.

Roly Cockman, the association's chief executive, said: "Because of the expansion of higher education, the number of applicants has risen enormously but the number of people with the mix of skills they are looking for has not gone up in the same proportion."

The gap between prospects for the best and worst graduates is widening sharply, with the best receiving many job offers and the worst none.

Figures in the survey show 38 per cent of organisations do not expect to fill all their vacancies this year compared with only a quarter last year.

The association's annual report says: "The graduate labour market is increasingly com-

petitive. Employers are having to work harder and devote more resources to filling their vacancies, and retention of existing graduates is becoming a problem."

The median starting salary for a new graduate is expected to be around £16,500 this year, an increase of 4.3 per cent.

Mr Cockman said: "Organisations are satisfied with graduates' general IT skills and computer literacy, but finding people who are both technically competent and commercially aware is difficult."

Cambridge University yesterday announced an advertising campaign to banish its elitist image and to attract more applicants from state schools and ethnic minorities. Professor Sir Alec Broers, the university's Vice-Chancellor, said: "We want to overturn the hostile preconceptions that still exist today. Cambridge is open to everyone who is bright."

Fifty-one per cent of the university's students come from state schools, a figure that has changed little in 10 years. Both Oxford and Cambridge have redoubled their efforts after the Government phased out some of the money paid in fees to Oxbridge colleges.

IN BRIEF

Billie-Jo jury sent home for night after failing to reach verdict

THE JURY in the Billie-Jo Jenkins murder trial was sent home last night after failing to reach a verdict.

The eight men and four women had spent more than five hours deliberating at Lewes Crown Court after the judge finished his summing up of the 19-day trial yesterday morning. Deputy headmaster Sion Jenkins, 40, denies murdering 13-year-old Billie-Jo with a metal tent spike on 15 February last year. The judge, Mr Justice Gage, warned the jurors not to talk to anybody about the case, before sending them home at 4.15pm.

Asda plans breach of the peach

ASDA is to give away 100,000 peaches in protest at EU rules that ban them from going on sale. The supermarket chain said the EU directive was on a par with moves to straighten bananas and alter the ingredients of British chocolate. The restriction, to protect Italian peach growers, bans the sale of peaches measuring 51mm to 56mm across from 1 July until next spring. Asda said it would give the small peaches away to children visiting their stores this Saturday.

Boycott back in commentary box

GEOFFREY BOYCOTT is back in the BBC cricket commentary team after being dropped following an assault conviction which has since been set aside. He was convicted by a French court after his ex-lover, Margaret Moore, said he assaulted her. The case resulted in a suspended sentence and £5,100 fine. But, as he was not in court, he exercised the right to have the conviction set aside; a further case is expected later in the year.

Rock band sells single on Internet

THE ROCK band Rialto is to cut out the middleman by releasing a single exclusively on the Internet – the first time an established act has done so in Britain. The single, a new version of the group's hit "Monday Morning 5:19", can be ordered only online and will not be available in shops. However, the CD will not be eligible for inclusion in the charts because rules operated by the compiler, the Chart Information Network, do not count Internet sales.

Double rapist faces life jail term

A DANGEROUS double rapist – likened to Jekyll and Hyde – was warned yesterday that he may face a life sentence after he was convicted at the Old Bailey of attacking a trainee solicitor and a student. George Hayes, 25, was violent, sexually deviant and manipulative. "On the face of it he is a very dangerous man and poses a substantial risk, in particular to women," added Judge Graham Boal.

Gap-year students 'need backup'

THE GOVERNMENT is considering new guidelines for companies which send students on gap years abroad in the wake of the Louise Woodward case.

Dr Kim Howells, the minister for life-long learning, said the Government would examine an idea put forward yesterday to offer more guidance and backup.

BY BEN RUSSELL
Education Correspondent

Conservative MP Nick St Aubyn, a member of the Commons Education Select Committee, said the current situation was unacceptable.

Mr St Aubyn said many companies were responsible. But he attacked the minority of poor op-

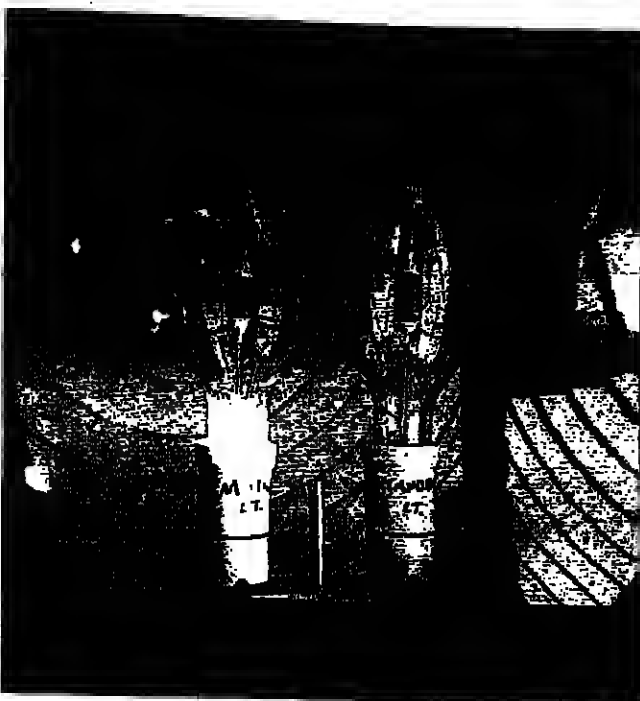
erators. He said: "I don't think it is acceptable to send a school-leaver abroad under the umbrella of an organisation and not follow it through. When they are out there, there should be back-up and contacts on the ground."

He said safeguards were needed to help prevent cases such as that of Miss Woodward, the British nanny convicted of

killing baby Matthew Eappen.

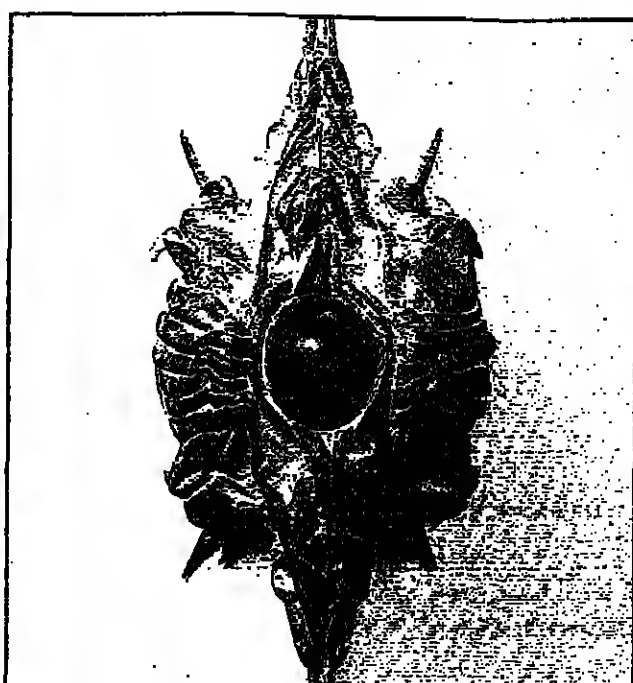
John Cornell, director of the charity Gap Activity Projects, one of the market leaders, warned that guidelines would be difficult to implement. He said: "It's a very imprecise science. If you start writing things down with precise rules or guidelines they either become bland or you cannot stick with them."

Dung sets tone for Turner short list



TACITA DEAN, 32

The sea has been a fascination since childhood. Dean's work consists primarily of 16mm films which she combines with works in other media, with the sea often a central theme. She has produced a body of work inspired by the disappearance in 1968 of amateur yachtsman Donald Crowhurst: the picture above is called 'Disappearance at Sea'. As part of the project she recorded the light reflected inside the St Abb's Head lighthouse beacon in Berwickshire as night fell. She is a postgraduate of the Slade School of Fine Art.



CATHY de MONCHAUX, 37

De Monchaux explores themes relating to the human body, in both its physical and psychological aspects, including sexuality and death. The work above is called 'Trust your sanity to no-one'. Much of her work consists of wall-mounted sculptures: red velvet and pink suede, pleated into lush and sensual folds, crushed and gripped between metal rods. According to the judges, 'these objects speak of femininity crossed with masculinity, they are both inviting and threatening'. She has a masters degree from Goldsmith's College of Art.



CHRIS OFILI, 29

A Briton of Nigerian descent, Ofili was profoundly affected by his first visit to Africa six years ago. It encouraged him to reconsider his identity and to examine issues of black culture, imagery and sexual stereotyping. Unusually for a Turner Prize short-listed artist, he is a painter. The work above is titled 'Blossom'. While in Africa, he began to incorporate lumps of elephant dung into his canvasses, using other lumps on which to display his paintings. Instead of hanging them on walls. He has a masters degree from the Royal College of Art.



SAM TAYLOR-WOOD, 31

Another Goldsmith's graduate, Taylor-Wood uses video and photography to explore human relationships. Working with professional actors, amateurs, friends and strangers, she conveys emotions such as frustration, sexual desire and violent urges: the work above is called 'Pent-Up'. Her Venice Biennale work 'Atlantic' comprised three video monitors, the first showing a woman's face, the second the woman sitting with a man in a restaurant, the third a close-up of the man's hands, fiddling with an ashtray. The Venice jury gave it a prize.

THE SHORT LIST for the Turner Prize was announced yesterday, with canvases of elephant dung and sculptures of entrails and genitalia promising another routine year for contemporary art's best-known award.

The paintings of Chris Ofili and Cathy de Monchaux's wall sculptures are in the running for the £20,000 prize, alongside the work of two other artists.

The short list for the annual art prize, unveiled at the Tate Gallery in London, also includes film-maker and photographer Sam Taylor-Wood, and Tacita Dean, who works with film, drawing and other media.

Mr Ofili, 29, whose work featured in the "Sensation" exhibition at the Royal Academy last year, creates huge layered collages and paintings that feature balls of elephant dung and cuttings from soft-porn magazines; he often incorporates rap lyrics and biblical references.

He also explores black men's perceptions of black women, collaging images taken from black porn magazines. Art critic

By DAVID LISTER
Arts News Editor

Marina Warner, a member of the prize jury, said Mr Ofili was confronting racist attitudes and presenting black women in a way that would be impossible for a white artist. "He's interested in the sacred and profane," she added.

Simon Wilson, a spokesman for the Tate, said: "There's no doubt that he's exploring black male attitudes to black women. He also juxtaposes the women with heroic imagery in some of his paintings, and his work is steeped in the history of art with references to other artists."

Cathy de Monchaux, 37, uses folded and stuffed pink suede, wall-mounted on metal frames, to hint at parts of the human body. Ms Warner said of Ms Monchaux's work: "It's possibly dangerous and spiky and even cruel or perverse. It's an exploration of desire and pleasure."

Tacita Dean, 32, works mainly in film, which she puts together with other media. Sam

Taylor-Wood, 31, has examined human relationships in much of her art.

All the short-listed artists live and work in London. The judging panel for this year's prize features Pet Shop Boy Neil Tennant, himself an avid collector, among the critics and experts.

Nicholas Serota, the Tate's director and the jury chairman, said there had been around 500 entries for the competition. The winner will be announced on 1 December.

In the autumn there will be an extensive programme of discussions and talks throughout the UK, visiting Belfast, Glasgow, Manchester, Southampton, St Ives and Sunderland. Works by all four artists will feature in an exhibition at the Tate Gallery at Millbank, London, which opens on 28 October and runs until 10 January.

Last year, the Turner Prize exhibition attracted 85,000 visitors.

Leading article.
Review, page 3

British still paying too much for CDs

MUSIC LOVERS in Britain are still paying over the odds for compact discs compared to other countries, the Consumers' Association claimed today.

While fans have to pay £14.49 to buy the soundtrack from the hit film *Titanic* in the UK, in Hong Kong it would only set you back £8.95 and in Ireland it costs £11.18, according to a survey by the Consumers' Association (CA) magazine *Which?* For followers of the Spice Girls, their latest album currently costs £13.46 here, while Hong Kong fans can purchase it for £7.95 and Australians £12.06.

The differences in prices are not confined to current chart albums but embrace

By GLENDA COOPER

classical and older albums as well, said *Which?* The *Wall*, by Pink Floyd, costs £30.55 here, but only £18.96 in the Netherlands and £16.85 in Hong Kong.

The Consumers' Association first looked at the issue in 1990, and in 1994 the Monopolies and Mergers Commission (MMC) conducted an investigation into the supply of recorded music, but concluded that record companies were not overcharging consumers.

In March this year the CA joined eight other consumer organisations overseas to see how much prices vary. They looked at 40 music CDs and prices were checked in a total of almost 300 shops in the UK,

Australia, Finland, Hong Kong, Iceland, Ireland, The Netherlands, New Zealand and Switzerland.

"In general it seems that if you're travelling outside Europe it may be worth stocking up on CDs," the report said. "Typical prices for popular singles and albums were cheapest in New Zealand, Australia and Hong Kong."

Within Europe prices tended to be similar, taking into account local purchase tax rates. "But the UK was generally more expensive than the other countries."

Which? said technological innovations could succeed in bringing lower prices. The growing ability to record CDs at home and download music directly from the Internet could jolt the music industry into cutting prices, to prevent consumers by-passing legitimate outlets altogether and depriving companies of any revenue, it says.

"We believe that consumers are still paying over the odds for CDs," said the report.

THE PRICE OF A DISC				
all prices in £s	UK	HK	Australia	Netherlands
<i>Titanic</i>	14.49	8.03	12.06	11.66
<i>Spice World</i>	13.46	7.95	12.06	11.66
<i>The Wall</i>	30.55	16.85	16.09	18.96
<i>Schumann complete works</i>	16.05	9.09	12.06	13.12

Healthy women clog breast clinics

FOURTEEN OUT of fifteen referrals to a breast specialist do not result in a cancer diagnosis, and surgeons fear clinics are getting "bunged up" with needlessly anxious women.

Family doctors should be trained to diagnose adequately to prevent women complaining of breast pain or some benign disease from being sent to hospitals and specialist clinics when there is no need for

By GLENDA COOPER
Social Affairs Correspondent

them to do so, said the Breast Care Campaign yesterday.

In one study when GPs had been targeted to make sure they understood the NHS Breast Screening Programme guidelines, unnecessary referrals had fallen by 70 per cent.

Dr Graham Henderson from East Surrey Health Authority

said that in their project a part-time worker had been employed to visit all practices as well as holding seminars.

In the three months before the study, there were 406 referrals to the specialist clinic of which 138 were inappropriate. Following the study over the same period there were 294 referrals of which only 42 were inappropriate - a reduction of 70 per cent.

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HAYES ACCURA 56K EXTERNAL MODEM
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The Mandelson machine decrees: 'Don't mention football'

PRIME MINISTER'S questions were a sombre affair yesterday. We had already had the tone set by Tony Blair's interviews about the defeat of England by Argentina. Listening to him on the BBC we could have been forgiven for thinking that a much loved member of the Royal Family had passed away. All that was missing was the sound of Elgar in the background.

I suppose, given the example set by Margaret Thatcher, which Mr Blair follows to convey strong leadership, this was a serious matter. Mrs Thatcher was once able to stand outside No 10 and say that the "Red Ensign now flies over South Georgia... Rejoice! Rejoice!"

What Tony Blair would have done yesterday to have repeated her triumph through the vicarious achievements of the England football team!

But it was not to be and so the word went out from the Mandelson Millbank machine - no mention of football during question time. For the first time in two weeks we got through the session without any fatuous backbencher inviting the Prime Minister to opine on the issue.

The afternoon was a grave affair. The Prime Minister led the nation in its grieving mood by adopting his Blair the Statesman pose. It captured the mood of the House - no more so than when he was an-

swering Alan Duncan (C, Rutland and Melton) who also caught the statesman hug. Mr Duncan is normally a snappy, yappy terrier, who hites at ministers' ankles.

Not yesterday. Mr Duncan raised the issue of a paedophile who has been released into his constituency. Where normally irresponsible Members of Parliament join in with the lynch mobs and inflame already dangerous situations, Mr Duncan and his constituents have set a fine example in showing restraint and common sense in handling the issue. The Prime Minister paid Mr Duncan a genuine and warm tribute and a most extraordinary love-in took place between the two of

THE SKETCH



MICHAEL BROWN

them. The Tories have usually regarded Mr Duncan as the Mr Nasty of their shock troops but he shows

grave danger, when he gets older, of being capable of running the Foreign Office or the United Nations.

Mr Blair's statesmanlike theme got under way when Lindsay Hoyle (Lab, Chorley) asked him if, yesterday being the 37th anniversary of the birth of the late Princess of Wales, he would ratify the Ottawa Treaty abolishing land-mines.

Now I must apologise to Mr Hoyle, whom I once described as obsequious. I falsely accused him of asking Mr Blair a planted question. He pointed out to me, gracefully, that he thought it up all by himself. So I must assume that yesterday's question was also all his own work and that Downing Street had ab-

solutely no idea what was going to be raised. All I can say is that either Mr Hoyle or the Prime Minister must be psychic. I cannot yet make up my mind which of them it is!

Within seconds Mr Blair had his file open at the right page and, as if by magic, was able to announce that legislation to ratify the Ottawa Treaty will be introduced by the summer recess.

The favourite of the House, during the afternoon, was Jane Griffiths, the new Labour Member for Reading East, who was asking Mr Blair her first ever Prime Minister's question. She began by referring to the Tories' policies on the minimum wage before Madam Speaker told

that Mr Blair was not responsible for opposition policy.

Ms Griffiths started again but was interrupted by one or two particularly obnoxious Tories. Most Tories squirmed at their colleagues' nastiness but Ms Griffiths neatly turned the mood of the House in her favour. She regained her composure, asked a short, sharp and confident question which brought a conciliatory and complimentary reply from the Prime Minister.

The House roared its approval for Ms Griffiths. Betty dispensed, rightly, with impartiality and shouted: "Well done! Well done!" At a stroke Ms Griffiths became one of the most popular members of the House.

Brown's parties fuelling gossip

LABOUR MPs last night accused the Chancellor of stoking speculation about his rivalry with the Prime Minister by holding a series of parties.

Gordon Brown hosted a reception at his Downing Street residence this week for around 200 constituency party workers from the London region, and Labour MPs and their agents.

One who was there said: "My secretary was invited as a constituency party official and came back convinced the Chancellor is doing it for the day when Blair steps down."

The reception was the latest in a series of parties hosted by Mr Brown but unlike those at No 10, they have focused on party workers and MPs across the country, who will have the votes in a future leadership election, rather than the glitterati of Cool Britannia.

Mr Brown's cabinet colleagues privately say the parties have been putting "people's noses out of joint" around the cabinet table, but the Chancellor is securing a substantial base of support within the party in the country, particularly for his assured handling of the review of public spending.

His friends say there is nothing unusual in cabinet ministers keeping in touch with the party's grass roots.

DOWNING ST 'RIVALRY'
BY COLIN BROWN
Chief Political Correspondent

The parties have also increased speculation about relations with Tony Blair. The Prime Minister's official spokesman last night sought to refute claims of war between the neighbours at Downing Street.

"It is a story that people want to write. Therefore people are going to write it. The truth is they work very closely together and I think people underestimate what they have been through together as politicians in the past over many years."

"If you have been through what they have been through in terms of the process of modernisation of the Labour Party, the planning for the general election, the campaign and winning the election, you would realise the truth."

The test for the relationship between the moderniser in No 10 and the Iron Chancellor next door will come if the economy turns down.

Yesterday's announcement of job losses in a textile factory in Scotland as a result of the Asian crisis increased fears that Britain will face rising unemployment figures by the autumn.



Kathleen Halpin, 94, successfully campaigned for women's equal voting rights in the 1920s

Rui Xavier

Most voters support PR

A MAJORITY of the population want elections by proportional representation, a report reveals today, the 70th anniversary of women winning the vote on the same terms as men.

The survey, for the Fawcett Society which campaigns for equality, found 79 per cent of women and almost as many men want a fairer electoral system. And 72 per cent of those asked favoured a form of proportional representation.

The finding came as Lord Jenkins of Hillhead last night hosted the final public meeting on electoral reform of a series of nine. The Government has asked for reform proposals and Lord Jenkins' Independent Commission on the Voting System aims to report by October.

A breakdown of the poll, carried out by NOR, found most women thought there was too much bickering between politicians, and that politicians were out of touch with the people.

ELECTORAL REFORM

BY LOUISE JURY

Most of these findings were echoed by men.

Mary Ann Stephenson, Fawcett's campaigns manager, said those who opposed change 70 years ago had prophesied disaster. "This argument is still used by those who oppose change now. They were wrong then, and they'll be wrong again."

Some women won the right to vote in 1918, but only if they were over 30 and met a property qualification. Men could vote at 21.

The Equal Franchise Act of 1928 granted women the vote at the age of 21.

Kathleen Halpin, 94, fought throughout the 1920s for women's equality. The 1928 Act was the culmination of a long battle. "It was a thrilling moment and we were all very excited," she said.

Hounded paedophile finds refuge

THE PAEDOPHILE Robert Oliver is living in Rutland after being hounded out of the West Country, it emerged yesterday. But the local Conservative MP Alan Duncan said he would not lead a lynch mob.

Mr Duncan, Tory spokesman on health, said during Prime Minister's questions in the Commons that a paedophile who was forced out of an area by protests could then "end up doing unspeakable things to children in someone else's back yard."

Thanking Mr Duncan for his "responsible attitude" the Prime Minister assured him that Mr Oliver's stay at a local

QUESTIONS TO BLAIR

BY DAISY SAMPSON

home, Wing Grange, would be kept "under constant review".

Tony Blair said there would be "no question" of groups of paedophiles being housed together or of any one paedophile being housed "if they present a risk to the public that cannot be contained".

"It is a difficult situation," said Mr Blair, "because wherever these people go there is bound to be an outcry." But the way in which the people of Rutland and the MP have responded has "done them great credit" he said.

Mr Duncan praised the Liberal Democrat leader, Paddy Ashdown, for standing against the protesters in his Yeovil constituency who had hounded Mr Oliver out of the West Country.

Mr Ashdown, who recently returned from Kosovo, called on Mr Blair to lead "firm international action" to stop the attacks by the Serbs on the ethnic Albanians and warned against "doing too little, too late".

"All the military options remain available and we will not hesitate to use them if we need to," Mr Blair said. But he added that the use of military action would be fraught with great danger and difficulty.

Peter Lilley, the Conservative deputy leader, who was standing in for William Hague, challenged the Prime Minister to correct his figures which claimed that English applications to Scottish universities were going up.

Mr Blair conceded that: "Overall for all Scottish education there has been a fall." But he said: "The actual English applicants as a proportion of the total has risen."

The Government plans to make students from England, Wales and Northern Ireland pay for their fourth year of study at Scottish universities, while Scottish students are ex-

empted. Mr Blair told MPs that it would cost £27m to end the anomaly.

The clash came ahead of a Commons debate last night as the Government prepared to overturn a Lords amendment to the Teaching and Higher Education Bill, making the fees equal for all British students in Scottish universities. The Lords defeat came after a Labour backbench revolt in the Commons, and last night Tory leaders warned they would be asking the Lords to defeat the Government again on the measure, threatening a constitutional confrontation between the two Houses over the

Bill before the summer recess.

In response to an attack on his economic policies from Andrew Lansley (C, Cambridgeshire South) Mr Blair told the House that his policies would control inflation and they would "get rid of a large budget deficit that we inherited from the last government".

The Prime Minister warned of the "fraught" confrontation over the Orange Order parade in Drumcree this weekend.

He said he hoped people on both sides of the community could see it was in their interests to make sure "tensions are reduced so far as is humanly possible".



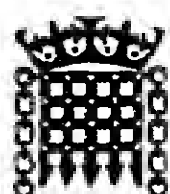
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THE HOUSE



Kitchens to get £10m revamp

ALMOST £10m is to be spent revamping the antiquated kitchens in the Palace of Westminster to allay fears over food safety. The project is the final phase of a six-year modernisation programme agreed by MPs in 1994 and will include the refurbishment of two 30-year-old kitchens. Archy Kirkwood (Lib Dem, Roxburgh and Berwickshire), announcing the decision for the House of Commons Commission, warned that Dr Lisa Ackerley, a food hygiene expert who gave evidence at the E.coli inquiry in Scotland, had recommended "a total redesign and refurbishment" to meet food safety laws.

Surveillance commissioner

A CHIEF Surveillance Commissioner has been appointed by the Prime Minister. Sir Andrew Leggatt will serve for three years and will be responsible for authorising the use of police and Customs intrusive surveillance operations in response to organised and serious crime. He is the first Chief Surveillance Commissioner appointed under the Police Act of 1997.

Concern over new NI system

A NEW recording system for National Insurance, vital for the introduction of new pensions rules, is 18 months behind schedule, the Public Accounts Committee said last night. The committee also expressed "concern" that the winning bid from Andersen Consulting was £100m below two competing bids.

Today in the House of Commons

- Agriculture Questions
- Attorney General Questions
- Committee stage of the Human Rights Bill
- Data Protection Bill, remaining stages
- Adjournment Debate: Emergency contraception

House of Lords

- School Standards and Framework Bill report stage
- Northern Ireland Act (Interim Period Extension) Order

Battle is attacked over Dounreay plant report

MPs CRITICISED ministers for their lack of "joined-up" government yesterday, as the energy minister John Battle was attacked for failing to publish a damning report about safety at the Dounreay nuclear site.

During questioning by the Commons Trade and Industry Committee, Mr Battle also hinted that the shipment of nuclear material accepted in April from the former Soviet republic of Georgia probably would not be repeated. "All the evidence is that it was a one-off," he said.

Further questioning showed that it was only at the insistence of Donald Dewar, Secretary of State for Scotland, that the UK Atomic Energy Authority (UKAEA), which oversees Dounreay and is funded by Mr Battle's department, allowed the safety report to be made public. Mr Battle did not know of the report until a week before it was finally published, he said.

NUCLEAR SAFETY

BY CHARLES ARTHUR
Technology Editor

Written last year by an inspector from the Nuclear Installations Inspectorate, a part of the Health and Safety Executive (HSE), the report described some parts of the plant as "awash" with radioactive waste and one of its laboratories as "simply unacceptable".

But Mr Battle explained that a company can prevent publication of an HSE report into its safety activities by arguing that it contains commercially confidential material. The UKAEA invoked that clause. "The Department of Trade and Industry has no locus to take on the HSE and force it to publish," he told the MPs.

But Martin O'Neill, chairman of the committee, asked: "Who owns the UKAEA? You do."

Couldn't you instruct them to publish it? This is a real lack of joined-up government."

"No, because I can't tell the HSE what to do," replied Mr Battle. "And UKAEA took the view that the report was by a site inspector and intended to 'trigger dialogue', in their phrase."

Instead, the HSE approached the Scottish Office, which is responsible for safety issues within the country, after the UKAEA refused to publish the report. When Mr Dewar became aware of it, he pressured Mr Battle to have it published. That was achieved when Mr Battle withdrew the licence for Dounreay to reprocess nuclear fuel commercially - a measure announced last month.

■ The Government yesterday published figures for the UK's civil holdings of highly enriched uranium - 1.6 tons - and the total of depleted natural and low enriched uranium - 84,000 tons.

World's 250m child labourers

THERE ARE 250 million child labourers world-wide, Clare Short, Secretary of State for International Development, revealed last night. Only a minority were waged. Most were haggars, prostitutes, servants or unpaid workers on their families' land.

Beef law change

NEW EU rules on beef labelling came into force yesterday. Mr Jack Cunningham, Minister of

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Agriculture, Fisheries and Food, said.

Whitehall battle

SPECIALIST recruitment in the Civil Service face increasingly strong competition in the graduate market, especially for those with scientific skills. Dr David Clark announced

Help for addicts

PRISONERS who inject drugs are being given needle-disinfecting tablets in trials in 11 prisons. The London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine will evaluate the results.

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needs a MAN
like a fish
needs a bicycle



a WOMAN
needs a MAN
like a fish
needs a bicycle



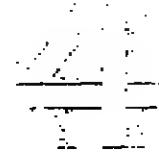
a WOMAN
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like a fish
needs a bicycle



Fay Weldon's new four-part drama is a witty and moving portrait of the lives of four women in and around the feminist publishing house, Medusa. Big ideas, big emotions, big politics are interwoven from the seventies through to the present.

Big Women

Monday 10PM



Rail companies get 1m complaints

RICHARD BRANSON'S two rail companies have received far and away the highest number of written complaints by passengers over the past year, official figures released yesterday reveal.

Virgin's West Coast and CrossCountry companies received almost 200,000 of the 650,000 complaints to the 25 national train companies in the 12 months ending in March this year.

Taking telephone complaints into account, the railway companies received around 960,000 complaints, according to figures from the Rail Regulator, John Swift.

Mr Swift said yesterday that people studying the figures should bear in mind that some companies make it easier than others for passengers to complain. But he went on: "Passengers have a right to expect excellent service. If the railway lets them down, passengers have a right to complain and seek an explanation, an apology and compensation."

Mr Swift said he expected complaints to rise in forthcoming months, as more companies encouraged passengers to insist on good service. "You could even have a railway that is improving its performance statistics and is still producing more complaints," he said. "But I would expect to see a peaking of complaints."

The level of complaints was at a ratio of 115 complaints per 100,000 passenger journeys. This compared with London Underground's 50 complaints per 100,000 journeys. The water

BY PETER WOODMAN

industry receives 510 complaints per 100,000 connections.

After West Coast and CrossCountry, the greatest number of written complaints from customers were received by Great North Eastern Railway (East Coast Mainline), Anglia and Great Western.

The railway companies who received the least number of written complaints were Island Line, the Isle of Wight service, Great Eastern and LTS (London Tilbury and Southend) Rail.

Train services were the subject of 60 per cent of complaints, while the rest were about such things as fares, the quality of service on trains and information at stations and on trains.

Mr Swift said: "I say to passengers, 'Complain when things go wrong - that's your right'. I say to train operators, 'Respond effectively - that's your duty'."

The minister for transport, Gavin Strang, described the overall complaints figure as "shockingly high". He went on: "It shows how far rail operators still have to go to meet passenger expectations on levels of service."

"This year, the Government will be paying the rail industry a £1.5bn subsidy. We expect train operators to act now to reduce passenger dissatisfaction for their customers. Our White Paper on integrated transport will put forward proposals to get a better deal for passengers." The main passengers'



A passenger waits patiently for her train to depart at King's Cross Station in London

watchdog body, the Central Rail Users' Consultative Committee, said operators needed to improve service quality.

The committee added that it was disappointing that some companies had set themselves very slack standards for re-

sponding to complaints and yet still failed to achieve even those. "Improving service quality and quickly, seems to be the best way for operators to lighten their postbags," said the committee's national director Paul Hadley.

Sir Alan Greenough, chairman of the London Regional Passenger Committee, said: "These figures confirm what we have long known - that for too many passengers, travel can still be an agony." The Association of Train Op-

erating Companies, which represents the 25 railway companies, said it welcomed the high level of customer response. "Feedback - both positive and negative - makes for a better railway," said its chairman, Ivor Warburton.

"The new customer-driven railway is encouraging more comments and suggestions and responding positively to them. "If problems do occur, we want to help customers assert their contractual rights in a convenient and helpful way."

HOW THE FIRMS RATED	
Complaints for 12 months to April 1998	
Virgin West Coast	119,266
Great North Eastern (East Coast)	82,361
Virgin Cross Country	78,665
Great Western	63,205
South West Trains	31,958
Anglia	27,903
Northern Spirit (formerly North East)	26,595
Central	23,725
Connex South Eastern	23,695
Connex South Central	23,112
Midland Mainline	17,153
Wales and West	20,745
ScotRail	19,502
West Anglia	19,200
Great Northern	16,635
North West	16,635
Chiltern	4,352
Silverlink (North London)	11,873
Thames	11,857
Thameslink	8,881
Great Eastern	7,717
Merseyrail Electrics	5,042
LTS (London Tilbury and Southend) Rail	3,922
Cardiff Railways	1,176
Gatwick Express	1,004
Island Line (Isle of Wight)	71

*Compensation scheme means 36,404 complaints not considered as customers received automatic pocket refund.

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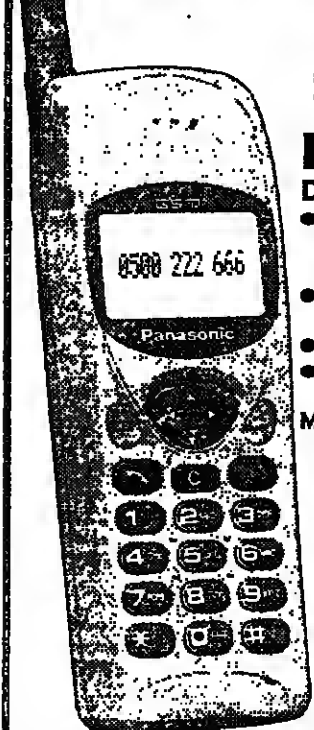
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Trafalgar Square to keep its traffic

BY LINUS GREGORIADIS

ENVIRONMENTALISTS accused Westminster council of missing a "golden opportunity" yesterday when it refused to sanction a plan to pedestrianise Trafalgar Square.

Sir Norman Foster's scheme to ban cars and reduce pollution around some of London's most historic landmarks has been rejected because of fears that it would bring more traffic chaos to the capital's congested roads.

The £20m project, which would bar traffic from Trafalgar Square, Parliament Square and Whitehall, would only be approved by the council in conjunction with government plans to reduce levels of traffic.

The Civic Trust, which promotes environmental improvement of towns and cities, said yesterday that the council was being short-sighted.

Mike Gwilliam, the charity's director, said: "We are extremely disappointed. We think Westminster council has missed a golden opportunity to improve the quality of life by giving priority in London's most historic and important places. It is a tragedy that Westminster have been so short-sighted."

Westminster council's environment and planning committee, which rejected the plan on Tuesday, said it was eagerly awaiting government proposals to curb traffic levels, which are expected in a White Paper due out later this month.



Sir Norman Foster wanted a pedestrianised square

There has been speculation that plans to charge motorists for driving in cities will be shelved until after the next general election.

Alan Bradley, the committee's chairman, said: "If in the forthcoming White Paper the Government stays true to its convictions, which we support, for effective restraint on unnecessary traffic in central London, that would create the conditions in which implementation... might be possible."

"Without that, the effect would be to radically improve a small though important part of the capital at the expense of worsening traffic congestion in its surrounding area, and that we cannot accept."

The Westminster Residents Against Gridlock group has expressed concern that Sir Nor-

man's "World Squares" plan would flood residential streets with motorists.

Research for the scheme by traffic consultants predicts that journey times across London would rise by only 30 seconds to one minute during the rush hour, but others claim that delays caused to motorists will be much longer, causing a "ripple effect" across the capital.

Sir Norman's proposals are the culmination of the "World Squares for All" scheme, which was backed by the Department of Culture, Media and Sport, English Heritage and London Transport. Under the scheme Whitehall would be reduced to two lanes, there would be more pedestrian access to the Cenotaph and Horse Guards Road would be closed and replaced with a cycle lane.

Christie is a steroid monster - McVicar

BY CATHY GORDON

FORMER WORLD champion sprinter Linford Christie was yesterday described as an "athletics Frankenstein" by the man he is suing for libel.

Former armed robber turned author John McVicar, who had alleged Mr Christie took performance-enhancing drugs to get to the top, told a jury at the High Court in London he believed the sportsman was "a typical athletics Frankenstein - a steroid-enhanced athlete".

Mr McVicar, who is representing himself in an action brought by Mr Christie over drugs allegations in a magazine article, made his comments during his final speech in the case.

The Olympic gold medalist sat just feet away from Mr McVicar, who urged the jury to find that what he wrote in a 1995 article in the now defunct

satirical publication *Spiked* was true. Mr McVicar claimed yesterday that performance-enhancing drugs were the "cancer of track and field athletics".

He alleged that the sport was "awash" with such drugs, that there was widespread misuse by athletes, and that the urine-testing process, designed to prevent such misuse, was ineffective and "absurd".

During the hearing before Mr Justice Poplewell, Mr Christie, 38, from Twickenham, south-west London, has repeatedly denied taking any performance-enhancing drugs and insists he got to the top of his sport through sheer hard work.

Mr Christie, who has taken part in several anti-drugs

campaigns, says the fact that he tested negative more than 100 times proves he was "clean".

Mr McVicar, 58, alleges that there were "non-testing criteria" which pointed to the athlete's use of performance-enhancing drugs, including his muscular build, the "longevity" of his career and his "aggressive" personality.

He told the jury: "I would argue that there is a truth to my article which has stood up to the rigours of this trial."

Mr Christie's counsel, Patrick Moloney QC, said at the start of the case that if there was any truth in Mr McVicar's claims that Mr Christie had cheated his way to the top by taking pills and drugs to improve his physique and performance, then the sprinter's whole career would be "a nothing".

Asia's great ape on edge of extinction

BY MICHAEL MCCARTHY
Environment Correspondent

THE ORANG-UTAN, the only Asian great ape and one of man's closest relatives, is on course for extinction, an environmental campaign group warned yesterday.

The uncontrolled destruction of the forests of Indonesia, boosted by the corruption of the Suharto regime, is likely to wipe out the "old man of the woods" (its name in Malay) within 20 years, says the Environmental Investigation Agency, in a detailed report.

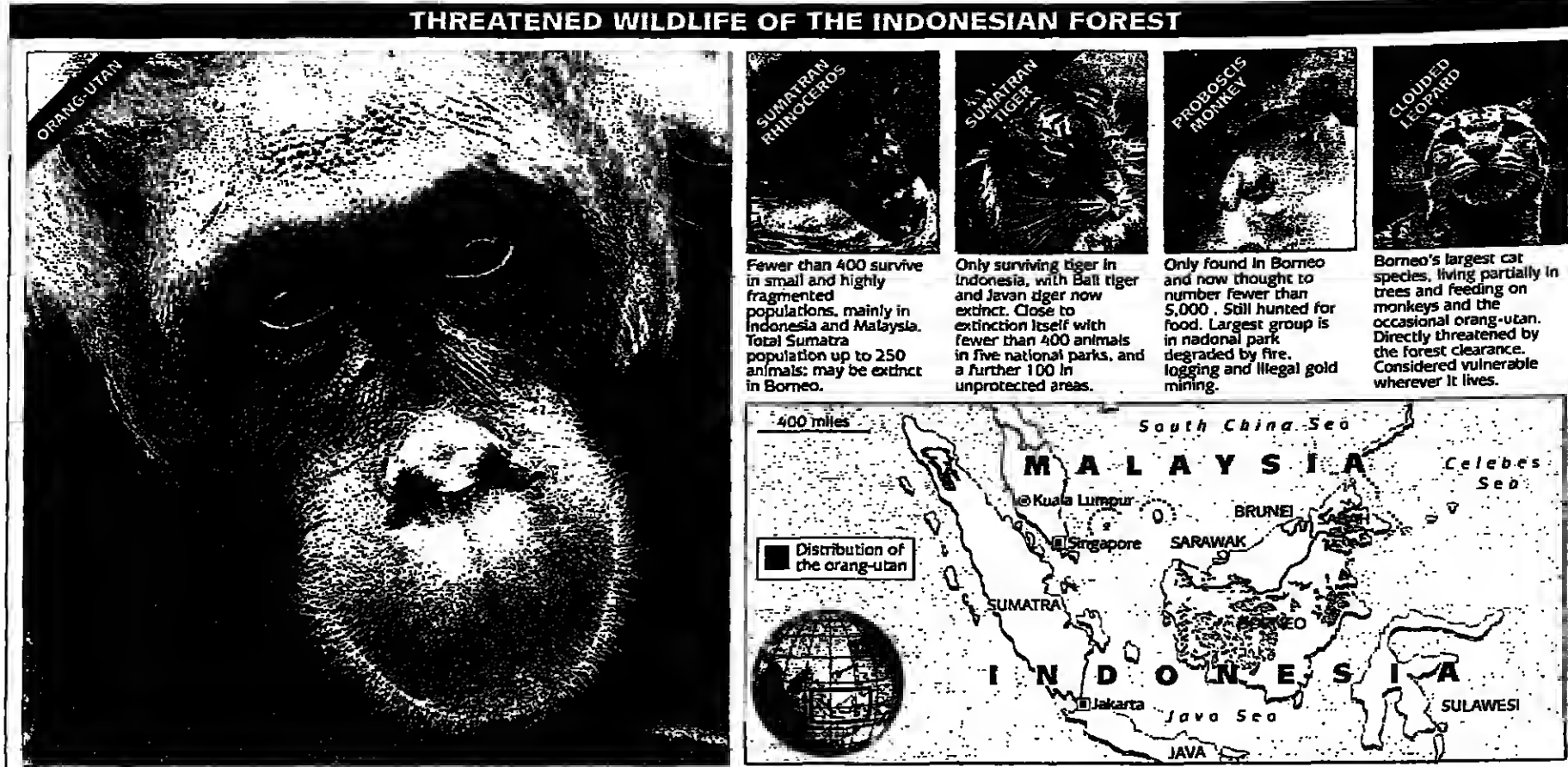
Illegal logging, illegal fire-starting and the conversion of virgin forest to timber and palm oil plantations have destroyed up to 80 per cent of orang-utan habitat on its last strongholds, the islands of Borneo and Sumatra, the group said.

The population is thought to have declined by 50 per cent in the decade 1983-1993 to a mere 15-25,000 animals, and to have suffered further since then with the catastrophic Indonesian forest fires of last autumn and this spring, which at one time sent a plume of smog over seven Asian countries, affecting 70 million people.

The fires, which in the past two years have destroyed an area of Borneo forest the size of Wales, are thought to have directly killed at least 1,000 orang-utans.

"Simple arithmetic tells us the future for the orang-utan is now very bleak," said Allan Thornton, the EIA's managing director. "Despite the drastic decline in their numbers, there is no international plan to save them."

A small but influential pressure group, based in London and Wash-



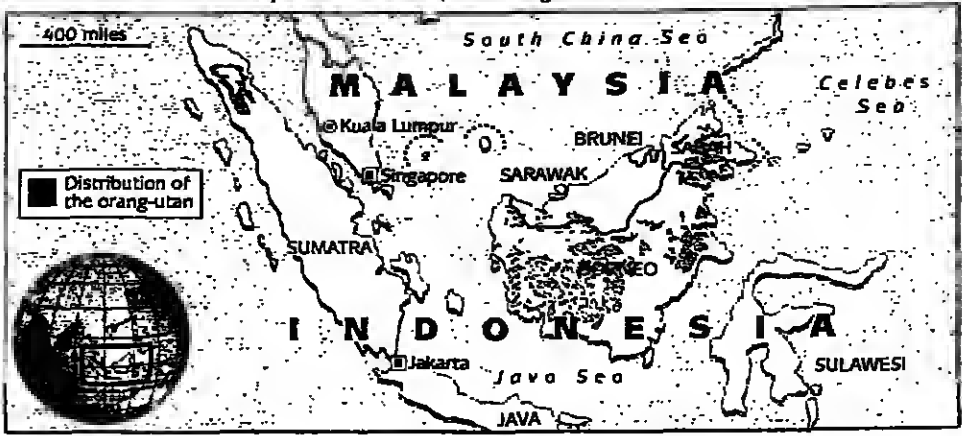
THREATENED WILDLIFE OF THE INDONESIAN FOREST

Fewer than 400 survive in small and highly fragmented populations, mainly in Indonesia and Malaysia. Total Sumatra population up to 250 animals; may be extinct in Borneo.

Only surviving tiger in Indonesia, with Bali tiger and Javan tiger now extinct. Close to extinction itself with fewer than 400 animals in five national parks, and a further 100 in unprotected areas.

Only found in Borneo and now thought to number fewer than 5,000. Still hunted for food. Largest group is in national park degraded by fire, logging and illegal gold mining.

Borneo's largest cat species, living partially in trees and feeding on monkeys and the occasional orang-utan. Directly threatened by the forest clearance. Considered vulnerable wherever it lives.



ington, the EIA specialises in exposing the threats to endangered species and provided much of the evidence of ivory poaching which in 1989 led to a ban on the international ivory trade, in an attempt to save the African elephant from extinction.

The group is now calling for an international action plan to halt the

orang-utan's steep decline, and for the new post-Suharto government of Indonesia to enforce its own laws for the protection of orang-utans and forests, which under Suharto were widely neglected.

It is also calling for international

aid institutions, like the World Bank, to attach strict environmental conditions to any new loans.

The destruction of Indonesia's forests - it is estimated that 70 per cent of the virgin forest has now gone - has wreaked havoc with one of the world's richest wildlife areas.

The country has more mammal species than any other and 18,000 bird species - 4 per cent of the world's total. Yet it also has the longest list of species which are officially threatened - 128 types of mammal, and 104 types of bird. Threatened mammals include the

Sumatran rhinoceros, the Sumatran tiger, the proboscis monkey, the clouded leopard and the boney bear.

But the orang-utan is especially important, and especially vulnerable. It is a biological indicator species - its presence is a barometer of the forest's health, being,

found where plant and animal communities are at their richest, and it also plays an important part in the forest's regeneration through the fruits and seeds it eats.

However, orang-utans are the slowest breeding of the primates, the females producing a baby only about once every eight years. "Given the unusual life history of the orang-utan, the species is exceptionally sensitive to exploitation and any unnatural event, such as an increase in human-induced mortality, can result in severe depletion of the population and ultimately, extinction," the report says.

The report produces a litany of accusation against Indonesian timber and palm oil companies, many of which it says have connections to the Suharto family: 80 per cent of the recent forest fires were started by them deliberately, it says.

"Orang-utan habitat is being deliberately destroyed by companies clearing the land to get rich quick," said the EIA's campaigns director, Steve Trent. "The situation is critical. Laws are routinely flouted by major companies and bribery and corruption are the norm."

"The new government of Indonesia has an historic opportunity to clean up the environmental mess left by the Suharto regime, and the international community has a unique opportunity to support it in protecting its globally important natural wilderness, wildlife and forest-dependent people."

The politics of extinction: The orang-utan crisis and the destruction of Indonesia's forests. EIA, 69 Old Street, London, EC1V 9HX; 0171 490 7040.

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Toxic waste spreads to deep ocean

SCIENTISTS HAVE detected potentially toxic man-made chemicals in tissue samples taken from sperm whales - which only feed in the deep ocean - indicating that the pollutants have spread globally.

The chemicals, called polybrominated compounds, are similar to the outlawed polychlorinated biphenyls (PCBs) and the pesticide DDT, which were found to have accumulated to dangerous levels in the fat deposits of wild animals over the past 40 years.

The scientists warn that the discovery of polybrominated compounds - which cause many of the same effects as PCBs yet have not been banned - could result in a similar environmental disaster.

The main use of brominated compounds is as flame retardants in a range of everyday products, from computers and television sets to clothing and furniture. The researchers suggest that the chemicals entered the environment from both factories and waste disposal facilities.

A study led by Dr Jacob de Boer, of the Netherlands Institute for Fisheries Research near Amsterdam, found significant traces of the chemicals in

the blubber of sperm whales that had become stranded on Dutch beaches over the past few years.

"It is the first indication that these compounds are in the environment. They are very similar to PCBs which were, and to some extent still are, a major environmental problem," Dr de Boer said.

The research, published in the journal *Nature*, also found brominated compounds in other sea mammals such as harbour seals, but their presence in sperm whales, which feed exclusively on deep water fish, indicates more widespread pollution.

Dr de Boer said that industry manufactures about 100,000 tons of brominated compounds each year and production is expected to increase in the next decade suggesting that "an environmental problem may be on its way".

Polybrominated compounds, like PCBs, are believed to cause fertility problems in animals by disrupting the balance of sex hormones in the body. They are also thought to be involved in causing cancer.

es around Co Durham. On 17 November he was found to be in possession of 670 items of fake shirts, jackets, sweaters, jeans, perfumes and watches.

Richard Flinton, for the prosecution, said: "Mr Burridge said he thought the clothing was genuine and he described it as such when selling it to other people."

Burridge, of Durham, told investigators he had been buying the goods for seven months and was selling items at an average £5 mark-up price. In one six-week period he made a profit of almost £3,500 on merchandise.

Burridge, who at the time was player manager of Blyth Spartans, even supplied his players with clothing, the court was told. He admitted seven charges of being in possession of counterfeit goods in breach of the Trademarks Act 1994.

FAY WELDON
"What do I know anyway, middle-aged, middle-class cow, with my own pitiful rape so far behind me."

— THE THURSDAY REVIEW, PAGE 5

— THE THURSDAY REVIEW, PAGE 5

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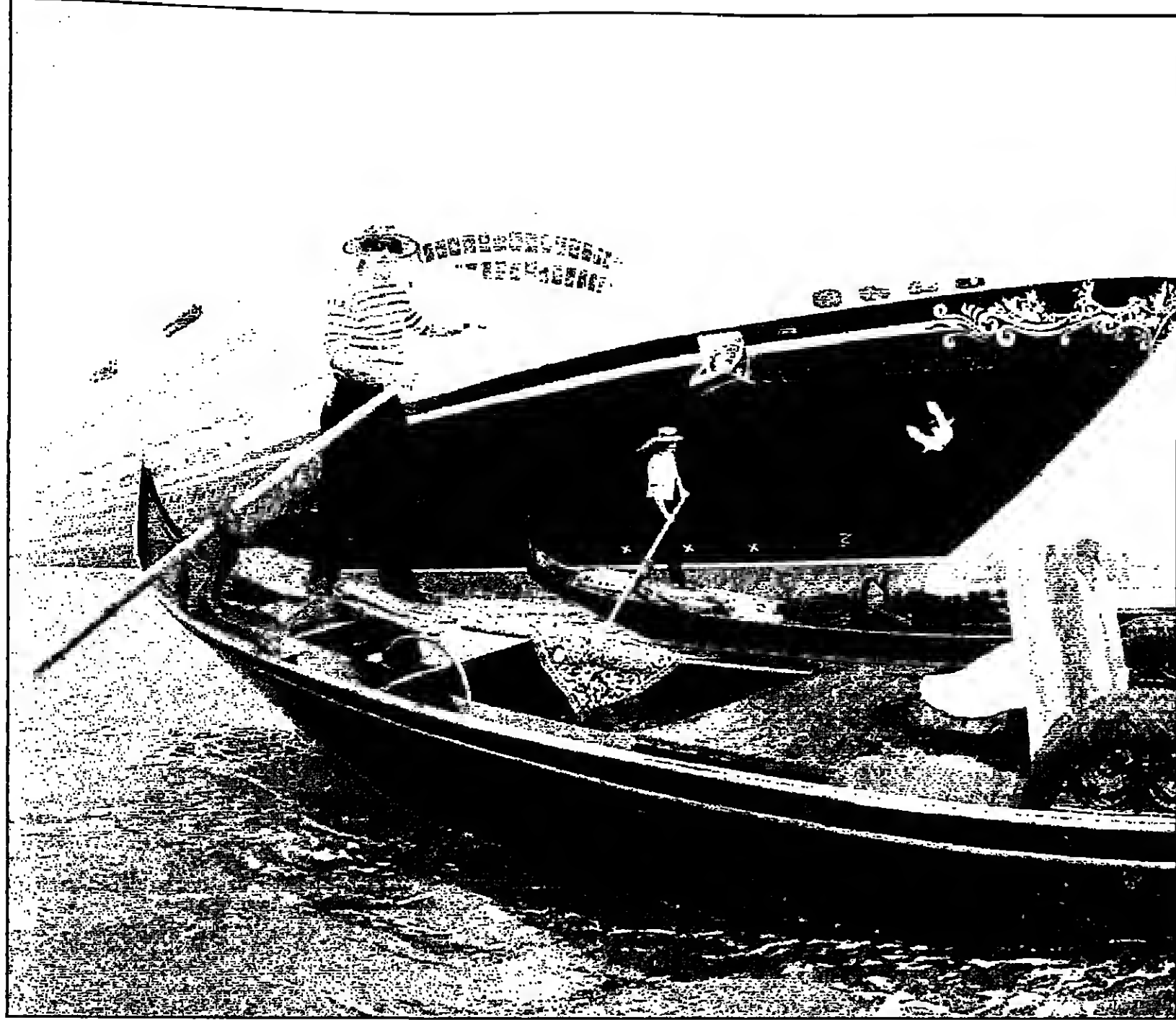
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سكنا من الامم

Fragile truce in Israel's war of words



The massive bow of the cruise ship Disney Magic dwarfs a traditional gondola as it departs Venice yesterday, bound for its new home in Port Canaveral, Florida. The liner is due to embark on her maiden voyage on July 30

ISRAEL'S IRASCIBLE President, Ezer Weizman, yesterday agreed a fragile truce in a brutal war of words with the right-wing Prime Minister, Benjamin Netanyahu, who accused him of conspiring with the Palestinian enemy against the elected government of his own country.

BY ERIC SILVER
in Jerusalem



Benjamin Netanyahu, at war with his President

The two leaders met yesterday for the first time in a month. A terse statement said they had clarified their views and had agreed that any future differences would be resolved in private.

It sounded more like a ceasefire than a reconciliation. Neither the President nor the Prime Minister retracted this week's charges and counter-charges that have rattled the cage of Israeli politics. Neither of these stubborn egotists will lightly forgive or forget.

The row began on Monday when Mr Weizman urged Mr Netanyahu to dissolve parliament two years early and call new elections. He accused the Prime Minister of deceiving his people, his people and the world about the 18-month stalemate in the peace negotiations with the Palestinians.

The Prime Minister, he suggested, was more concerned

nation does not know where the Prime Minister is leading it."

Mr Netanyahu hit back on television on Tuesday night. He condemned the 74-year-old figurehead President for compromising his office by taking sides with the left-wing opposition and for encouraging the Palestinian leader, Yasser Arafat, to sit tight and wait for Israel to surrender.

The Prime Minister's rhetoric reminded Israeli commentators of the right-wing campaign that culminated in the assassination of his Labour predecessor, Yitzhak Rabin, who was branded a "traitor" for signing the 1993 Oslo accords with Mr Arafat.

That may have persuaded Mr Weizman, who played a key negotiating role as defence minister in the 1979 peace treaty with Egypt, to pull back from the brink, but it is unlikely to silence him for long. The outlook, as he sees it, is too bleak.

He fears that Mr Netanyahu is leading Israel into war. "Afterwards," he predicted privately, "I will attend all the funerals and visit all the bereaved families. He will stay safely in his office."

Kosovo foes regroup for new offensive

THE KOSOVO crisis looked more intractable than ever last night, as Serb forces mullied a new offensive, their ethnic Albanian guerrilla foes regrouped in the west of the province, and Nato countries signalled they were no closer to any military intervention to end the fighting.

BY RUPERT CORNWELL



Slobodan Milosevic: Considering new offensive

Following the recapture of the strategically important Belacovac coal mine, close to the Kosovo capital of Pristina, President Slobodan Milosevic could be expected to order his forces to move on the village of Kijevo, astride the main highway linking Pristina with Kosovo's second city of Pec, and where over 200 Serbs are under siege from Kosovo Liberation Army guerrillas.

But if he does so, the consequences might be devastating. None other than Richard Holbrooke, Washington's Balkan troubleshooter who attracted much criticism in some quarters for meeting KLA representatives, has called Kijevo "the most dangerous place in Europe", as a potential flash-point for conflict across the southern Balkans.

Militarily, the situation has settled into a groove. The far better armed Serb security forces, now drawing increasingly on the full might of the Yugoslav army, will prevail in any set-piece operation - as the recapture on Tuesday of the Belacovac mine after two days

of fierce fighting showed. But with its local knowledge and support, and an unstaunching supply of weapons from Albania, the KLA will be almost impossible to eradicate. Thus even if the Serbs break up the rebel ring around Kijevo, their foes will simply choose other targets.

Ugandan rebel leader plans to split country

THE LEADER of Uganda's main rebel group, the Lord's Resistance Army, wants his own nation in the country's north, a newspaper claimed yesterday.

Joseph Kony's plan was contained in a letter delivered by one of 29 schoolgirls the rebels had abducted from Kitgum district, which borders Sudan, the government-owned *New Vision* reported.

The letter, dated June 29, was reportedly addressed to Alphonse Owiny Dollo, President Yoweri Museveni's cabinet minister responsible for northern Uganda's reconstruction and development.

The 29 girls were among 45 captives the rebels freed on

Sunday following heavy fighting near the town of Kitgum, 335 kilometres (210 miles) north of the capital, Kampala, military spokesman General Salim Saleh was quoted as saying by *New Vision*. Four LRA rebels were killed.

New Vision said Kony's nation would be known as the Nile Republic after the White Nile River, which originates from Lake Victoria and flows through northern Uganda.

According to the letter, Kony asked four members of parliament from northern Uganda to prepare for elections and the country's split in November. None of the legislators support Kony. *New Vision* said another Kony letter castigated religious

gova, who seeks independence by peaceful means, but realises on the ground now render him an increasingly peripheral figure. "The KLA have become an important factor on the Kosovo political scene," one moderate said. "We must now try to have the political factor take charge of the situation here."

Nor is Nato likely to intervene any time soon to tip the balance. Although Tony Blair repeated to the Commons yesterday the mantra of the Western powers, that all military options remained open, the alliance is divided over how to react.

A key meeting of senior officials from the Contact Group has already been postponed for a week, amid disagreement over whether the KLA should be directly involved in negotiations, and whether the group - the US, Britain, France, Germany, Italy and Russia - should drop its demand for Mr Milosevic to withdraw his forces, and focus instead on the overriding need to secure a ceasefire.

Meanwhile Klaus Kinkel, Germany's Foreign Minister, has warned that a prior UN resolution was essential before the allies resorted to force, but such a resolution would be vetoed by the Russians and Chinese. "Therefore one shouldn't awaken illusory expectations among the Kosovo Albanians that Nato will intervene tomorrow," he said.

leaders for not caring enough about what he described as the suffering of northern Ugandans. Many, however, accuse Kony of cruelties committed against the Acholi people who live in the north.

Dollo described as a good gesture the release of the captives. "We appreciate this," *New Vision* quoted Dollo as saying Thursday. "We want it to be the beginning of a change of direction."

Dollo's hopes appeared premature. The rebels abducted more than 30 people in Lira district south of Kitgum on Tuesday and Wednesday, *New Vision* quoted district police commander, Musa Echweru, as saying.

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MILES KINGTON

'Has anyone actually heard someone cry "Stop thief"? Has anyone ever seen a sack cloth and ashes? Does the moon ever burn blue? And does it stop us talking about such things?'

THE THURSDAY REVIEW, PAGE 2

Kabuki star hits back at stalker

EVEN BEFORE the court ruling, Ennosuke Ichikawa III, Japan's most famous kabuki actor, had always had a unique career. As the hereditary successor to one of the country's most famous acting names, he resuscitated the kabuki drama for a modern audience.

In his productions, the 350-year old plays become giant theatrical spectacles, filled with sudden costume changes, jokes, contemporary references and dominated by Ennosuke's presence as actor, director, playwright and impresario.

In some productions, he played as many as 18 separate roles including demons, heroes, ghosts and women - his piece de resistance was to "fly" across stage and audience supported by invisible wires. And this week, the 60-year old Ennosuke broke another barrier when he became the first Japanese ever to win legal redress against a stalker.

The sinister phenomenon which has dogged royalty, actors and pop stars in the West has spread to one of Japan's most traditional arts. For six and a half years, in the words of the judge, Ennosuke "endured exceptional suffering" from a female fan who tracked him all over the country and obsessively followed his performances.

After seeing him in 1992 on the southern island of Kyushu, she followed him wherever he performed, always sitting in the front row and wearing a brightly coloured kimono. "She stared at the actor, with a mask-like expression on her face, even when other members of the audience cheered and

BY RICHARD LLOYD PARRY
in Tokyo

laughed," the judge, Masaharu Otani, said in his judgement in an Osaka court.

She told people in the audience that she was engaged to Ennosuke and that they would soon be married. Then she began following him on to trains and checking into the same hotels. Her obsessive attention, he claimed, was affecting his acting, and in 1995 the woman was ordered to stay out of theatres where he was performing. But the problem did not go away.

Finally, he brought a civil case against the stalker; on Monday, Judge Otani upheld the theatre ban, ordered the woman to pay 500,000 yen (£2,100) compensation and forbade her from coming within 200m of the actor.

Like many social problems, many people in Japan assumed until recently that stalking was a phenomenon seen only in foreign countries - indeed until last year Japanese did not even have a word for it.

Then a young female lawyer named Fumi Akioka published the translation of an American book on the subject. In the absence of a native term, she used the English one in Japanese form - the book *Stalked* was a bestseller and the word instantly entered the language.

Books, and television dramas with stalker storylines proliferated, department stores sold anti-stalker merchandise and for the first time the problem was recognised. There were high-profile arrests of stalkers, like the man who was found to have a collection of



The drama of the 350-year-old Kabuki theatre tradition has been overshadowed by the stalking of star actor Ennosuke Ichikawa III

Res

2,000 photographs of women, taken secretly through peep holes in their homes, and a personal data base of 2,600 names and addresses.

A survey by the Tokyo Metropolitan Government in May this year revealed that one woman in four claimed to have been stalked, and the subject was discussed in the Japanese Diet.

"Once we had the word it made all the difference," says Fumi Akioka, who founded the Society for Victims of Stalking. "It identified the problem and many people found it much easier to come forward after that."

But - until Ennosuke brought his civil case - there

was almost nothing that the police could do, as long as the stalkers simply followed their victims without resorting to threats or violence. "This is significant progress," says Ms Akioka, "and it will encourage other victims to take similar action."

"The problem is partly one of perception - Japanese think that stalkers go for other people, when in fact it can happen to anyone."

Japan is a remarkably unlitigious country and the question remains whether the police, inexperienced in such things, can effectively enforce the restraining order. But, for the time being at least, it seems that the kabuki can go on.



IN BRIEF

Confusion over late-abortion law

A KEY battle in the fight over abortion is likely to be fought out in the US Supreme Court after a Virginia judge upheld a law banning partial-birth abortion.

The late-term technique, in which the foetus is partially delivered into the birth canal before being destroyed, has become one of the main targets of anti-abortion campaigners. It is unclear whether the laws that forbid it are constitutional, or whether it is possible to define a law closely enough to ban partial-birth abortion alone. On Tuesday night, a Virginia judge said that a law which outlawed partial-birth abortion could go into effect. A lower court had said the law was unconstitutional.

Jones papers could be released

DOCUMENTS RELATING to Paula Jones's sexual harassment lawsuit against President Bill Clinton could be made public following a ruling by an Arkansas judge. They include the full transcript of Mr Clinton's sworn testimony and information about Ms Jones's past. The judge in the case ruled in favour of media organisations which had argued that the confidentiality order should be lifted now that the case had been dismissed.

\$2bn bill for Zimbabwe land-grab

THE ZIMBABWEAN government yesterday said it needs \$2.2bn (£1.3bn) to resettle 100,000 black families onto white-owned farms, adding that land seizures will go ahead whether it receives the money from foreign donors or not. Ruling party chairman Joseph Msika said resettlement would start in the next two weeks.

Missile self-destructs over Crete

AN OUT-OF-CONTROL missile self-destructed yesterday over a firing range near Chania on Crete, the Greek air force said. Colonel Cosmas Vouris denied earlier reports that the high-altitude Nike Hercules anti-aircraft weapon was bearded for a crowded beach when a self-destruct mechanism blew it apart.

Israeli archaeologists protest

SEVERAL HUNDRED archaeologists and their supporters smashed pottery urns in front of Israel's parliament building yesterday, protesting over a reported plan to give religious Jews authority over archaeological digs. There were reports this week that Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu had reached a deal with ultra-Orthodox parties to fire the head of Israel's Antiquities Authority and replace him with a religious choice.

Plea over 'rubbish bin' babies

A CHILDREN'S welfare organisation is pasting posters on rubbish bins across Italy urging reluctant mothers not to throw their newborn babies away. Around 13 babies, most of them dead, have been found abandoned in Italy this year.

Miami Spiderman captured

POLICE IN Florida think they have caught a thief nicknamed Spiderman for scaling high-rise buildings and taking millions of dollars in jewels and other items. The *Miami Herald* reported yesterday. Derrick G James, an ex-paratrooper, could be charged with more than 100 burglaries.

President loses rag and slaps reporter

NOT SINCE General George Patton slapped a shell-shocked soldier has a cuff round the face created quite so much drama.

For General Patton, read Lebanese President Elias Hrawi; for the luckless soldier, read journalist Hassan Sabra - who was more shell-shocked after Mr Hrawi slapped him in the chops than before. And Mr Sabra's sin? He had, of course, criticised the president.

To be fair, he'd been doing rather a lot of criticising. Every week, in his magazine *Ash-Shiraa*, Mr Sabra was complaining about nepotism, government corruption or - and this really got Mr Hrawi's goat - the president's decision to support secular marriage in confessional Lebanon. Mr Sabra has been a rather more serious target for Lebanese anger in the past. He escaped three assassination attempts during the civil war: when I visited Mr Sabra after one of these, he was lying in hospital with tubes down his throat, his face deformed by a bullet impact, his bodyguards crowding the door. The Hizbollah were the suspected culprits.

But Mr Sabra could not have expected the presidential assault. He had just arrived to pay his condolences at the home of interior minister Michel Murr, whose mother died last week. Finding the president among the other guests, Mr Sabra approached Mr Hrawi to shake his hand. "Get out of here," the president roared. "Get out of my face." Mr Sabra insisted on the handshake - at which point

BY ROBERT FISK
in Beirut

the president allegedly stood up and shouted: "I told you to get out of my face" before slapping Mr Sabra before the astonished mourners. Presidential guards and Mr Murr then took Mr Sabra from the room.

Ever since, the affair has dominated Lebanese front pages, even provoking *L'Orient Le Jour's* correspondent Gaby Nasr to verse:

The slap shot out, twisting through the air and back, Ending on the greasy face of that presumptuous hack And thus we settle rows in this odd land of ours

Abandoned too soon, perhaps by the colonial powers.

Which is what the lions of the Lebanese press federation thought too. "It... threatens the very roots of Lebanese democracy," they roared. Journalists threatened to sue the president unless he apologised, to go on strike, even - saints preserve them - to refuse to report the daily life of Mr Hrawi. The president wouldn't budge: it was he who was owed an apology.

Back in 1985, President Reagan felt much the same. For it was Mr Sabra's little magazine that scooped the world with the story of the Iran-Contra scandal and provoked the American president's abuse of what he called "that rag in Beirut." Mr Sabra almost brought down the US presidency. Mr Hrawi has no such fears. He is, so they say here, looking for yet another extension of his mandate.

HAMISH MCRAE

'Most people, when offered money or a share in an organisation, take the money'

— THE THURSDAY REVIEW, PAGE 3

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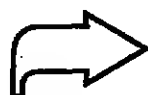
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WW1 anniversary: 82 years on, for the first time no veteran is able to attend the memorial ceremony

Somme tears unite two nations

By JOHN LICHFIELD
in Thiepval

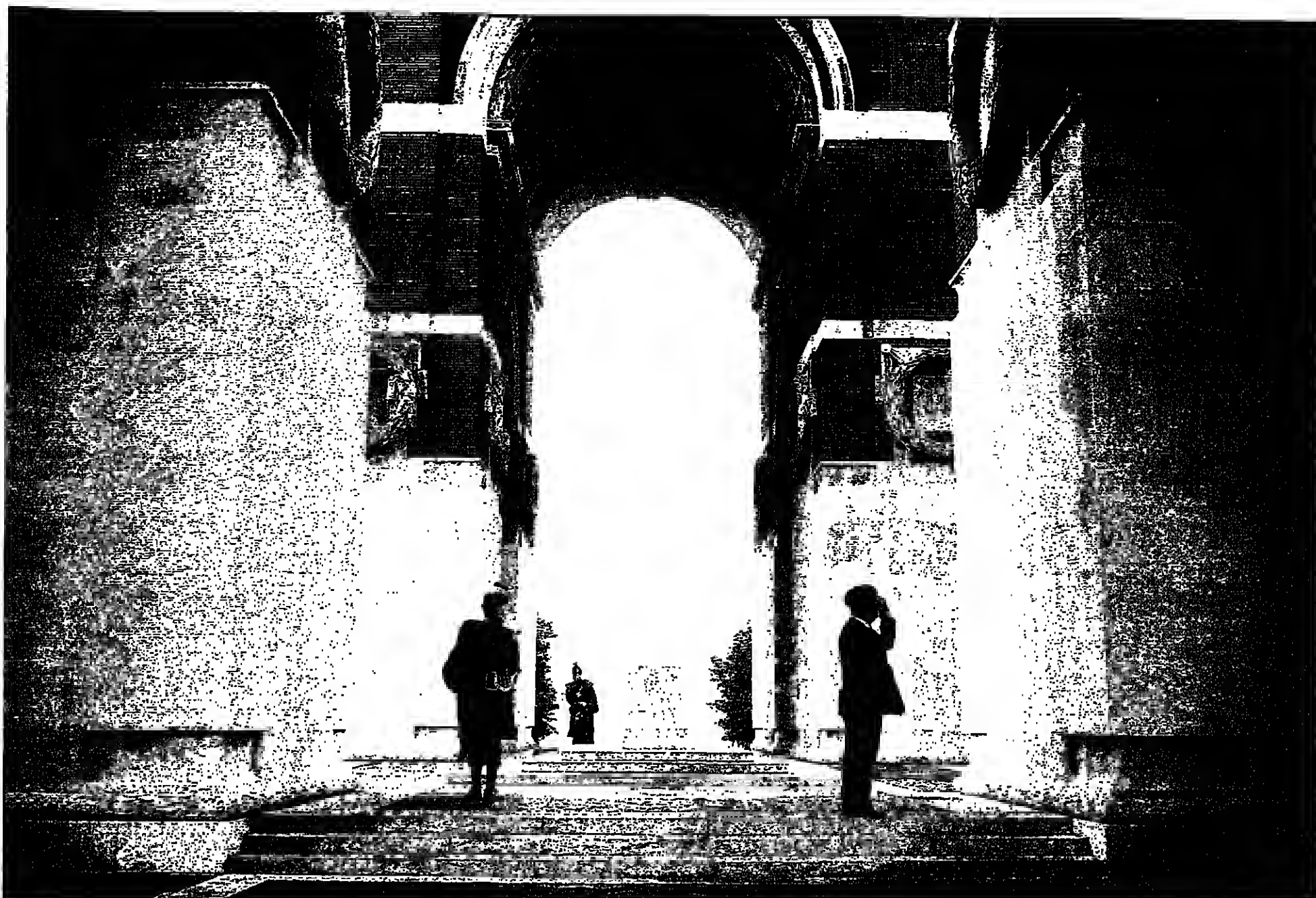
A BRITISH military band struck up the *Marseillaise*, a French military band played *God Save the Queen*. There were generals in full dress uniform, two defence ministers, a dozen Orangemen in sashes and 50 polite schoolchildren from Somerset. In the distance thunder grumbled, as if a ghostly reincarnation of the big guns which, 82 years ago yesterday, fired the first salvoes in the greatest military disaster in British history.

The most notable absentees on the Somme yesterday were survivors of the battle. For the first time, none of the remaining Somme veterans - a handful of centenarians - was able to attend the annual ceremony at the vast, Lutyens-designed red-brick memorial overlooking the hills of Picardy at Thiepval. This, in itself, tells a story. The First World War, which finished 80 years ago this November, is on the point of passing from living memory. Is it also vanishing into the mists of distant, emotionless history, like the Crimean or Napoleonic wars? Not judging by the scores of relatives - sons, nieces, nephews, grandchildren - who turned up yesterday to find the name of "Uncle Jack" or "Uncle Bill" among the 73,000 names of the "missing" engraved on the Thiepval monument.

This year's ceremony was grander than usual. It was converted into the main Franco-British event to commemorate the 80th anniversary of the end of the Great War. Hence the presence yesterday of George Robertson, Secretary of State for Defence, and his French counterpart, Alain Richard.

Choosing the Somme to commemorate the Entente Cordiale makes sense. The battle was fought when it was fought to take pressure off the French in Verdun. A joint Anglo-French battle was deemed, by those who did not have to fight in it, good propaganda. It was fought where it was fought because the Somme was the only place where the two armies joined hands.

In other respects, the



John Bender, from Amersham, salutes the name of his uncle, also John Bender, which is among the 73,000 engraved on the Thiepval monument

Brian Harris

Somme follows in a line of great Anglo-French military disasters, stretching from the Crimea to June 1940. Strategically, there was nothing to be gained here in any case.

Tactically, it amounted to mass suicide: 13 British divisions and a couple of French divisions walked into the German machine-guns and were cut down like the wheat, and barley and flax (and poppies) which flourish all over the bat-

tlefield eight decades later. The British lost 19,000 dead and 57,000 wounded on the first day alone. AJP Taylor, in his classic *English History 1914-15*, says this was "the greatest loss in a single day ever suffered by a British army and the greatest suffered by any army in the First World War... Kitchen's Army found its graveyard on the Somme."

Kitchener's Army was the mass of volunteers, raised town

by town and street by street, in 1914. Brothers and neighbours, or "Pals", as they were known, were thrown into battle side-by-side at the Somme and died side-by-side. When the bleak little messages came back to virtually every house in certain streets in Bradford or Leeds or Glasgow or Belfast, the Pals' battalions no longer seemed like such a morale-boosting idea.

The official programme for

yesterday's ceremony declared that the Battle of the Somme "dealt the German Army a blow from which it never recovered". It is difficult to understand why such nonsense should appear in an official publication, 80 years later. It seems that official and military minds still cannot accept that a heroic disaster is still worth remembering or, perhaps, all the more worth remembering.

It was a moving ceremony: none the less. For Allan and Yvonne Coombes, from Lichfield, in Staffordshire, the most tearful moment was when they found the name of Yvonne's uncle, John Matley, engraved on the memorial.

John or "Jack" Matley was 18 when he died in the second week of the battle. Yvonne, 62, explained why they had come to the Somme for the first time. "In 1954, when my husband Allan was doing his National

Service, my grannie - Uncle Jack's mother - saw him in uniform. She was in her 90s by then. When she saw Allan dressed as a soldier, she got confused and said: 'Have you seen our Jack? Is he all right? If you see him, give him my love.' We didn't think much of it at the time, but it's the kind of thing that stays with you. In a way, we've come here so that we can give Jack his mother's love."

Rap star shot in raid by armed robbers

By ANDREW MARSHALL
in Washington

THE RAPPER OF Dirty Bastard - founder of the Wu-Tang Clan record and fashion label - has been shot and injured in a robbery.

Russell Jones, whose private life and extensive family earned him the nickname, was surprised by armed intruders in his Brooklyn flat. They entered through an unlocked door, took jewellery, and shot him as they left. He was hit in the back, and the bullet exited through his arm. The wound was superficial. He went to hospital but discharged himself, even though hospital staff had wanted to keep him in for observation.

Although the wound was deemed superficial, doctors wanted Jones to remain for examination, said a hospital spokesman. Instead, he walked out just after midnight yesterday.

The shooting was apparently unrelated to the wave of violence that has swept the rap world, and police said there was no evidence that Jones knew his attackers. In September 1996, Tupac Shakur was shot dead, and the Notorious B.I.G. - real name, Christopher Wallace - was killed in a drive-by shooting in March last year.

No arrests were made in either case. But before Shakur was shot, he and other employees of Death Row Records had been involved in a fight with a man named Orlando Anderson, who was later killed in a shoot-out. Many of the rappers come from the violent and gun-ridden culture of Compton, a largely black Los Angeles suburb.

The Wu-Tang Clan has sold millions of records and has a successful clothing line. Its members have also enjoyed hits as spin-off acts, including ODB, who made headlines in February when he crashed the stage at the Grammy Awards and hijacked a microphone from singer Shawn Colvin as she accepted an award.

Hong Kong's capitalists fly the red flag for Chinese VIP

CELEBRATIONS MARKING Hong Kong's first year under Chinese rule have given the people of the former British colony an opportunity to feast their eyes on a full scale wax model of Margaret Thatcher.

The former British prime minister is depicted sitting alongside Deng Xiaoping, the late Chinese leader, in a setting which recreates their famous 1984 talks preceding the signing of the Sino-British Joint Declaration on the handover of Hong Kong to Chinese rule.

For reasons known best to the celebration's organisers this tableau has been installed in the Natural History Museum where it sits among dinosaurs.

Irony is not a notable feature of Hong Kong's new order and so it is difficult to read significance into the display of this new waxwork. It sometimes seemed, however, as though the mischievous hand of irony was being exercised yesterday as events marking the "glorious reunification of the motherland" got under way.

By STEPHEN VINES
in Hong Kong

The main event started with dull speeches by China's President Jiang Zemin and Tung Chee-hwa, Hong Kong's Chief Executive. Mr Tung's speech appeared to have been drafted on a Chinese Communist Party word processor. It contained passages about "marching ardently towards our lofty goal" and told the people of the Hong Kong that they would "benefit a great deal from our motherland... whose dynamic and entrepreneurial spirit points us to the way to forge ahead".

Entertainers then poured on stage, apparently on the principle that more is better. No less than 20 pianos and 38 music students were mobilised to play Schubert's "Military March".

Once the music faded the entertainers were lined up to meet Messrs Jiang and Tung much in the style of the royal variety performances held in a bygone era. A brief handshake

and slight bow of the head were proffered as the leaders passed along the line of famous Hong Kong pop stars and grade B international entertainers, including Kenny G, the world's most famous purveyor of muzak.

Mr Jiang didn't look as though he cared too much for Mr G. Nor did he bother to stir himself for the presentation of a painting called the "Grandeur of China". It was a very large picture, demonstrating that Chinese leaders clearly believe that size matters when it comes to gifts to what is now known as the Hong Kong Special Administrative Region (SAR).

Although President Jiang still gives speeches which sound as though they are being delivered in the Stalinesque gloom of Peking's Great Hall of the People, he has learned to make a few concessions to China's new possession. Yesterday he uttered his first public words in Cantonese, the language spoken here. They were "nei dei ho" or are you all right, then?

It was followed later by something closely resembling a walkabout in a shopping mall.

Dressed in a casual jacket the Chinese president appeared to be enjoying himself even though he has not quite got the hang of what is supposed to happen on a walkabout.

Red flags were very much in evidence yesterday. They sat inconspicuously on shiny modern buildings housing the offices of Hong Kong's money obsessed capitalist class.

As for the capitalists themselves, only the most wealthy were seen in President Jiang's proximity. Li Ka-shing, arguably the richest and most influential of the capitalists, did his best to be at Mr Jiang's side at all times.

Meanwhile, the not so rich and some of the new poor, impoverished by the Asian financial crisis, showed little enthusiasm for celebrating yesterday. Taking advantage of a newly created public holiday, the masses voted with their feet and stayed at home.

Clinton thwarted on trade barriers

PRESIDENT BILL Clinton turned his attention to business issues yesterday, saying that he was disappointed that agreements on abolishing trade barriers had not been reached during his visit.

Discussion with President Jiang Zemin had failed to secure the concessions the US wants from Peking before it backs China's World Trade Organisation entry, and Mr Clinton said: "I'm disappointed that we didn't make more progress on this issue, but we'll keep working at it until we reach a commercially viable agreement," said Mr Clinton.

The US runs a massive trade deficit with China, which this year is expected to reach US\$300bn, up from US\$200bn in 1997. America buys one-third of

By TERESA POOLE
in Shanghai

China's exports and should, in turn, get "a fair shot at China's markets", said Mr Clinton.

The US president said: "We cannot build support for permanent most favoured nation [trading status] for China in the Congress on the basis of anything less."

Mr Clinton spent his penultimate day on the mainland in Shanghai, meeting businessmen, private Chinese entrepreneurs, visiting the new stock exchange building, and seeing a model example of China's new policy to encourage people to buy their own homes. Today, he travels to the scenic tourist spot of Guilin, and tonight flies on to Hong Kong.



Bill Clinton with a small child in Shanghai Reuters

Signalling, once again, the Chinese government's view that the nine-day state visit has been a "full success", Chinese state television yesterday conducted a 20-minute

interview with Mr Clinton which is supposed to be aired without cuts this evening.

In it, he said: "I think there's a genuine movement toward openness and freedom in China, which obviously as an American, and as an American president, I hope will continue and increase and which I believe is right - morally right - but I also think it is good for China."

Yesterday, it was the First Lady who took a higher profile on human rights issues, with a speech on women's rights. "Economic and social progress must go hand in hand with the strengthening of other freedoms," Hillary Clinton said. "The yearning to be treated with dignity... is deeply rooted in the human spirit."

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Thinking
outside
the box

Picture of unity thrills German art world

THE THOUSAND Old Masters basking in the filtered natural light of Berlin's new Picture Gallery tell a myriad stories of glory and defeat, the rise and fall of civilisations, and especially the ebb and flow of German history.

Together at last, the collection that Frederick the Great had begun is now ready to recount perhaps its final tale – that of German reunification. Their meandering journey, which began 60 years ago and took in hunkers, a salt mine, America, Russia and temporary homes on opposite sides of the Wall, is at an end.

Since its opening two weeks ago, tens of thousands have flocked to the Gemäldegalerie to marvel at one of the world's greatest collections. The catalogue reads like a Who's Who of European art until the year 1800; in diversity Berlin's offerings are eclipsed on this continent only by London's National Gallery and the Louvre. But in this galaxy of masterpieces, one work by a lesser-known Florentine is the brightest star.

Admire, as you will, the expert brush-strokes of *Mary's Revelation*, attributed to a painter variously described as Paolo Schiavo or Paolo di Stefano. But that is not what at-

tracts the adoring crowds. The 15th-century altar-piece has novel value because it has been a triptych for two weeks only. Before that, in the dark days of partition, Paolo di Stefano had three paintings under his name. The side-panels could be viewed in the collection's original home in East Berlin, while the centre-piece was kept at the converted Asia Museum in a West Berlin suburb.

Now all three are encased in one timber frame, as they had been before the people occupying the palaces near their home set the world ablaze. It hangs proudly in one of the rooms of the magnificent new building. "It is the last great German reunification," an official of the new gallery declares.

Mary's tribulations had begun shortly after the Nazis rose to power in 1933. Expecting war, the new masters of the collection's home on Berlin's Museum Island immediately ordered preparations. As Neville Chamberlain was rehearsing his "peace in our time" speech on the flight back from Munich, Germany wrapped up most of its famous paintings and closed down its greatest museums just

before the invasion of Poland. The works considered less valuable remained in air-raid shelters on Museum Island. It is at this moment of utter confusion that the triptych was somehow split into its constituent parts. *Mary*, deemed more precious by a Nazi art expert than the *Holy Hieronymus* and *St Lawrence*, found herself on a lorry heading for the bunkers of anti-aircraft batteries in the north Berlin district of Friedrichshain. The side-panels remained on Museum Island.

Then, as defeat loomed, another perilous journey. To escape Soviet plunder, the paintings guarded by the big guns were taken to a salt mine in Thuringia. Not all could make it. Those too big to be squeezed into the pit cages were left behind to take their

chances with the invaders. They survived the war, but not its aftermath. A few days after Germany surrendered, a fire broke out at the Friedrichshain bunker, consuming all 403 works. They were the best of the collection.

Who set the fire is not known, and there are legends to this day about Russian soldiers carting it all back to Moscow under the screen of smoke. They are all listed in a special catalogue, but none has surfaced so far.

The salt mine was captured by US troops, but the whole of Thuringia was about to be swapped with Russia for West Berlin. The Americans acted quickly, spiriting the loot to the West German town of Wiesbaden and then on to the United States. Di Stefano's *Mary* and the rest of the rump col-

lection were taken on a triumphant tour of 13 US cities.

The profits of the exhibition were donated to charities looking after starving German children, and the pictures were handed back to West Germany in 1948. They were housed, pending another turn of the wheel of history, in the West Berlin suburb of Dahlem.

Meanwhile, the Russians had found the other half of the Prussian collection on Museum Island, and did not waste time taking them home. "The crazy thing is that the pictures dumped in the museum's own bunkers had survived the war in better condition than the ones they had tried hardest to save," says Irene Geismeyer, a curator of the museum in East Berlin.

She started her work on Museum Island in 1958, when Rus-

sia returned its part of the loot to East Germany, after its own triumphant exhibitions in Moscow and Leningrad.

The East Germans toiled to make their museum, badly damaged in the air raids, the best in the divided city. The project took many years. "It was in 1989 that the last room was finished, and then the Wall came down," Ms Geismeyer recalls.

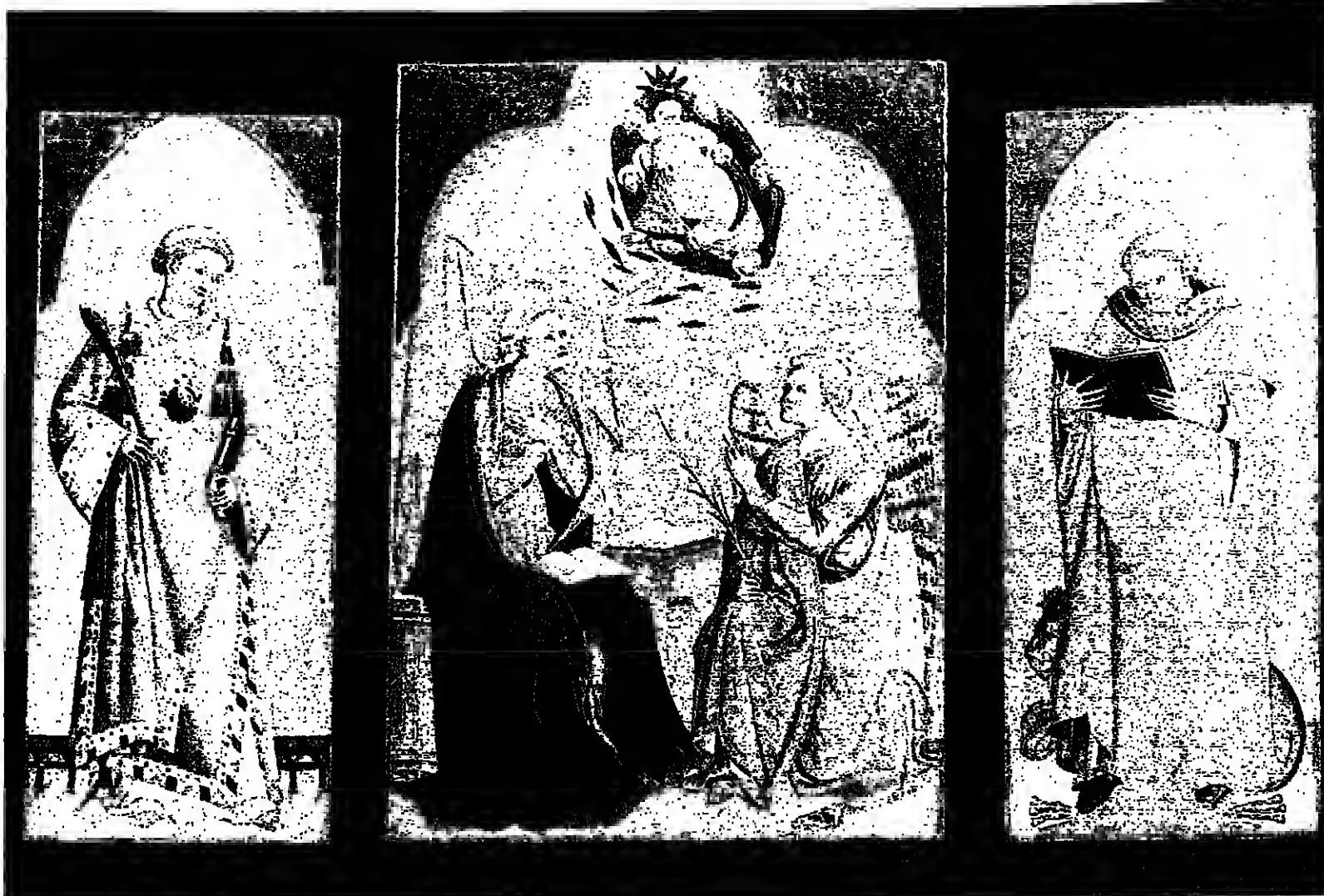
That, of course, is not the end of the saga. Logic and tradition dictated that the pictures of Dahlem would find their way back to Museum Island, but this was not to be. Even before the Wall came down, the West Berlin authorities had earmarked a site for the new Picture Gallery at the edge of the ninefields.

The money was available, part of the museum complex facing the Philharmonia Hall had

already been completed, and the winning design by architect Rolf Gutbrod had been chosen. Financial reality prevailed over tradition and sentimentality, and Wessi power proved stronger than Ossi lobbying.

Ms Geismeyer now looks after her pictures in the new Picture Gallery in the West. She is not thrilled by the decision to fill the collection's original home on Museum Island with sculpture and second-rate paintings, but takes pleasure in seeing the pictures united.

"I remember the way I felt when visitors would ask at the old museum: 'Do you have any Rembrandts?' – 'No', I would say, 'but we have several wonderful examples of the Rembrandt School. The Rembrandts are in Dahlem.' Well, now they are all together in one room. It's fantastic."



The triptych 'Mary's Revelation', reunited at last and the star exhibit in Berlin's new Picture Gallery

Doubts over Iraqi assault

BY MARY DEJEVSKY
in Washington

OFFICIALS IN Washington were still trying to determine yesterday whether the incident over southern Iraq on Tuesday was a deliberate challenge by Iraq or an aberration – and if so, by whom. The incident occurred when Iraqi radar reportedly locked on to a British Tornado patrolling the southern no-fly zone, prompting a United States F-16 to launch a missile at the radar installation.

The incident came a week after the United Nations Security Council had voted to keep international sanctions against Iraq in place, following the disclosure that UN weapons inspectors had found traces of VX toxic gas on an Iraqi missile warhead. Iraq rejected the findings as a ploy to justify the maintenance of sanctions, and requested new tests of the substance.

Until that contretemps, US and international opinion towards Iraq appeared to be softening, and Iraq was looking forward to agreement on a timetable for the end of sanctions. After Tuesday's incident, Baghdad issued an immediate denial that its radar had been activated, adding that the US missile had missed its target. After initially reporting that the target had been destroyed, British sources said that the Iraqi radar had been "switched off very quickly" and the missile had "deactivated".

British diplomatic sources injected a hint of doubt even about the initial radar lock-on, saying that there had been electronic signals "of the sort associated with lock-ons" but there was never any confirmation until the heat-seeking missile hit the target. There was also the possibility that Iraqi troops in the south were jumpy about Iraqi rebel activity in neighbouring Iran.

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صوتنا من الامم

Doubts over Iraqi assault

By MARY DEAN
in Washington

OFFICIALS IN Washington were still trying to decide whether or not to launch a southern assault on Iraq. The decision was a delicate one, involving a number of factors, including the possibility of a surprise attack by Iraq. The US military was still in the process of gathering intelligence on Iraq's military movements. The decision to launch an assault would depend on whether the intelligence gathered was sufficient to justify the risk of a surprise attack.



the tradition of having just the one name is to end in Mongolia by order of the government

Mongolians go in search of long-lost surnames

WHAT'S IN A NAME? Well, when it comes to surnames and Mongolia, not much. No one usually has a family name, or custom simply uses the initial letter of the father's name. Lots of people have simply a track of their surnames or only clans. So the introduction of a new regulation requiring people to use surnames on legal documents has caused consternation among the 2.5 million population. The requirement came into force yesterday. "That's the story, at least," said a Westerner in Ulan Bator, the capital.

By TESSA FOGLE
in Shanghai

ital. "In practice it is going to take Mongolians a real long time before they find their surnames." The problem is that the lifestyles of most Mongolians have not really demanded surnames. "It says something about how simple the society has been that only on the eve of the 21st century do the Mongolians find that they need surnames to differentiate themselves," said a Peking-

based aid worker who travels to Mongolia. A large proportion of Mongolians have always been herders, drifting across the steppes with their sheep, which outnumber people 10 to one. "Before, if you were a nomad attached to a herding group, chances are that you would be the only person in that group with your name," said the aid worker. The given names themselves are often fiendishly long and complicated. But the demands of a slowly modernising lifestyle, and greater interaction with the

outside world, has led to confusion because some of the given names are very common. "It would be very confusing for us if large numbers of people were just called Mary," said the aid worker. Under the new rules, a legal document must carry a given name, surname and father's name. Mongolia's emergence as the world's freest economy was forced on the country after the break-up of the Soviet Union and the removal of big financial subsidies from Moscow. Free elections were held for

the first time in 1990, and since then Mongolians have reasserted their national cultural identity. Genghis Khan, the Mongol warrior who swept through Asia in the 13th century, is again a national hero. But the economy is in terrible shape following radical reforms which have included privatising all state enterprises, setting up a stock exchange, and scrapping all import restrictions. Aid agencies recently warned of the huge numbers of Mongolians who are living below the poverty line, and of the collapse in health services.

A South African's home is his fortress

FRONT LINE

JOHANNESBURG



A checkpoint in one of Johannesburg's wealthy, predominantly white suburbs Raymond Whitaker

"OCTOBER 20, go to Randpark Ridge, alarm, poss intruders on premises, two friendly dogs," intones Myron Rendall, the dispatcher at Paramed, one of South Africa's largest and fastest-growing "armed response" security companies. "Someone's pressed the panic button there," he explains. There is scarcely a home in the sprawling northern suburbs of Johannesburg, the richest area of the country, that does not have a high wall with a sign warning of "Immediate Armed Response".

Squatter camps - known in the new PC parlance as "informal settlements" - exist side by side with Dallas-style mansions, protected by electrified fences, razor wire, dogs, closed-circuit television and alarm buttons in every room. "On a panic activation," says the Plymouth-born Jim Glanville, a Paramed director, "our policy is to get in, no matter what, but all the defences can make it difficult for us."

Though tonight's call turns out to be a false alarm, the fears of white householders are fuelled by the daily catalogue of murders, armed robberies, car hijackings and rapes in Johannesburg newspapers.

A few days earlier intruders had unscrewed the burglar bars in a house while the family was watching television. They shot the parents, locked the 14-year-old son in a bathroom and raped his 16-year-old sister, yet the story did not make the front pages.

"The worst aspect of this job is finding people who have been murdered in their homes," says Paramed's control-room supervisor, Francois Hugo, a former fireman. "Most had no time to push the panic button, and it was the neighbours who called to say something was wrong. We have heard shots being fired while we were on the phone, and women screaming that they were being raped. That was terrible."

The feeling of being on the front line has created a flood of security companies, filling the void left by an overwhelmed police force (which has to patrol the poorest areas as well as the richest, and which lost 300 members last year, as opposed to only one Paramed man killed in 12 years).

Protecting the well-being of South Africa's haves - who remain overwhelmingly white - from the newly-enfranchised but still economically deprived black population, swelled by returning ex-guerrillas with no job skills save their ability to use a gun, has become a 130bn rand (£13.5bn) business.

It is a quiet Saturday night in Paramed's brand-new Rlm control room, but its 32 area security officers, most of whom are black, are responding to a steady stream of calls. Some are from women asking to be escorted home, where the officer will check the premises for them. When an alarm goes off, the company phones the householder and asks for a code number - an incorrect number may mean the family is being held hostage.

The ebullient Mr Glanville, who emigrated to South

Africa in 1987 after serving in the RAF, is keen to talk about Paramed's latest line of business: fencing off entire suburbs. He advises affluent communities on how to close streets, put up razor wire where the suburb abuts on to open veld and install controlled access points. "It's all completely illegal," he says, "but the local authorities wink at it. Crime has dropped sharply in these areas."

Relations with the police have been clouded by suspicion, but Mr Glanville says they are coming round. "The industry has asked for powers of arrest but at the moment we simply detain intruders until the police arrive."

"What concerns everyone here," says Mr Glanville, "is the unwarranted violence. They don't just take your wallet or your car, they shoot you dead even if you offer no resistance."

"My son is going back to the UK soon, because the business he manages was held up. He was forced to lie on the floor with a gun to his ear. The man next to him was praying for his life and they beat up one of his staff very badly. He's had enough."

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BUSINESS

BRIEFING

Accountant accused of blackmail

THE INVESTIGATIVE accountant charged with the attempted blackmail of pub group Regent Inns and its former finance director Clive Watson, appeared in court yesterday but the proceedings were adjourned to allow more time to compile evidence. Stephen Wright is alleged to have sent letters and faxes to the Mr Watson at home and at his office between November 1997. He is also alleged to have sent letters to David Franks, Regent Inns' managing director. Mr Wright is charged with making "an unwarranted demand for money in exchange for silence in respect of alleged professional misconduct". Mr Wright denies the charges. He was freed on conditional bail and the hearing adjourned until 16 July.

Devro shares dive after warning

SHARES IN Devro plummeted by more than 25 per cent yesterday to 367.5p after the world leader in food casings issued its second profit warning in less than two months. The company said worldwide demand for sausage skins had been hit by a lack of summer barbecues at home and economic crises in Asia and eastern Europe. John Neilson, finance director, said profits would fall below the 1997 figure of £58m.

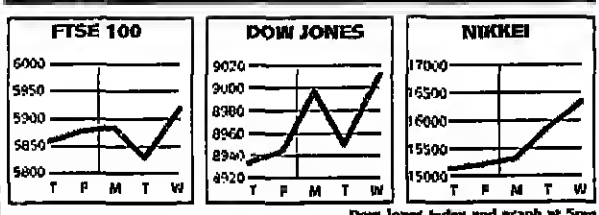
Data Bill plea rejected

THE GOVERNMENT has rejected pleas to amend the new Data Protection Bill, despite being warned that provisions in the legislation could choke off access to credit for thousands of small firms. Under the bill, companies that supply credit references for small businesses will no longer be able to retain their anonymity. A delegation met Whitehall officials last week to warn this would result in companies refusing to give references. The Home Office Minister, George Howarth, is expected to announce during the third reading of the Bill today that the legislation will not be amended but that the Government will agree to review it in three years if any problems arise.


Grid director bonuses boosted

BONUSES FOR National Grid directors were boosted last year by the successful flotation of its telecoms subsidiary, Energis. The Grid's chief executive, David Jones, received a pay package of £355,000 including a bonus of £88,000.

STOCK MARKETS



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Pirelli: Italian group restructures amid claims that a leading Swiss financier enjoyed preferential arrangements

Ebner at centre of 'sweetheart' claim



Martin Ebner: some shareholders say he sold part of a Pirelli stake at too low a price

RDB/Lukas Unseld

OUTSIDE shareholders in Pirelli, the Italian tyre and cables group, are angrily accusing the company of complex "sweetheart" arrangements with one of Europe's most prominent financiers as it attempts to push through a big capital restructuring.

At the centre of the row is Martin Ebner, a Swiss-based corporate fixer fought a prolonged campaign for change at Union Bank of Switzerland.

The story also involves Rothschild & Compagnie Paris, which, to the dismay of some investors, sanctioned a part of the transaction as "fair value".

Pirelli is at present organised in the classic Continental fashion as a "cascade" of different holding companies, each with their own outside shareholders. Pirelli wants to reform this cumbersome structure in line with the leaner, simpler and more investor-friendly capital structures of most British and American quoted companies.

The plan involves buying out the outside shareholders in a bewildering series of financial holding companies to create a single publicly-quoted entity, Pirelli SpA, which would be 30 per cent-owned by Marco Tronchetti Provera, the chairman, and his allies, and 10 per cent-owned by Mr Ebner.

One buyout involved Société Internationale Pirelli (SIP), a Swiss financial holding company in which Mr Ebner held a 35 per cent stake through his investment bank BZ Holdings.

In April, Pirelli offered SIP's outside shareholders a price of 350 Swiss francs per share. Mr Ebner supported the plan and agreed to sell around 11 per

BY FRANCESCO GUERRERA

cent of his holding in the company at the agreed price.

However, some outside shareholders complained that the price was too low in relation both to SIP's assets and the price of Pirelli's shares on the Italian stock market. They are challenging Rothschild's opinion, contained in the SIP offer document, that the "price provides a fair value to the minority shareholders of SIP".

Estimates prepared by a leading investment bank on behalf of the dissenting shareholders, and seen by *The Independent*, put SIP's fair price at Sfr420-440, with some calculations going as high as Sfr455.

Jean-Claude Meyer, general manager at Rothschild & Compagnie, yesterday rejected the shareholders' view. "Our fairness opinion has been viewed very carefully. [The SIP offer price] is a fair price," he said.

The minority shareholders refused to sell out and were dismayed at Mr Ebner's decision to sell part of his stake at what they regarded as an unduly low price.

Investigations by rebel shareholders later revealed that Mr Ebner had bought a stake in another part of the group on favourable terms not available to the public at large.

They found that Mr Ebner had bought from SIP a 3.12 per cent stake in Pirelli Participazioni, a holding company to be eliminated in restructuring.

The shareholders were upset to learn that the effect of this was to give Mr Ebner a significant stake in Pirelli SpA, the main company, at what they believe to be a cut price.

At a shareholders' meeting Mr Tronchetti Provera confirmed Mr Ebner's purchase and told investors that the deal valued Pirelli SpA at around 5,119 lire per share - considerably below the 6,300 lire at which the stock was trading on the Milan bourse at the time.

The minority shareholders accuse the company and Mr Ebner of "sweetheart" arrangements. They claim the Swiss financier sold his holding in SIP at a low price while at the same time he was gaining a favourable price on his purchase of a stake in Pirelli SpA.

"Mr Ebner has bought a lump of Pirelli shares at a discount. This opportunity was not offered to other shareholders. The outcome is that outside investors get all the downside," one source close to the rebel shareholders said.

Yesterday Pirelli defended the arrangements and said the price paid by Mr Ebner for his stake in Pirelli SpA was the average of the previous month's trading. A spokeswoman confirmed the terms of the two transactions and said the price was "consistent with the buy-out offer of Sfr350" for the SIP shares. She added that the deal was a normal transaction which would enable Mr Ebner to reach the targeted 10 per cent stake in Pirelli SpA.

Mr Ebner was unavailable for comment, but Kurt Schiltknecht, the head of BZ Trust, said: "We never comment about any of our trades."

Analysts said similar arrangements are legal and fairly common in Continental Europe and show that European companies still have a

long way to go to reach corporate governance standards on a par with the UK and US.

"From an Anglo-Saxon point of view (these deals) would be completely unacceptable. It could not happen in the UK or the US because shareholders wouldn't accept it," one said.

"Germany and France have made some progress of late, but Latin countries are still treating shareholders as means of capital rather than an integral part of the company," he added.

The Pirelli restructuring is not the first time the actions of the Swiss financier have stirred controversy. Mr Ebner, who has been dubbed "the Swiss George Soros", last year led a vigorous but losing campaign for reform at UBS.

The 52-year old corporate raider with a penchant for jaunty bow ties used his minority shareholding to urge UBS to ditch its branch network and focus on investment banking.

At the height of his crusade, Mr Ebner addressed more than 6,000 UBS shareholders in a packed Zurich ice rink to urge them to support his plans.

He then became a vociferous campaigner for a merger between UBS and one of its Swiss rivals and was widely seen as one of the driving forces behind the \$58bn (£36bn) merger between UBS and SBC in 1997.

Earlier he had pushed for a merger between Credit Suisse and Winterthur, the insurance group in which he had built up a 25 per cent stake. Mr Ebner used a thinly-veiled threat of a takeover bid for Winterthur to speed up the merger talks. The two companies announced a merger a week later.

Volvo denies VW merger plan

THE SWEDISH car and truck manufacturer Volvo, confirmed yesterday that it is exploring potential alliances with Volkswagen but denied that it was interested in a full-blown merger with the German car giant.

Volvo said its chief executive, Leif Johansson, met VW chairman Ferdinand Piech at its Gothenburg headquarters last Friday for two hours of talks.

But a spokesman played down reports that this could eventually lead to a merger. "These sorts of meeting are very commonplace because of the degree of co-operation that

BY MICHAEL HARRISON

takes place across the industry," he said. "But we are certainly not looking for a merger with a larger company. Our aim is to remain an independent company producing around 500,000 vehicles a year." Volvo and VW collaborate on engines, with VW supplying the Swedish car maker's five-cylinder diesel engines. The Volvo spokesman said that future co-operation in specific areas could not be ruled out. Volvo also has a joint venture with Mitsubishi of Japan to

produce the S40 and V40 models at a factory in Holland, while the C70 coupe is produced in Sweden at a joint venture with TWR of the UK.

VW's interest in Volvo lies more in its trucks, which accounted for 43 per cent of Volvo sales last year of \$23bn (£14bn). Volvo is one of the world's top 10 producers of trucks of more than six tonnes, and one of the top three in trucks over 15 tonnes. In the first five months of this year, truck deliveries were up by 31 per cent to 34,000. Volvo also has interests in construction vehicles and buses.

Commercial vehicles account for less than 10 per cent of VW's output, and its presence is limited to medium and light trucks.

Garel Rhys, Professor of Motor Industry Economics at the Cardiff University Business School, said Volvo would probably have to seek a merger at some point because its joint-venture strategy was ultimately doomed to failure. But he questioned whether VW should get involved in trucks, and said there could be difficulties marrying the Audi and Volvo car ranges.

Outlook, page 19

Eagle Star jobs go in merger

EAGLE STAR yesterday said 540 employees at its commercial insurance arm would lose their jobs as part of a big rationalisation stemming from the merger of its parent company with Zurich Insurance.

Two main branches of Eagle Star Commercial in Southampton and Leicester will close by the end of next year. A further 11 branches in big towns across

BY ANDREW VERITY

the UK will also close. The job losses are part of a "ruthless drive for efficiency" announced in May by Sandy Leitch, chief executive of Eagle Star's parent company, British American Financial Services.

BAFS is still to announce a further 1,600 job losses in the UK alone, cutting its staff of

8,600 by nearly a fifth. Allied Dunbar and Threadneedle Asset Management, the other big companies within BAFS, have so far escaped the axe.

Derek McLaughlin, managing director of Eagle Star Commercial, said: "We regret having to propose job losses, but radical changes are required if we are to meet the challenges of the market and become the leading

world-class, skills-driven insurer in the UK."

The £22bn merger between BAFS and Zurich, which will begin trading as Zurich Financial Services in September, will create the second largest insurer in the western world managing \$375bn of assets. Zurich is believed to be in talks to sell off some assets including Zurich Re, its reinsurance arm.

Tomb Raider chief wins a £1.6m bonus payment

JEREMY HEATH-SMITH's bank account is slightly fatter than it was last year. He has received a bonus of £1,657,000 from Eidos, the computer games maker of which he is a director, according to the company's annual report published yesterday.

This bonus helps boost Jeremy's pay packet from a piddling £163,908 in 1997 to a mighty £1,858,666 this.

Any accusations of fat-cattery would be misplaced. Jeremy is the managing director of Core Design, a subsidiary of Eidos which is based in Derby and which developed the globally successful Tomb Raider game, starring the curvaceous Lara Croft.

While Core Design has produced other games such as Thunderhawk 1, Chuck Rock, ShellShock and Ninja, it is Lara Croft's cowering that have captured the imagination (mostly male) around the world and propelled Eidos's share price skyward.

All of which must be a little galling for Toby Gard, the computer animator who originally designed Lara Croft, the female Indiana Jones. Mr Gard once said that Lara's magnificent cleavage resulted from a "slip of the mouse".

Toby sold out of Core Design after Tomb Raider I was completed, in November 1996, for

PEOPLE AND BUSINESS
BY JOHN WILLCOCK



less than six figures, because he wanted to run his own business. To date Tomb Raider versions I and II have sold over 7 million units and generated revenue for Eidos approaching £100m. Tomb Raider III is slated for release in November. Never mind, Toby, there's more to life than money...

THE VENTURE capital team that financed most of Silicon Valley has been poached by a rival firm for the second time in just two years. And like Eidos's bonuses, it's for megabucks.

Credit Suisse First Boston has recruited Frank Quattrone, George Routsos and Bill Brady from Deutsche Bank

Securities to become its top advisers to computer-related companies.

The bankers, whose clients include Amazon.com, the Internet bookseller recently floated for \$2bn, will handle underwriting, mergers and research for technology companies, said CSFB.

The same team defected from Morgan Stanley to DMG in 1996, taking around a dozen underlings with them. Since then Quattrone and co have completed around 100 deals worth a whopping \$23bn.

No wonder everybody wants them. DMG made a great song and dance when it originally signed them two years ago. Since then DMG's expansion strategy has unravelled fast, in London as well as the US. This prompted speculation earlier this year that Mr Quattrone and his team would jump ship. Not a bit of it, he said at the time.

In March Mr Quattrone wrote to clients saying: "These false rumours are being spread only by envious competitors. We are here to stay. Please trust us."

No doubt CSFB's golden handcuffs are made of sterner stuff than DMG's.

I HAVE received a missive from HM Treasury entitled "Getting ready for the Euro".

It says: "Ministers from each Government Department met for the first time today to discuss progress in public sector planning for the introduction of the single currency on 1 January 1999."

Blimey. The euro's already happened, and I had no idea.

ONE THING didn't go quite smoothly on the official launch yesterday of PricewaterhouseCoopers, the newly merged, "dynamic, global" etc accountancy firm.

Peter Smith, the former head of Coopers & Lybrand, who is now senior partner of the newly merged firm, was due to take part in the obligatory BBC interview yesterday morning. A company car was despatched to whisk Mr Smith to the Beeb's studios in Shepherd's Bush, west London.

Unfortunately Mr Smith's vehicle crashed into a car in front, and an altercation between the respective drivers ensued.

Mr Smith wisely chose not to get involved, and instead studied his newspaper in the back seat. Eventually the row subsided and the bean-counter was able to deliver his opinions to the airwaves of Britain.

THE MEGA-MERGER threw up another problem for an audit client this week.

David Coulson, finance director of Leopold Joseph & Sons, the private bankers, had been "sweating bullets" over the imminent publication of his preliminary results annual report.

The figures are all straightforward. What was vexing Mr Coulson was how to describe the bank's auditors, Coopers & Lybrand, who are due to "sign off" the accounts on 1 July. The Bank's accounts are finalised on 30 June, yet 1 July, the day after, is the date when the auditors legally change their name to PricewaterhouseCoopers.

The solution agreed between Mr Coulson and the firm was that Coopers would "resign" the account, and PricewaterhouseCoopers would be appointed on "an interim basis" to fill the casual vacancy arising by reason of resignation of Coopers & Lybrand, which will then be confirmed at the next AGM. Crazy guys, these accountants.

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SPORT

Wimbledon: Czech oulits Williams to meet Hingis, while Zvereva and Tauziat progress to surprise semi-final



Jana Novotna takes a wide-eyed look at her opponent, the American Venus Williams, as she returns during the Czech's 7-5, 7-6 quarter-final victory on Centre Court yesterday

Robert Hallam

Novotna keeps her eyes on prize

BY IAN TASKER

JANA NOVOTNA knows a thing or two about crying on the Centre Court but yesterday the twice-beaten finalist stayed resolutely dry-eyed as she moved into today's semi-final showdown against Martina Hingis. In fact, it was her 18-year-old opponent whose game dissolved into tears.

Venus Williams, the No 7 seed, already none too pleased after letting slip a 4-1 lead to lose the first set of her quarter final 7-5, turned apoplectic after a close line call in the first game of the second set. As the red mist descended over the blue and white beads she remonstrated with a linesperson. "Hey, that ball was out," she screamed in frustration.

But that was just the beginning. At 3-3 another call prompted a McEnroe-style advance towards the umpire Mike Morrissey and an impassioned plea for justice. "I know it's out, she knows it's out, everybody knows it's out," she fumed. The double-fault that followed to lose the game only compounded her frustration.

Tears flowed at the change-over and the American wore the look of a wronged woman for the rest of the match.

To her credit she did manage to break Novotna to make it 4-1 and take the set into a tie-break, only for her powerhouse forearm to desert her when she most needed it as Novotna claimed a 7-5, 7-6 victory.

Afterwards, with her smile and humour intact, Williams refused to blame her tantrums for her defeat and when pressed she even confessed her embarrassment. "If I wasn't so dark, I'd probably have turned red," she said.

Novotna, whose classic serve and volley game proved too strong for Williams, said: "It was an important match for me. It was tough, emotionally draining and it will not be easy to come out again tomorrow."

"I think she lost it for a little while there but I was very focused, very concentrated. Venus came in a lot, even on second serve. She doesn't do that in doubles or mixed doubles. If we were going to serve and volley I knew I'd be better at that."

Williams, who lost in the first round last year, will have learned a lot by reaching the last eight and will inevitably challenge again but time may be running out for Novotna. At 29 she is a veritable veteran of the game and will be happy if she can turn the tables on Hingis today after her defeat in the final last year. If she can, she will be a red hot favourite for the title as the bottom half of the draw yesterday threw up

two unlikely semi-finalists in the unseeded Natasha Zvereva and the No 16 seed Nathalie Tauziat who beat, respectively, Monica Seles, the No 6 seed, and Lindsay Davenport, the No 2.

For Zvereva, the change in fortune is impressive indeed. She has now beaten Steffi Graf and Monica Seles, players with 30 Grand Slam singles titles between them, in less than a week.

Today will be only her second Grand Slam semi-final and Tauziat's

first. "I'm absolutely thrilled," said Zvereva after her 7-6, 6-2 win. "It's completely unexpected. I think if I can carry on like I played today I have a really good chance."

Her stated ambition to become the greatest farmer in Minsk might have to be put on hold.

Seles, beaten in the French Open last month, was generous in defeat but could not find a reason for her failure to emerge from the last eight. "She played really smart tennis out there - no question," she said.

"She's definitely playing better than she used to. I couldn't put two points together from the start of the match and it never got better after that. Obviously it was a great chance for me, playing against Natasha. But she rose to the occasion, while I just did the opposite."

Both underdogs show the virtue of mixing up their game in the face of their supposedly superior rivals and if Zvereva was enjoying her surprise, Tauziat was basking in her own self-belief. After dispatching

Davenport 6-3, 6-3 she said: "Right now my game is very powerful and I worked hard for that because the tennis game today is very powerful and I showed I can play faster and faster and better than anybody else."

Davenport, meanwhile, could not believe the result. "I was playing great tennis here and I don't think I played that badly in this match," she said.

So one of Tauziat, Zvereva or Novotna could become a first-time Wimbledon champion. But in their way stands Hingis, the 17-year-old world No 1 and defending champion.

Yesterday she dropped her first set of the tournament during her 6-3, 3-6, 6-3 defeat of Arantxa Sanchez Vicario but otherwise looks ominously impressive. She may not be the most athletic or the strongest, tallest, fastest or best server on the circuit but what she does have is a shot for every occasion and enormous confidence.

Sanchez Vicario, the No 5 seed, produced her trademark never-say-die battling performance, hitting some beautiful winners. But Hingis always looked to have the upper hand generally, serving better and keeping the Spaniard at the back of the court with ground shots of pinpoint accuracy.

"It was a very good match," Hingis said. "There were some long rallies, very well played from both sides and not too many mistakes."

Today she plays her doubles partner for a place in the singles final. "She's one of the best grass court players and she's always difficult," Hingis said. As for Novotna? "I'll go out, have a good time and enjoy myself. Playing Martina is always a pleasure for me." We'll see.

Krajicek's massacre of the innocent

BY GUY HODGSON

THERE WAS a more one-sided contest than Richard Krajicek men's quarter-final against Davide Sanguinetti at Wimbledon yesterday but what chance did the grass have against the mower anyway?

Davide versus Goliath was how it was billed and while the little man remembered to bring his slingshot, Krajicek had brought along his field artillery. The most difficult decision Krajicek had to make yesterday was whether to wear the shirt with the green or the blue. That and pondering which side of the court he should pass his hapless opponent.

No Italian had ever won a men's quarter-final at Wimbledon and the scoreline, 6-2, 6-3, 6-4, shows how close Sanguinetti came to bucking the trend. Maybe he went to his hotel last night thinking "at least I was getting better with every set", more likely he was contemplating doing something violent to himself with his racket to mask the pain of embar-

assment. He would have missed.

You got an idea of how things would pan out as the players took to the field of conflict. The crowd on Court 13 had just seen somebody who recognised Yevgeny Kafelnikov. In the men's doubles and to their surprise a player fresh from the Tooting recreation ground strolled in with a racket. It was only when Krajicek turned up and seemed to acknowledge him as an equal that the truth dawned. It was the only time Sanguinetti, ranked 68th in the world, approached parity again.

The Italian's name means something to do with blood in English and "Sanguinetti Hell" seemed an appropriate thought when Krajicek sent the ball hurtling past for an ace. This was a second serve from the Dutchman, it should be pointed out, the really fast ones would not have given him time to ponder anything but personal survival.

If those early points told Sanguinetti something - like he should have worn a cricket box - they also revealed plenty to Krajicek. On Tuesday he had twisted his right knee against Wayne Ferreira and yesterday morning the joint was stiff enough to cause concern. But when points go along the lines of big serve, netted return, the only time he looked likely to strain himself was when he had to bend to sit down at the change-overs.

"When I woke up it was not so good," the ninth seed said, "especially when I pushed off on my right leg. I was worried but as the day wore on and I stretched a bit it felt pretty good. I'm a little bit tentative to go for crazy shots but I thought I'd be more afraid to move."

Thankfully for him Sanguinetti's service games did not require much movement beyond the initial return. Naturally the Italian is a clay-courtier but has prospered at Wimbledon because he has been prepared to forsake his instincts and gone to the net.

When you have spent a career where the only volley you encounter

is a blast from your coach when your practice is not up to scratch it is not easy master the stroke in a two-week crash course. Sanguinetti was fine on high shots at the net but when Krajicek's returns were aimed for his feet, he rarely got them back over the net. He was broken twice in the first set, once in the second and twice in third.

The whole massacre lasted only 1hr 20 min and it was only stretched to that length because Krajicek lost concentration in the run-in to the finishing line and lost his own serve at 5-2 up in the third. At almost every change-over Sanguinetti had his head wrapped in a towel in a gesture reminiscent of a small child - if I can't see them, they can't see me - but he chucked in this security blanket long before the end.

For Krajicek it was about as gentle a run-out a potential injury withdrawal could have and he will have a day off today before meeting another server from leviathan land, Goran Ivanisevic. Suddenly a re-run of Krajicek's Wimbledon triumph

two years ago is eminently feasible.

Then he defeated Pete Sampras, the only time the American has failed to sweep through the field since 1992 and that remains the lingering memory from his only Grand Slam to date. "It's what gave me a good feeling in 1996," he said. "I made it complete for me that I'd beaten the best Wimbledon player on his own turf. It was an extra thing to the title."

Sampras could be the opponent if he reaches the final but Ivanisevic is in the way and he has beaten Krajicek the last eight times they have met. "Goran is a dangerous player," he said. "This is the first time nobody expects anything from him, even himself. When he's loose he's one of the best hitters on the tour."

"My advantage is that I know I can win here. I haven't been spectacular but I think solid tennis is the way for me to go at the moment."

Solid was enough against Sanguinetti. Something more might be required against Ivanisevic.

England put Sampson's speed to the test

RUGBY UNION

BY CHRIS HEWITT
in Cape Town

PAUL SAMPSON may have been the quickest rugby player in Europe when England first interrupted his school studies and fast-tracked him into their Five Nations squad two years ago, but Jack Rowell still managed to leave the new boy for dead with a characteristically brutal put-down. After a brief welcome during which a bewildered Sampson politely said he felt "fine", the former national coach snapped: "I didn't say 'How are you?' I said 'Who are you?'"

While it is safe to assume that the Springboks know even less about

Sampson's talents, the 20-year-old wing from Waspas is confident of bringing his sprinter's speed - 10.4 seconds for the 100 metres, 21.9 seconds for the 200 - to bear on Saturday's one-off Test at Newlands. "I still don't know to this day why I was called up back in '96, but I feel ready for anything now," said England's latest new cap yesterday.

Rowell's successor, Clive Woodward, had no hesitation in naming Sampson once Austin Healey's damaged shoulder deteriorated on Tuesday evening. "Paul has real pace and he's a footballer," said the coach. "In fact, he possesses precisely the sort of qualities demanded by top-level Test rugby these days. Let's face it - we're not going to beat a side as capable as South Africa by kicking

the ball away or playing negative rugby. We can only hope to win by taking them on with ball in hand."

Less than two months ago, Sampson could not force his way into Waspas' Telford Bitter Cup final team. "I thought I'd done enough during the run-up to the big day, but I was wrong. I'd be lying if I said I wasn't bitterly frustrated at missing out; the final was the high point of my season. Or so I thought. This is an opportunity way beyond anything I could have imagined even a week ago. It's up to me now."

Sampson will play on the left wing at Newlands, a role that brings him eyeball to eyeball with Stefan Terblanche, the free-scoring revelation of this season's formidably powerful Springbok outfit. "I know

nothing about Terblanche," said England's newcomer. "To be honest, I don't spend much time thinking about whoever I might be up against." Brave words indeed.

England may well be fielding the most rapid wing partnership in recent history. Spencer Brown, a small beacon of light in the darkness of Brisbane four and a half weeks ago, returns to the right flank in place of the injured Tom Beir.

Elsewhere, England are unchanged after last weekend's bold attempt to dislodge the All Blacks in Auckland. Garath Archer, the Newcastle lock who missed that match with ankle trouble, has broken down again in training, so Rob Fidler retains his second-row place alongside his Gloucester clubmate, Dave Sims.

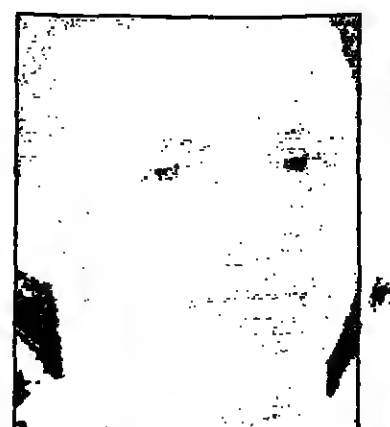
The Springboks, meanwhile, have recalled Henry Honiball, the Natal outside-half. Woodward did not look best pleased by the news. "I think he's probably the best defensive stand-off I've ever seen," he muttered sadly - and with a sudden Cape Town cold front threatening to turn the Newlands surface into mud, Honiball's sheer physicalness could make things uncomfortably hot for England's inexperienced midfield.

"Henry is my number one outside-half, end of story," said the Bokke coach, Nick Mallett, whose experiments with Gaffie du Toit and Franco Smith resulted in heavy victories over Ireland and Wales. "With England posing us our biggest test of the season so far, I'm pleased he's back in the side."

"I expect much more from England than we got from Ireland or Wales because they are definitely a first division nation."

"Yes, one or two of their names are missing, but they were impressive in many ways against New Zealand last week and while they may not have the pace and power of our outside backs, the weather will benefit them." A little, yes, but almost certainly not nearly enough.

SOUTH AFRICA (v England, Cape Town, Saturday): Montgomery (W Province), Terblanche (Gauteng), Snyman (W Province), Muller (Natal), Rossouw (W Province), Honiball (Natal), Van der Westhuizen (W Province), Garvey (Natal), Orie (Natal), Andrews (Natal), Erasmus (Gauteng), Venter (Gauteng), Heichmann (Natal), Carr. Replacements: Hendricks (Gauteng), Van der Merwe (Gauteng), Swanevool (Gauteng), Alkass (W Province), Smit (W Province), Le Roux (Natal), Drost (Gauteng). ENGLAND: Perry (Bath), Brown (Richmond), Beal (Northampton), Barendse (Surrey), Samp-



Sampson: 'Ready for anything'

son (Waspas), Lewsey (Bristol), Dawson (Northampton), Gird (Leicester), Cockerill (Leicester), Vickery (Gloucester), Fidler (Gloucester), Sims (Gloucester), Clarke (Richmond), Sanderson (Sale), Diprose (Saracens). Replacements: Stimpson (Leicester), Ravenscroft (Saracens), Bennett (Gloucester), Olamoh (Gloucester), Sturham (Bath), Green (Waspas), Greening (Gloucester).

Smith assumes Goodison hot seat

BY ALAN NIXON
AND MARK BURTON

WALTER SMITH, the former Rangers manager, took on the task of reviving Everton's Premiership fortunes yesterday with the promise that there was the money available "to compete with the best".

Smith has become the club's fourth manager in four years, with Archie Knox as his No 2, and has inherited a squad who only just avoided relegation after his predecessor, Howard Kendall, was reportedly starved of funds. Smith, who spent more than £45m at Rangers and shared in nine successive titles in Scotland as Graeme Souness' assistant and then the manager, has been promised the money in place to fund a rebuilding programme.

"We won't be diving into the market but we know that if we feel we need a player for a certain position, we are able to go out to get him. First, we will look at the staff we have," he said.

Smith, who has signed a three-year contract worth around £1.5m at Goodison, also made it clear that Duncan Ferguson, the striker he sold to Everton from Ibrox, was a key part of his plans for the future.

Sheffield Wednesday's chairman, Dave Richards, had thought Smith would be part of the future at Hillsborough, and is upset by the Scot's late change of heart. "We are extremely disappointed by Mr Smith's late change of mind after we have done so much to ensure his financial terms and other conditions were fully met," he said.

However, Smith said: "I don't think I've let Wednesday down, I hadn't agreed to move to them. I've spoken to their chairman and I hope they understand."

There were no such problems for Brentford, where the Third Division club's new chairman, Ron Noades, has announced that he will be the manager, too, in succession to Mickey Adams.

Noades said: "I managed at Southall until I was 33 when I took over the club, so my involvement has always been in football and not only as a chairman." He said he would be picking the team and choosing the formation, but would leave the coaching to Ray Lewington, Terry Bullivant and Brian Sparrow.

Another Third Division club, Swansea City, have made John Hollins their manager. The former Arsenal and Chelsea midfielder, who was the assistant manager at Queen's Park Rangers, will have the former Swansea player Alan Curtis as his No 2.

Steve Bruce wants his old friend, John Deehan, to join his management team at Sheffield United. The former Manchester United captain, who is becoming the manager of the Blades with his caretaker predecessor in the role, Steve Thompson, as his No 2, will cost United £250,000 in compensation to Birmingham City.

Wolves have confirmed their interest in signing the transfer-listed Chelsea striker Mark Hughes to aid their challenge for promotion to the Premiership. Mark McGhee, the manager at Molineux, is hoping to convince his board to sign the 34-year-old Welsh international.

Hughes, the PFA player of the year in 1989 and 1991, is available at around £500,000 but his likely signing on fee and wages are a potential stumbling block to clubs outside the Premiership.

"Mark Hughes will be a fantastic signing for us," McGhee said. "He would be the perfect foil for the likes of Robbie Keane and Dougie Freedman."

Hughes is also interesting some Premiership clubs, thought to include Middlesbrough, Southampton and Aston Villa.

A Belgian court will rule today on whether the system of transfer fees for footballers violates European Union rules, in a case reminiscent of a dispute over the Brazilian striker Ronaldo's move to Internazionale last year. A Hungarian, Tibor Balog, has brought into question the rules agreed by FIFA, world football's governing body, and the European authority, Uefa, allowing clubs to claim compensation for releasing non-EU players even though they are out of contract. Fees are prohibited for EU nationals in similar circumstances, and Balog brought the case after his Belgian club, Charleroi, demanded a fee for him, which he says has prevented him from finding another club.

First true test for Italians

BY JOHN LICHFIELD
in Senlis

CESARE MALDINI, the man with the widest parting in football, has perfected the art of the catenaccio press conference. On the bench, the Italian coach usually looks close to tears, even if his team is winning. Faced with the press, he is smiling, gentle, charming, avuncular and says nothing very much.

French journalists, turning up for the Italian open days at their headquarters north of Paris, have been incensed because the interpreter renders 60 words of Maldini-speak into five or six words of French. No, no, the Italian journalists insist afterwards. It is not a trick, he said nothing else that was worth translating.

Will Italy, take a leaf from the Paraguayan play-book in the Stade de France tomorrow? Will they erect a great defensive wall, the way only Italians can, and invite the host nation to break their hearts against it? "We always play to win. We don't play to neutralise the other team. We play our own way," Maldini said.

What was the mood in the squad? "Normal." Who will he deploy to shackle Zinedine Zidane, the Italian-based, French midfield genius, returning tomorrow from a two match suspension? "I have not thought about it." (His son, Paulo, the Italian captain, had already let that cat out of the bag. He told *La Gazzetta dello Sport* that Zidane was "fearsome" but Dino Baggio would "block him".)

There is one question to which all of Italy would like to know the answer. The Italian journalists know better than to even ask it. What has happened to Alessandro Del Piero? Before the tournament the Juventus striker was trumpeted by the Italian press as the man who would prove that Ronaldo was the second-best footballer in the world. Del Piero has had a fitful tournament, showing little of his electric club form and missing two easy chances against Norway in the last-16 game in Marseilles last Saturday.

There has been a drum-beat in the Italian press for the recall of Roberto Baggio who has



Alessandro del Piero (right), Alessandro Costacurta (centre) and Gianluca Pagliuca prepare for Italy's next hurdle in the World Cup at their training camp in Senlis yesterday

made a series of impressive late entries from the bench. "A week ago I was the saviour of my country, now you want to pack me off to be a substitute," Del Piero chided the fickle Italian press corps this week. Then he

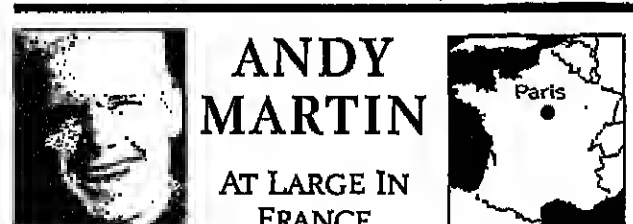
smiled a big smile: the smile of a man who think he knows Cesare Maldini's mind.

The best guess of the journalists haunting the Italians' surprisingly unluxurious training headquarters at Senlis is

that Del Piero will start the match. Both teams had tough last-16 games (although Maldini conceded, in a rare verbal foray, that France's long, anxious 23 minutes of extra time was on Italy's side.)

In truth, though, this is their first real test against top-class opposition. Both have played reasonably well, Italy, as usual, gaining in strength match by match; France wanting a little against Paraguay. Both face a

Terrible revelation to a sympathetic stranger



ANDY MARTIN
AT LARGE IN FRANCE

off adjectives ending in "io". "Well, perhaps until the end of the first half anyway."

"I was breathless. Your young attacker, such speed, such finesse."

"With him, you cannot lose." I said to myself. "However, we did lose." I could not get over this brute, irreducible fact.

"It was so unjust. That pure chance in the end should have decided. I couldn't bear to look."

"Neither could I." I was stunned that the French - not usually so compassionate -

could identify so strongly with our suffering. Something to do with St Etienne, perhaps, an emblem of colossal highs and catastrophic lows.

"This is fate."

"Fate? Yes, I suppose - and yet we missed some beautiful possibilities." I would like to stress that I do not usually go about speaking of "beautiful possibilities", but they seem possible, beautifully possible, in French in a way they do not in English.

"Ah yes! The red head! But at the time..."

"True, but even then, one said to oneself, 'that could be an extravagant mistake'."

"Yes, if it had gone in, it would have been the end for the others, it is true."

I nodded brokenly, dumbly, my mind wandering back to that moment that no amount of rewinding the clock would ever bring back again, that moment in which the whole of life seems to stretch out abundantly before you, and you casually, contemptuously squander a sliver, in the confident expectation that there will be other moments like this in life, that life will be loaded with them, little knowing at the time...

"I blame the referee," she said, consolingly.

"Really?" I said.

"He blew too much. OK, yes, your keeper, he was silly, but your Spice Boy, for example..."

"You think..."

"He didn't deserve the red card! Technically, perhaps, but even so..."

"I didn't even see it. But right under the ref's nose! I have to think that maybe the selector was right after all in what he said he was not mature enough."

"Young, yes, but handsome, your Spice Boy. But then - what is worse? - to disallow... Really, there is no justice!"

"I was already up and celebrating."

"And I. I couldn't believe it when the others were nearly scoring."

"That was the worst moment for me. The real coup de grace. One does not recover from this kind of blow."

"Surely one can find other things..."

"I had a terrible revelation," I said, opening up to this unknown French woman, or known but only for the space of

mountainous route to the final on Sunday week. Victory tomorrow wins the right to a semi-final, also in the Stade de France, against Germany or Croatia.

Del Piero's limp performances have been more than compensated by the extraordinary finishing of Christian Vieri. More puzzling in some ways - and more problematic for Maldini the Elder - has been the performance of the much-vaunted Italian midfielder, Milan's Demetrio Albertini. It is said, dourly, that he is "not in good physical condition". Chelsea's Roberto Di Matteo was considered disappointing in his only start, against Chile. Luigi di Biagio, of Roma, has been excellent - tireless and inventive. But otherwise the midfield resources have been so depleted that Gianluca Pessotto, the Juventus defender, was given a midfield role against Austria, and not in defensive midfield either.

Pessotto is tipped to get another start tomorrow. Di Matteo, despite his lack of playing time, was in charming form in three languages in Senlis this week. (Apart from his west London English he has fluent German because he was born and brought up in Switzerland.) He declined to comment on his own chances of fighting back into the line-up, accepting that Maldini is unlikely to change a winning pattern.

Of the French game, he said, it was a curious contest, because so many of their players - Zidane, Deschamps, Thuram, Desailly, Boghossian, Djorkaeff, Candela - play or have played in Serie A. "It means that they know the Italian game and that they know us as individuals. But it also means that we know them. Who has the bigger advantage? I think one cancels out the other."

Di Matteo said he thought either Italy or France could go on to beat Brazil and win the World Cup. "The press keeps saying this is not an outstanding year. But, then, I think that you say that every time. I suppose that you have to write something. To me, there are five or six teams who would be worthy winners, including ourselves."



DIARY

IT IS funny the way things turn out. On Tuesday, the sports multi-national Adidas took out full-page advertisements in national newspapers with a close-up picture of David Beckham. Plastered across his face were the words: "After tonight, England v Argentina will be remembered for what a player did with his feet." Quite. In fact, it has not been a good tournament for the players sponsored by the German sports equipment manufacturer. Of the four players featured in their television adverts, three have already been sent off: Beckham, Zinedine Zidane and Patrick Kluivert. Italy's Alessandro del Piero had better watch his step.

REGARDLESS OF how Argentina's World Cup campaign finishes, the defender Jose Chamot will always think more fondly of France in the future. He was unaware when he arrived here which European country his ancestors came from. But, thanks to the regional French newspaper *La Dauphine Libérée*, Chamot has now discovered French roots he never knew he had. The paper has established that Chamot's great grandfather left the Alpine village of Champagnat at the end of the 19th century, when thousands of people left the Savoy region for a life in the "new world".

Compiled by Rupert Metcalfe

QUOTES OF THE DAY

"The referee, overall, did very well. I thought if you judged that game of football on the referee's performance, it was a very good one." *Former referee Peter Willis on Kim Nielsen's display in charge of England v Argentina*

"It was a match that had everything - disputes, a sending-off, penalty shoot-outs, wonderful goals - including the goal of the tournament from Michael Owen. I don't think we will see one much better than that." *Jimmy Armfield, former England international*

"We're absolutely distraught, but very proud at the same time." *Glenn Hoddle, England coach*

Nielsen and Durkin on their way home

KIM NIELSEN, the Danish referee who officiated at England's match against Argentina, has not made the cut for the rest of the tournament.

Nielsen has come in for fierce criticism over his handling of the match, in which he sent off David Beckham and awarded two penalties. Now he is one of 24 referees who will take no further part in the tournament. England's Paul Durkin is another who has not been kept on, but Scotland's Hugh Dallas is one of the 10, and he will be in charge of the quarter-final between Italy v France tomorrow. England's Mark Warren will be one of his assistant referees.

The Dutch coach, Guus Hiddink, has told his players to stay calm - however much opponents needed them. The lecture, ahead of the Netherlands' quarter-final against Argentina on Saturday, follows moments of Dutch petulance in previous games and the dismissal of Beckham on Tuesday.

Hiddink believes the Argentinians are adept at winding up opponents and does not want to see any of his players dismissed like Beckham was on Tuesday. "Not all their players are like that," he said, referring to Argentina's Diego Simeone, the opponent involved in Beckham's dismissal. "but we know

what the norms are and that the irritation can rise. They can play very sharply and can bring out these sort of reactions."

The Dutch coach also hinted he would be having private words with certain players. He declined to give names, but Dennis Bergkamp is surely high on his list. The Arsenal striker was lucky not to receive at least a caution after he trod on Yugoslavia's Sinisa Mihajlovic on Monday. Following an almost identical act two weeks ago, France's Zinedine Zidane was sent off - and the referee who wielded that red card, Mexico's Arturo Brizola Carter, has been chosen to take charge of the Netherlands v Argentina quarter-final.

Hiddink also planned to spend some time studying the video of the Argentina-England match. He already believes he has detected a chink in the Argentinian armoury. "I found some of the young players were liable to drift off. I will look at this closely this afternoon," he said.

Hiddink believes the Argentinians will be the favourites. "We're not feeling we're playing against giants, but we are in the underdog position for the first time," he said.

WORLD CUP quarter-finals: Referees: Italy v France: H Dallas (Sco) Brazil v Denmark: G Ghandour (Egi) Germany v Croatia: R Pedersen (Nor) Netherlands v Argentina: A Brizola Carter (Mex).

THE WORLD CUP'S FINAL STAGES			
SECOND ROUND	QUARTER-FINALS	SEMI-FINALS	FINAL
Saturday Paris Brazil 4 Chile 1 Coca 50m 11, 27 Ronaldo 45, 70 Sunday St Denis Nigeria 1 Denmark 4 Babangida 77 Moller 3, B Laudrup 12, Sand 50, Heberg 76 Monday Toulouse Netherlands 2 Yugoslavia 1 Bergkamp 38 Davijs 90 Tuesday St Etienne Argentina 2 England 2 Argentina win 4-3 on penalties Battistuta pen 6 Zanetti 45 Saturday Marseilles Italy 1 Norway 0 Vieri 18 Sunday Lens France 1 Paraguay 0 Blanc 114 Golden goal in extra time Monday Montpellier Germany 2 Mexico 1 Rummenigge 47 Berthoff 87 Tuesday Bordeaux Romania 0 Croatia 1 Suker pen 65	Friday 3 July 8pm Nantes Brazil v Denmark ITV Saturday 4 July 3.30pm Marseilles Netherlands v Argentina BBC1 Friday 3 July 3.30pm St Denis Italy v France ITV Saturday 4 July 8pm Lyons Germany v Croatia BBC1	Tuesday 7 July 8pm Marseilles v Saturday 4 July 8pm St Denis v Wednesday 8 July 8pm St Denis v 3rd/4th place play-off Saturday 11 July 8pm Paris v	Sunday 12 July 8pm St Denis v

All times BST

صباح من الامل

'I felt no nerves ... I'm over it now'

David Batty's demeanour in the aftermath of defeat reveals a player of contradictions. By Adam Szreter

IN THE immediate aftermath of yet another England defeat with honour against Argentina - yet another failure in a penalty shoot-out - it seemed unlikely that many players would offer themselves up for the further ordeal of a post-match interview.

David Beckham was the first to emerge from the dressing room, escorted brusquely through the mixed zone where journalists and players come together, with his head bowed like a man being led to the cells following conviction.

Next through were some of the substitutes, such as Les and Rio Ferdinand, whose World Cup was suddenly over without kicking a ball. Darren Anderton, who always looks apologetic whatever the circumstances, stopped long enough to answer one or two banal questions politely, and then came David Batty.

If anyone was not going to be in the mood to talk it was Batty, or perhaps Paul Ince, who joined the exclusive club, alongside Chris Waddle, Stuart Pearce and Gareth Southgate, of those who have missed in penalty shoot-outs for England. But if Batty's emotions were hidden far beneath the surface he was not about to hide his face from the cameras.

"I felt no nerves at all," he said, in his broad Yorkshire brogue. "When I gaffer told me to go fifth I just envisaged me putting it away to put us through. There were no negative thoughts at all so I was disappointed when I missed."

Each member of England's "Penalty Club" has had their own way of dealing with the trauma - Batty revealed that Ince had locked himself away in a room on his own immediately after Tuesday's game, while Southgate, Waddle and Pearce eventually joined forces to make a pizza commercial that attempted to make light of their burden.

Batty's seemingly contradictory behaviour after the game - when the way Ince reacted was more understandable - will come as no surprise to those who know him. He is a man of contradictions. Before waging war for England he always waves to the camera while the teams line up just to let his children know he is thinking about them. And although he is as professional as any footballer in England, Batty has admitted he has no interest in watching games.

His aggressive style of play has led to him being embroiled in controversy on several occasions. He was sent off on the last day of last season when Newcastle played at his previous club, Blackburn, and Batty punched Gary Flitcroft in the head.

It was Batty's third red card of the season which, when added to 10 yellow cards, earned him the dubious

distinction of the worst disciplinary record in the Premiership. Batty has a five-match ban hanging over him at the start of the new season following his last dismissal, but perhaps the most notorious episode was when he was playing for Blackburn in a European Champions' League game in Moscow and he and his own team-mate, Graeme Le Saux, were seen scuffling near the touchline.

In St Etienne, Le Saux was one of those who made way for the substitutes Batty, Southgate and Paul Merson, leaving England chronically short of regular penalty takers when the time came. Batty admitted that it was the first he had ever taken as a professional. "To be honest I think we were a bit short of penalty takers," he said. "There weren't any attacking players on and I think [Glenn Hoddle] went for experienced lads and the strikers. There was no problem, I was happy when he asked me to take one." Hoddle said: "David Batty and Paul Ince both said they wanted to take one. They were up for it. When you get positive vibes like that, you've got to take it. We do practise taking penalties, but it's nothing like being out there in those circumstances."

When he has had time to reflect Batty might end up kicking the odd cat, or even shedding a tear or two but it seems unlikely that he will have to live with the same sort of anguish that his fellow penalty club members have had to endure.

It is no longer a novelty for a start; and secondly, as Batty himself observed after the game, it is going to be much harder for Beckham to live down his part in England's defeat. "Looking at it from the bench I think he had to go," Batty said. "I've seen players go for less and I think David would be the first to say that he deserved to go. It had a big effect in that it reduced our attacking capabilities, but we played really well with 10 men and they struggled to get through us. It always looked like we might score from set-pieces but I must admit the longer the game went on we were better off playing for penalties."

Batty began the tournament as a first choice in midfield but after the Romania game he was dropped to accommodate Beckham. However, whatever his shortcomings as an international player may be, and despite his disciplinary problems at club level, Batty has always been a wholehearted performer wherever he has played.

Asked how long it would take him to get over the events of Tuesday night, less than an hour after the game, Batty said: "I'm over it now. I've done my best and that hasn't been good enough. But I'm over it." For his sake, we must hope so.

MISSING LINKS: THE FIVE ENGLAND PLAYERS UNITED IN DESPAIR



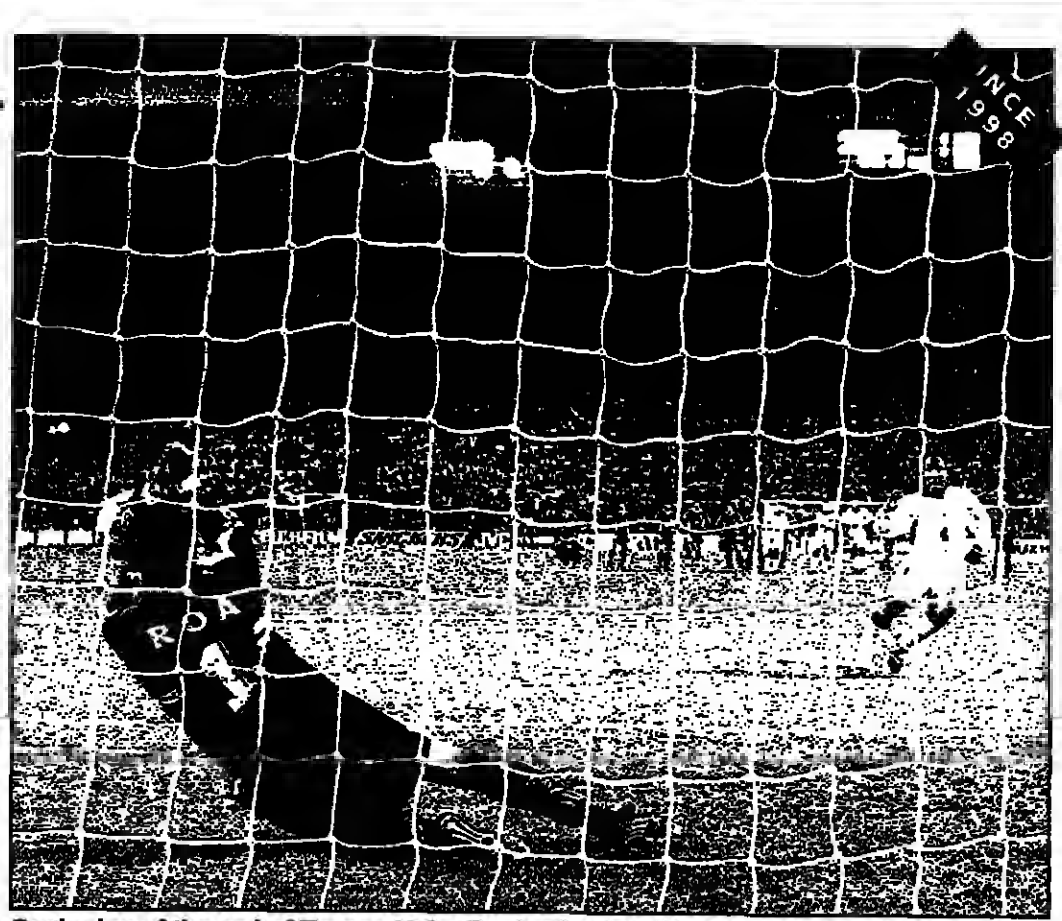
Stuart Pearce fires against the legs of keeper Bodo Illgner in the semi-final shoot-out with West Germany and England's hopes of Italia 90 success begin to fade. Allsport



Chris Waddle fires high into the Turin night to finally end England's World Cup and send the Germans through to the final 4-3 on penalties. Popperfoto



Six years on and Gareth Southgate breaks the nation's heart in the European Championship semi-final as his shoot-out penalty is saved by Germany's Andreas Köpcke. Allsport



Beginning of the end of France 98 for England as Paul Ince's underpowered penalty is saved by Argentina's Carlos Roa. Allsport



The score is 4-3, David Batty has to score to keep England in the shoot-out against Argentina. He fires too close to Roa, who punches clear. Result: end of the world. Allsport

Vogts develops shoot-out theory

BY REX GOWAR

GERMANY'S COACH, Berti Vogts, said yesterday that he had been surprised by England's attitude before they lost their penalty shoot-out against Argentina in the second round of the World Cup.

Vogts, whose team put England out of the European Championship in 1996 after a penalty shoot-out in the semi-finals, saw the England goalkeeper David Seaman smiling before the spot-kicks when he watched the match on television on Tuesday.

Asked how best to prepare a team to win a shoot-out, Vogts said: "You can't train for a penalty shoot-out. But I was surprised to see the players smiling before the penalties."

"The Argentines seemed to be more concentrated. That was a sign for me of how it could go."

Indeed, the manner in which the Argentines, regardless of playing positions, took penalties in the shoot-out following the 2-2 draw after extra time contrasted dramatically with the Englishmen.

David Batty, whose weak kick was easily saved by Carlos Roa 10 seal Argentina's 4-3 shoot-out victory, had never before taken a penalty in top level competition.

Paul Ince, who also had his kick saved, had refused to take a penalty when England reached a shoot-out against Germany and lost it in their Euro 96 semi-final at Wembley. Argentina's players owed confidence with their penalties and it

hardly comes as a surprise that the team has been practising taking them almost every day during the World Cup.

England have been knocked out of the finals of major competitions on penalties three times in the 1990s, having bowed out of the World Cup in the same way against Germany in the semi-finals eight years ago.

In a warm-up competition in Morocco just a month ago, Belgium defeated England on penalties. The England coach, Glenn Hoddle, admitted afterwards that his team needed to work on their penalty-taking.

Argentina, in contrast, won two shoot-outs on their path to the 1990 final and also won two shoot-outs on

their way to retaining the Copa America in Ecuador in 1993.

To rely on the penalty-saving ability of the goalkeeper is not enough, and England paid the price despite Seaman's fine save from Hernan Crespo.

Hoddle was left with few forwards for the shoot-out after defensively oriented substitutions during a match in which his side were down to 10 men after the dismissal of David Beckham with 43 minutes to go.

Beckham is a top spot-kicker, but the problem goes deeper. If the rules state that a match has ultimately to be decided on penalties then, much as most people dislike it as a tie-breaker, teams need to be ready for the shoot-out.

Argentina's 1990 coach, Carlos Bilardo, said he would not have a player who refused to take a penalty in his squad. He argued that the mere fact of a player being afraid to take a penalty under the glare and pressure of a huge crowd in a major competition was indicative of his character.

The Argentines practice penalties on an almost daily basis, making it fun by holding a competition among the whole squad and with the coach, Daniel Passarella, Argentina's most successful penalty taker, also taking part.

Passarella's extra-time substitution of Diego Simeone by Sergio Berti, who put Argentina's first penalty away, was probably made with the shoot-out in mind.

Unforgivable comment ruins an unforgettable spectacle

LAST YEAR the French sports magazine *L'Equipe* conducted a poll among the top World Cup players to decide the greatest match of the post-war tournaments.

The winning nomination was the 1970 semi-final between Italy and West Germany, which finished 4-3 to the Italians after extra time. A similar poll now would surely put England's fateful tie with Argentina on Tuesday as the new No 1. It was, as both BBC and ITV experts agreed, "a match that had everything".

Everything that is except a commentary to match the intensity of the drama that unfolded across our screens for nearly two and a half hours. In all fairness to Messrs Moore and Keegan, an epic occasion such as this would really have needed Alfred Lord Tennyson behind the microphone to do it justice. Something like this:

Forward with the White Shirt Brigade.
"Was there a man dismayed?
"Into the Valley of Sudden Death
"Strode the 10 remaining onfield players.
"Veron to the right of them,
"Veron in front of them.

STAN HEY
VIEW FROM THE ARMCHAIR

"Volleyed and thundered, into the Jaws of Death, into the mouth of Hell!"

Instead of a Poet Laureate however, we had to settle for Kevin Keegan's little book of Yorkshire homilies and Brian Moore's old schoolmaster style.

"Hold on to your hats, we're away again!" was how he introduced the second half, and you could almost hear the Pathe Newsreel theme starting up. ITV are lumbered with Moore while he works up to his retirement on the day of the final a week on Sunday. But on pairing him with his dutiful head boy Keegan, whose parched, downbeat voice and drab images offer more irritation than illumination, ITV compounded the dusty feel to the presentation.

Moore needs a counterfoil to be at his best, not a parrot on his shoulder. Ron Atkinson's humour stops him from being pompous while Terry Venables has the tactical nous to read a game as it happens despite his limited command of English.

Venables unleashed an ungracious opening salvo against Gabriel Batistuta - "he's arrogant-looking and full of himself" - which probably rules out the striker moving to Crystal Palace, but Tel was otherwise sharp about the match's mental battles and changing strategies. How much better it would have been to have had him in the box with Moore, rather than cut off in the Paris studio. With John Barnes and Ian Wright almost inaudible in the stadium alongside Jim Rosenthal, the whole presentation lacked focus and cohesion. The theory had obviously been to throw as many "voices" as possible at the occasion, but apart from Venables and a quaint contribution from Bobby Robson, the rest came across as a Tower of Babel.

Of course it didn't help that just when you wanted to hear some reactions a five-minute advertisement

break would intervene. The half-time interval must have contained the longest sequence of ads ever broadcast. And while the players were desperately preparing for extra time, we were being bombarded with exhortations to buy Ronseal wood oil, otherwise known as Bob Wilson's aftershave.

Meanwhile Keegan had been attempting to illustrate the difficulty which David Beckham's dismissal would create for England by citing a recent example of his own: "We had a lad sent off early on for Fulham in the play-offs against Grimsby Town." Yes, well, Keegan is not quite Argentina is it?

As the game pulsated towards its most unfortunate climax, Moore and Keegan began to shoot down as many albatrosses as they could on England's behalf. The Argentina goalie had apparently been in a losing shoot-out in the Spanish Cup final so would obviously be tempted into failure again.

"They won't want to face a penalty shoot-out," Moore said tinnily of Argentina, while Keegan chirruped: "Bulldog spirit."

With our squad "looking more re-

laxed in the build-up to the penalties," expert readers of an ITV broadcast knew by now that England were doomed to lose. Just to make sure Moore asked Keegan if Batty "would score, yes or no?"

"Yes!" Keegan replied as Batty's shot found the non-tormented Argentinian goalie.

All commenting offers up hostages to fortune, as Murray Walker knows, but I doubt if there's been a more wilfully self-destructive effort than Moore's reflex gambit. As Bobby Robson kindly said after the game: "Nobody will blame Batty, but it will stay with him for the rest of his life." While the fans will forgive Batty they may not be so kind to Moore.

The bathos of the proceedings was instantly compounded afterwards first by ITV's crowing about the expected audience which ITV Sport had "won" and then by one of those sickly timed adverts which the sponsors must have wished they'd pulled. A campaign for Ariel, the soap power not Ortega, featured a youth in a David Beckham England shirt going for a kick about with David Batty. Oops

THE GLOBAL GAME

THE WORLD CUP AROUND THE WORLD

"THE MATCH was defined by the genius of Owen, whose speed and class were outstanding. And by several mistakes by the referee Nielsen - he saw fouls where there were none, such as the two penalties he allowed (Simeone got caught up with Seaman and did a dive - all fake, but it was real for the Danish judge), and he ignored Chamot's handball in the goal area to stop Shearer's header. By the incomprehensible substitution of Batistuta, with Crespo unable to hide the effects of his long inactivity due to injury. By Ortega, who opened holes among the English giants; he made mistakes, but often because there was no one around to help him. By the messy attacking by Argentina. By the great swipes made by the wounded lion of England, 'La Nacion'. Buenos Aires, giving a balanced view from Argentina on Tuesday's second-round tie.

"England and Argentina raised the quality of the World Cup to its maximum level. At last, a game worthy of the event. At last, one display of imagination after another, the full spectacle in which the passion on the terraces was matched by the generosity of the footballers. The game launched

into stardom a young player whose hour has come. Michael Owen, the Liverpool teenager who destroyed all the strategems of a team as serious as Argentina. Only the expulsion of another English virtuoso, David Beckham, deprived the English team of options. This England, in addition to their first-class individual players, have an indestructible spirit. They didn't give up even when left with 10 men. You have the impression that beneath those shirts with three lions embroidered on their chest beat the same hearts of those mighty warriors of the past. Little Owen's solitary run that overcame Vivas and Ayala and wrong-footed Roa will be remembered as one of the finest moments of this World Cup." "El Pais", Madrid.

"An enormous disappointment. Non-existent in attack in the first half, he got himself stupidly sent off at the start of the second. What a waste." "L'Equipe", Paris, on David Beckham.

"Breathtaking! Argentina and England fought out an epic battle. We were hoping for a great match - but we got a lot more." "Liberation", Paris.

England's exit: Every side needs a little bit of luck to succeed and ours again deserted us at crucial moments

Conmen and referee conspire to defeat us

EVERYTHING THAT could have gone wrong for England in the match with Argentina did so. We had no breaks with the refereeing decisions and it was a thoroughly upsetting night for all English supporters. When, oh when, are England going to get the team together and have the luck to make a real impact at the World Cup?

They talk about the Hand of God in 1986, but there was one on Tuesday night as well and again it did not go our way. When Jose Chamot went into the area with Alan Shearer and fisted the ball away, that was a definite penalty. There can be no reason for a central defender to place his hand above his head like that unless he is intent on committing an offence. How the hell did the referee not spot it?

Yet, at the other end, he dis-



JACK CHARLTON

allowed's Sol Campbell's "goal" when it should have stood. Only after studying the slow-motion closely was it possible to detect that Shearer had made contact with the keeper. The referee could not have seen that and has disallowed the goal because

he saw a lot of bodies coming together in the penalty area and assumed a foul had occurred. From free-kicks and corners you are always going to have bodies colliding but the problem nowadays is that goalkeepers get away with murder and the authorities are trying to make football a sport without contact.

It worries me greatly how the game is going. There were two penalties given in the first 10 minutes which arguably were not penalties. Diego Simeone has gone down in the area purely and simply because he knows that with the clampdown on player contact the ref is going to assume that David Seaman brought him down. Seaman has done his best to get out of the way and the Argentine has conned the ref.

Compared with that, the second penalty was more clear-cut. The

South American defenders, particularly the Argentines, are very adept at making some contact with a forward and then immediately putting their hands up to signal they are trying to get out of the road. The defender has not kicked Michael Owen or tackled him, but he's definitely nudged the youngster and put him off his stride.

I thought David Beckham was harshly dealt with. Yes, he was silly and, yes, he should not have kicked out but, from where he was laying, and the angle that his boot came up, he was never going to harm his opponent. Of course the Argentine - who has committed a far worse foul on Beckham - goes down like he's been hit by a heavy pole, and out comes the red card.

People ask why did Beckham do that, but why does anything happen

on a football field? Unless you have been out there in the heat of battle you can't possibly know what goes through a player's head when the adrenaline is pumping and the competitive instincts are as sharp as they can possibly be. He is thinking about the game and his team and nothing else. You don't have time to consider the possible repercussions of your actions.

It was heartbreaking for England to bow out on penalties again. I was watching the game with my wife and some friends and they were quick to blame David Batty but what about Paul Ince? If he had scored then, we could have won the game before Batty stepped up.

I wouldn't criticise anyone for missing a spot-kick, it is not as easy to score as you might think. With the Irish, Niall Quinn, who was our cen-

tre-forward, used to go between the posts after training and he would bet the other lads a fiver that they could not put three penalties past him. Invariably he would collect off them and he would have taken money off me except that I never used to pay up. As the manager I was allowed certain dispensations!

When the Republic of Ireland faced a penalty shoot-out with Romania in the second round at Italia 90 I told the players at the end of extra-time to sort out among themselves. The only other thing I told them was to make up their minds where they were going to place the ball and to stick with it. We scored five out of five and won.

I am disappointed that we are not going through because it would have been fascinating to take on the Dutch again but there were many

plus points from the game and obviously Michael Owen's goal was like nothing I have ever seen from an 18-year-old. It was quite extraordinary.

Overall England did pretty much as we expected them to in France and Glenn Hoddle has good quality players to build on and add to. I would expect Argentina to go a long way now towards winning the tournament. They have good players all over the pitch and in Ariel Ortega they have the best midfielder player I have ever seen.

He was strong all the way through and at the end of extra time he was still running stronger than anyone else. Apart from that he was good in so many ways as well. At one time he nutmegged three players in a row and he had an incredible sense of where players were - opponents and team-mates alike.

Too much is made of too little success

IN THE early hours yesterday a man in middle age and of no small football experience put forward the doubt that England would not win the World Cup again in his working lifetime.

Just one victory from 10 appearances in the finals, and that gained on home soil. England have figured only twice among the last four.

So often optimism has turned to despair, as it did in St Etienne late on Tuesday when David Batty's misplaced penalty kick in a shoot-out against Argentina ended England's interest in the tournament.

A hard man, Batty did not succumb to disappointment as others have done embarrassingly in such circumstances, but, watching him gaze at a now empty goal and then stride towards the disconsolate group that had assembled in the centre circle, the mind travelled back.

To a motel chalet in Leon, Mexico, 28 years ago after England's defence of the World Cup had come apart against West Germany when holding a 2-0 lead with only 20 minutes of normal time left. Alf Ramsey clutching a glass, saying "it had to be him", meaning England's stricken goalkeeper Gordon Banks.

To Spain in 1982, when Trevor Brooking and Kevin Keegan, introduced as substitutes against the hosts after being kept out of the starting line-up by debilitating injuries, missed chances to take England into the semi-finals.

To Mexico in 1986, Diego Maradona's "fisted" goal, and the panic caused in Argentina's defence when John Barnes was brought on in a fruitless attempt to save the game.

"Maybe I should have used him earlier," Bobby Robson said.

And to Italy eight years ago, the agony England felt when reaching their best form in the semi-finals against Germany, only to be beaten in a penalty shoot-out.

If this England squad was incapable of achieving great heights, optimism was encouraged by the depth of their morale and the rapidly burgeoning career of a teenage attacker, Michael Owen. His withering pace and remarkable maturity might have seen England through to the last eight but for the petulance that led to David Beckham's



KEN JONES

expulsion just 78 seconds into the second half.

If alerted to the suddenness of Owen's acceleration and his cool finishing, Argentina's reaction to the first sight of him on the ball was one of panic.

Foolishly projected in some quarters as another Pele, who became a major star at 17 in the 1958 finals - nobody, not even Maradona can be considered in the context of the Brazilian's range of talent - Owen is, nevertheless, off on a road that could lead to international acclaim.

Tuesday saw Owen come of age

Disgruntled with the system Shearer seldom imposed the strength and purpose central to England's planning

and, had England stepped a stage further, alarm bells would have been ringing elsewhere in France.

Owen's progression is the big bonus England take from the experience of France 98 but for some in the squad it is over.

Maybe this applies to Alan Shearer, whose career is now possibly in decline as a result of the serious injury, his second, he sustained last season.

By his standards Shearer had a poor tournament, often frustrated by the indifference of referees to the physical manoeuvres he employs to win free-kicks in League football.

Appearing disgruntled with a

system of play that never worked well enough to provide him with a regular service from the flanks, Shearer seldom imposed the natural strength and purpose that had been central to England's planning.

In view of Shearer's reputation, it would have taken a bold move on Glenn Hoddle's part to withdraw the Newcastle striker from the action on Tuesday, but there was unquestionably a case for bringing him off - as Argentina's coach Daniel Passarella did with his principal striker, Gabriel Batistuta - so that Owen could be used more actively during extra time.

A personal point of view before the match was that England's hopes rested largely on the form and mood of their opponents. Technically inferior, clearly at risk against quick-footed attackers when attempting to break up short-passing movements, they needed Argentina to be at less than their best so that a high tempo could be established.

This might have been easier to achieve with a system more familiar to Hoddle's men - playing with a five-man midfield and wing-backs did not work in the defeat against Romania - but England's coach stubbornly resisted an amendment to strategy until it was forced upon him by Tuesday's depletion.

As for Beckham's dismissal, it is easy enough to get sent off in this World Cup without asking for it, as Beckham did to raise further questions about the Manchester United midfielder's temperament.

A personal suspicion about Beckham, one nobody is obliged to share, concerns what goes on between his ears, and in contrast to Owen, a lack of maturity.

Suspended for being booked twice in the Tournoi de France a year ago, warned repeatedly that a cool head is called for at this level of competition, he appears to have learned little. Add the facts that Beckham's range of passing is not complemented by pace and early perception, and you have a player who may have reached the limit of his capabilities.

There is plenty for Hoddle to reflect upon, things from which he will draw encouragement, others that must surely disappoint him. The trouble is, that balance does not



England's David Beckham heads off down the tunnel in St Etienne after being sent off on Tuesday night

David Ashdown

figure generally in an assessment of English football.

Sky's incessant bombardment of hyperbole creates a false impression about the quality of football in the Premiership. In any case, club football, not even in the European competitions, is a different game.

Different rhythms, more concentrated attention. Thus, too much was made of England's two victories here, one against Tunisia, the other against a Colombian team that had lost the zest for combat.

Nevertheless, England were

expected to reach the last eight - and they did not.

An ageing German team are through, still in with a chance of adding to the respect gained from three World Cup victories and six appearances in the final.

By comparison England have very little about, certainly little to justify the arrogant belief that they are one of the great powers in world football.

Also, England's case for staging the finals in 2006 is undermined by the hooligan element amongst their

supporters - "we don't want them here," a Parisian said to me last week - and the provocative stance taken by popular newspapers before the match against Argentina. "Why don't these people grow up," a veteran Danish journalist said before the kick-off on Tuesday.

There was a period of Tuesday night when it looked as though there would be further opportunities for the promoters of xenophobia. Not long before half-time, with England ahead 2-1, Argentina were so badly out of touch, fearing Owen whenever he got

on the ball that the interval could not come soon enough for them. Indeed, had Paul Scholes scored from the chance that came to him, Argentina's cause might have been lost.

Then the best free kick seen so far in these finals: Javier Zanetti spinning from the edge of England's wall to rocket Juan Veron's pass over David Seaman's right shoulder.

That, and Beckham's mindless dismissal, meant the heroic rear-guard action that followed came to nothing.

WORLD CUP VERDICT ON THE MEN WHO WORE THE THREE LIONS

BY GLENN MOORE

DAVID SEAMAN

Four appearances: Disappointing tournament with safe handling marred by poor decision-making. Nutmegged for Dan Petrescu's goal against Romania, he then conceded a penalty when he rushed from his goal against Argentina. Might still have emerged as a hero after saving Hernan Crespo's spot-kick but it was not enough. May have more trouble holding on to Arsenal place under Alex Manninger's challenge than England jersey. World Cup future: Now 34 he may not survive past Euro 2000.

GARY NEVILLE

Three appearances: Having gained his place through Southgate's injury he retained it on merit and showed why at St Etienne. Sometimes undone by inexperience and lack of height but he is versatile, brave and a good reader of the game. World Cup future: At 23 could play in three more tournaments.

GARETH SOUTHGATE
One appearance (plus one

as sub): Lost his place through injury but filled in with great composure when recalled as substitute. May be intermediate replacement for Adams while Rio Ferdinand is groomed. Distribution needs improving. World Cup future: Will be 31 in 2002 and, while likely squad member, needs to make extra step to be a fixture.

TONY ADAMS

Four appearances: Poor by his own standards in group stage he became an immense presence on Tuesday night. Might even have snatched a late winner. World Cup future: Only 31 but injuries and previous poor living have taken a toll. His finest hour may be his last.

SOL CAMPBELL

Four appearances: Magnificent tournament, winning praise from Franz Beckenhauer. Still makes occasional reckless challenge and uncertain when he pushes forward, but could become one of the outstanding defenders of his generation. World Cup future: Ought to play a massive part in

2002 and 2006 and may even be captain. Now 23.

GRAEME LE SAUX

Four appearances (with-drawn once): A curious and inconsistent tournament in which good attacking but partially compensated for defensive weakness, notably exposed by Petrescu. Lacks a real chance at left-back so could keep place for now. World Cup future: Now 29 and only the dearth of rivals can save him.

DARREN ANDERTON

Four appearances (with-drawn twice; one goal): Patchy tournament lit up by brilliant performance against Colombia. Will be pleased to have dispelled most doubts about fitness but would prefer to play inside. World Cup future: Has potential to be a key figure in 2002 when he will be 30.

DAVID BECKHAM

Two appearances (with-drawn once; one goal): Paid a heavy price for petulance and must learn the lesson or forever be targeted. Marvellous striker of

the ball with great passing range he could become a great player. World Cup future: At 23 he ought to be around until 2006, if he can keep his head.

PAUL INCE

Four appearances (with-drawn twice): A tremendous tournament which made his penalty miss all the harder to bear. Finishing, from 13 yards or 20, is one of the few weaknesses in a fine all-round game. Needs to watch smoking habit if he is to stay at the level his ability deserves. World Cup future: Euro 2000 may be the end unless he stubs it out. Age 30.

PAUL SCHOLES

Four appearances (with-drawn twice; one goal): Scored a great goal against Tunisia but missed too many other chances for such a natural finisher. Still a tremendous prospect whose form can be judged by the lack of references to Paul Gascoigne. World Cup future: Should be 27 and at his peak in Japan and South Korea.

DAVID BATTY

Two appearances (plus one as sub): Having apparently been marginalised by the eclipse of

Gascoigne and emergence of Beckham and Scholes he ended with unwanted notoriety. World Cup future: None, though he may play a role in qualifying for Euro 2000. Age 29.

ROB LEE

One appearance as sub: Brief appearance against Colombia. We will always wonder if he, rather than Batty, should have come on against Argentina. World Cup future: None but, after the disappointment of Euro 96, this 32-year-old at least played a part.

STEVE MCMAHON

One appearance as sub: Given 17 minutes against Colombia but generally remains neglected by Hoddle. Attitude may grate with Hoddle, a move abroad may make the difference. World Cup future: Only 36 but it does not look bright unless there is a change of coach.

PAUL MERSON

One appearance as sub: Bravely fought himself back into contention but struggled to

get into the game when given a chance. World Cup future: Should stay in the frame for Euro 2000 but will be 34 when the next global test arrives.

ALAN SHEARER

Four appearances (two goals): Disappointing tournament with referees less on his wavelength than those in the Premiership. Proved a capable leader of men and the attack but injuries have taken a toll of his sharpness. World Cup future: At 27 this was his chance. Should still be around but he plays at the sharp end and may be struggling to hold on to both captaincy and his place in 2002.

MICHAEL OWEN

Two appearances (plus two as sub; two goals): The find of the tournament and, with Ronaldo, the most exciting young player in the world. Scored two goals, one stunning, one instinctive, hit the post and won a penalty. All in less than four hours football. World Cup future: Already outstanding at 18 he should not peak until 2006. Just pray he avoids injury.

TEDDY SHERINGHAM

Two appearances (with-drawn twice): A hero of Euro 96 he became yesterday's man, overshadowed by Owen's star World Cup future: None. At 32, he may jump before he is pushed.

RIO FERDINAND

No appearances: Will benefit from being here. Age 19. World Cup future: Bright.

LES FERDINAND

No appearances: Left trailing in Owen's wake. Age 31. World Cup future: None.

MARTIN KEOWN

No appearances: Deserved his squad place, may struggle to keep it. World Cup future: Possible. Age 31.

NIGEL MARTYN AND TIM FLOWERS

No appearances: Both will be encouraged by Seaman's sudden vulnerability but will have to prove consistency to replace him. World Cup future: At 31 either could benefit from lack of young rivals to be No 1 in 2002.

GLENN MOORE'S TEAM TO PLAY SWEDEN

(European Championship qualifier, away, 5 September)

ANDERTON	G NEVILLE
OWEN	BUTT
SHEARER	INCE
SCHOLES	CAMPBELL
P NEVILLE	SOUTHGATE
	SEAMAN

سكرا من الامم

England's exit: Hoddle's mixed performance as coach partly obscured by a compelling defeat in St Etienne

Pride of lions not diminished by defeat

BY GLENN MOORE
in La Baule

WITH HEAVY legs and aching hearts England's players woke for the last time in their Brittany retreat yesterday. It was the first day for months that would not be framed by France 98 but few were thinking of the future. As they began the mournful task of packing for home, "if only" was on everyone's lips.

It was the same a few miles away as, under appropriately grey skies at the Complexe Sportif d'Escoublac, the post-mortems began. Even the press, whose pretence at impartiality had evaporated when Michael Owen scored on Tuesday night, were feeling the pain.

However, it was Glenn Hoddle who was hurting the most. After snatching a few hours sleep following the team's late-night journey back from St Etienne, the England coach put his press conference head on for one last marathon session.

He produced the usual display of blameless plausibility in the face of questioning which, switching from accusatory to sympathetic, summed up the contradictory response to England's exit.

Were they just the unlucky victims of fate and a harsh, fallible referee? Or did Hoddle provoke their downfall with his initial lack of faith in Michael Owen, his odd substitutions and the strange choice of penalty-takers? It was, after all, the earliest exit in a World Cup finals (except for twice failing to qualify) by an England team since 1958.

As Hoddle said of his team's potential, we will never know. On a difficult night the Danish referee, Kim Nielsen, was right in most of the tricky decisions he faced. The two penalty awards were correct; Beckham deserved to be penalised for kicking out at Diego Simeone, though many referees would have settled for a yellow card; and Sol Campbell's late "goal" was illegal because of Alan Shearer's foul on Carlos Roa. However, he ought to have given a penalty for Jose Chamot's handball in extra time. In the referee's defence it was a hard infringement to spot but, if given, would probably have led to an English triumph.

It is such a thin dividing line and England are not alone in suffering the vagaries of fate and inconsistency of refereeing decisions. Yugoslavia lost to a last-minute deflected goal after hitting the bar from a penalty and saw Dennis Bergkamp escape dismissal for stamping. Romania went out to a blatant dive by Croatia's Davor Suker. Even Mexico were 15 minutes from glory against Germany.

Thus the difficulty in assessing Hoddle's performance as coach. Owen, when he played, was stunning. But was that because Hoddle "nursed" him in to the tournament? Did Beckham lose his temper because Hoddle had put so much pressure on him?

A personal belief is that Hoddle should have begun with the team that finished because, once Paul Gascoigne had been bravely dismissed, the side no longer needed David Batty and could thus play Beckham and Paul Scholes. That in turn reduced the dependence on Teddy Sheringham's creativity and linking abilities. As for Beckham, there is clearly a temperament problem but Hoddle's seemingly petty exclusion can hardly have helped. The side that played in St Etienne would have



Glenn Hoddle shows how close England came to winning Tuesday's second-round match against Argentina, which was settled by a penalty shoot-out

Russell Boyce/Reuters

drawn, at least, against Romania and so earned an easier second-round tie against Croatia.

The England coach did, however, prepare most of his players well, physically and mentally. Despite playing with 10 men for 75 minutes they finished stronger than Argentina and showed a resilience of character which an unhappy squad could never have produced. The young players shone brightest, which is encouraging for the future, but there are question marks in goal and in central defence.

Tactically, Hoddle gains mixed marks. England look tighter with four at the back but more creative with three. The solution is to adapt the system to the players available, not the other way round. On Tuesday, he reorganised the side well after Beckham went off, but the late changes were odd.

Hoddle said Paul Merson, who had a miserable half-hour before finding partial redemption with an impressive penalty, came on because of his penalty-taking and his ability - not obvious on the night - at dead-ball situations. This was important as Eng-

land, aware of their poor record in shoot-outs, wanted to win the game rather than let it be decided on penalties but Steve McNamara, more capable of holding the ball, running at defenders and linking with Owen, might have been a better choice.

David Batty, said Hoddle, came on to "stiffen" the midfield but, with only three recognised penalty-takers play-

ing, Rob Lee, able to both dig in and support forwards as well as take spot kicks, should have gone on. Alternatively, Batty should have been practising penalty kicks regularly. England have done penalty work with some innovative ideas (like shooting from 12 yards so the goal appears bigger on the night) but, clearly, not everyone was fully involved.

"It is not about practice," said Hoddle. "It is about how you feel on that walk from the half-way line to the penalty spot. You can't prepare for that." Maybe not, but the nearest sporting equivalent is a golfer putting for the title at the 18th hole, and they are always on the practice green.

This, however, is conjecture. Had Nielsen seen Chamot's foul and not

Shearer's; had Adams' late header gone in; or Scholes scored when clear at 2-1, the discussion now would be how to stop Bergkamp.

The reality was seen in the England dressing-room at 20 minutes to midnight on Tuesday. "That's when it really hurt. It was very silent for a long time," Hoddle said. "It was a strange emotion. We had been knocked out but there was such a feeling of how well we'd done and what we should have achieved. The saddest thing for me is not losing or how we lost, but that we won't know what we could have achieved."

Quietest of all was Beckham. "He couldn't talk," Hoddle said, "but he didn't need to apologise: everyone could see how he felt. The evidence is there for everyone, for him more than anybody, of how much it hurt him and the team. If it had been 11 against 11 we'd have won."

Beckham was regularly abused at away grounds last season and Hoddle admitted: "I'm worried for him. It was a mistake, a silly mistake and I think he will learn from it but we should not be looking for a scapegoat. Bergkamp did something more

violent and got away with it. What David did was not violent conduct, for me it was not a red card, but it was foolish. He has got to understand that he cannot do that at this level of football. We have been trying to drum it into him for some time."

"What matters now is the reaction. He has a great future and a wonderful talent. He can turn this into a big positive. I hope the fans are fair; I hope they think of the positive things he's done. He has taken stick in the past - it's a nasty part of our game - but I think he is strong enough to cope."

"Football can be a cruel game sometimes. I had very encouraging phone calls from the Prime Minister, which gives you a lift but I still don't feel very good. There are some times injustices in football and I feel exactly the same as in '86 [when Hoddle played in the team beaten by Maradona's "Hand of God" goal]. There was even another handball which was not seen. It is worse as a manager but I've few more wrinkles now, I'll get over it quicker. We can go back proud."

'I will always regret it'

DAVID BECKHAM yesterday issued a heart-felt apology to the nation for his sending-off in England's World Cup second-round defeat on penalties to Argentina.

Beckham has been criticised by fellow professionals, managers and fans alike for his display of retaliatory petulance which the England coach, Glenn Hoddle, has already admitted may have cost his side victory on Tuesday.

The Manchester United midfielder was given his marching orders two minutes into the second

half when he lashed out with his right boot at Diego Simeone directly in front of the referee, Kim Nielsen. Although England fought valiantly for almost 75 minutes with 10 men, they eventually suffered a soul-destrating 4-3 penalty shoot-out defeat after the match ended all-square at 2-2 following extra time.

Yesterday Beckham said: "This is without doubt the worst moment of my career. I will always regret my actions during last night's game. I have apologised to the England players and management and I want every

England supporter to know how deeply sorry I am. I only hope that I will have the opportunity in the future to be part of a successful England team in the European Championship and World Cup."

Fifa has banned Beckham for England's next two competitive matches, meaning that he will miss their first two qualifying games for Euro 2000: the trip to Sweden in September and the home game against Bulgaria in October. He has also been fined £2,000 by world football's governing body for his red card.

Owen's rapid rise to superstar status

CLUB SECRETARIES will not have to worry about selling tickets when Liverpool come to town next season. The clamour to see Michael Owen on the field could be the biggest since George Best stopped playing.

Paul Gascoigne, Ruud Gullit and Kenny Dalglish in their pomp, Dennis Bergkamp, Alan Shearer and Gianfranco Zola today, all pulled them in, but no one excites like Owen. Every time he received the ball during the World Cup a buzz arose throughout the stadium.

If his performances against Romania and Colombia were impressive, his display against Argentina was even better. A defence which had not conceded a goal for eight games was clearly terrified by him. First a penalty was won, then a stunning goal - the best of this World Cup - scored. In difficult circumstances after David Beckham was dismissed he continued to give a performance of maturity and intelligence almost stealing the game for England late on.

"He's been superb, on and off the pitch," Glenn Hoddle said yesterday. "He's taken everything on board and has a massive future. It's such a big tournament and he's shown maturity and got himself on the score-sheet twice."

England's 18-year-old sensation can go on to terrorise Premiership defences and pull in the crowds. By Glenn Moore

"Was it the best goal I've ever seen for England? Well, John Barnes scored a special goal [against Brazil in 1985] but in the context of a World Cup or European Championship it was a fantastic goal. If a young man from Brazil or somewhere had done it we would be purring about it. The goal came about because of his genuine pace but for him to finish like he did was a credit to him."

"I said to him afterwards there are players for whom this will be their last World Cup, he has another three in him which is a wonderful position to be in."

Hoddle has been criticised for not playing Owen from the start of the tournament but he reiterated his defence. "If he had started against Tunisia and didn't score, and his confidence had gone downhill, we might not have seen him in this tournament. Instead we had him on the bench as he can change matches from there. It is a very delicate situation with an 18-year-old. As it is

he has progressed through the tournament. He has learned a lot."

Now comes the tricky part. The second-season syndrome is a common one in which young players find it hard to maintain their impact once opponents know their tricks, strengths and weaknesses. Owen, who may suffer a physical reaction from the demands of this season, will also have the handicap of having the eyes of the world upon him. In his professional life, though Liverpool have no intention of selling him, there will be transfer stories placed by agents and foreign clubs: in his personal life he will be watched by gossip columnists and paparazzi. His life will no longer be his own.

At present Owen lives with his parents in Hawarden and goes out with a former schoolfriend. In person he is as composed and mature as he is on a football pitch and appears confident but not arrogant. This may appear hagiography but, so far, his conduct around England has been faultless. The only concern



Michael Owen (No 20) turns away, unable to look, as his colleagues watch the drama of the penalty shoot-out against Argentina unfold in St Etienne on Tuesday

David Ashdown

is the temperamental streak which saw him sent off in an under-18 match (for retaliation) and against Manchester United for a reckless foul on Ronny Johnsen last season. Hoddle, who once stunned Liver-

pool by expressing reservations about his off-field conduct, added: "I'm quite pleased knowing the lad now that I think he can handle it. He has a level head and a wonderful talent."

Simeone slated by club-mates

ITALY'S World Cup players claimed yesterday that Argentina's Diego Simeone was play-acting when he dropped to the floor and got England's David Beckham sent off in Tuesday's second-round tie.

Beckham has been labelled a national villain after retaliating to a foul by giving Simeone a feeble kick which sent the Argentinian midfielder to the ground at the start of the second half. But Italy's players stood by the Manchester United man yesterday and instead criticised Simeone and the Danish referee, Kim Nielsen.

Even Simeone's own Internazionale club-mate Gianluca Pagliuca was angry with the Argentinian, and with the match official. "Nielsen made a string of blunders," the Italian goalkeeper said. "The penalties given, the one not given to England and a few offside decisions. He made a lot of mistakes, not to mention the sending-off of Beckham. I know Simeone well, and he was play-acting."

The Italian defender Fabio Cannavaro was also bitter about Simeone, and claimed that Nielsen had bungled by not keeping the punishment to a yellow card.

"It was terrible to see Simeone's play-acting," Cannavaro said. "But it was the referee who handled the situation badly: he could have just

booked both of them, Simeone and Beckham."

However, the Inter winger Francesco Moriero pointed out: "Simeone was kicked and Beckham wasn't very clever to do that right under the nose of the referee. But I think the referee was too rigid and from that point onwards, the match was ruined. I'm glad that Argentina got through to the quarter-finals because I like the way they play. But I have to admit that it was England who dictated the rhythm of the game last night."

The Sports Minister, Tony Banks, led the tributes to England's defeated team after their World Cup exit in St Etienne.

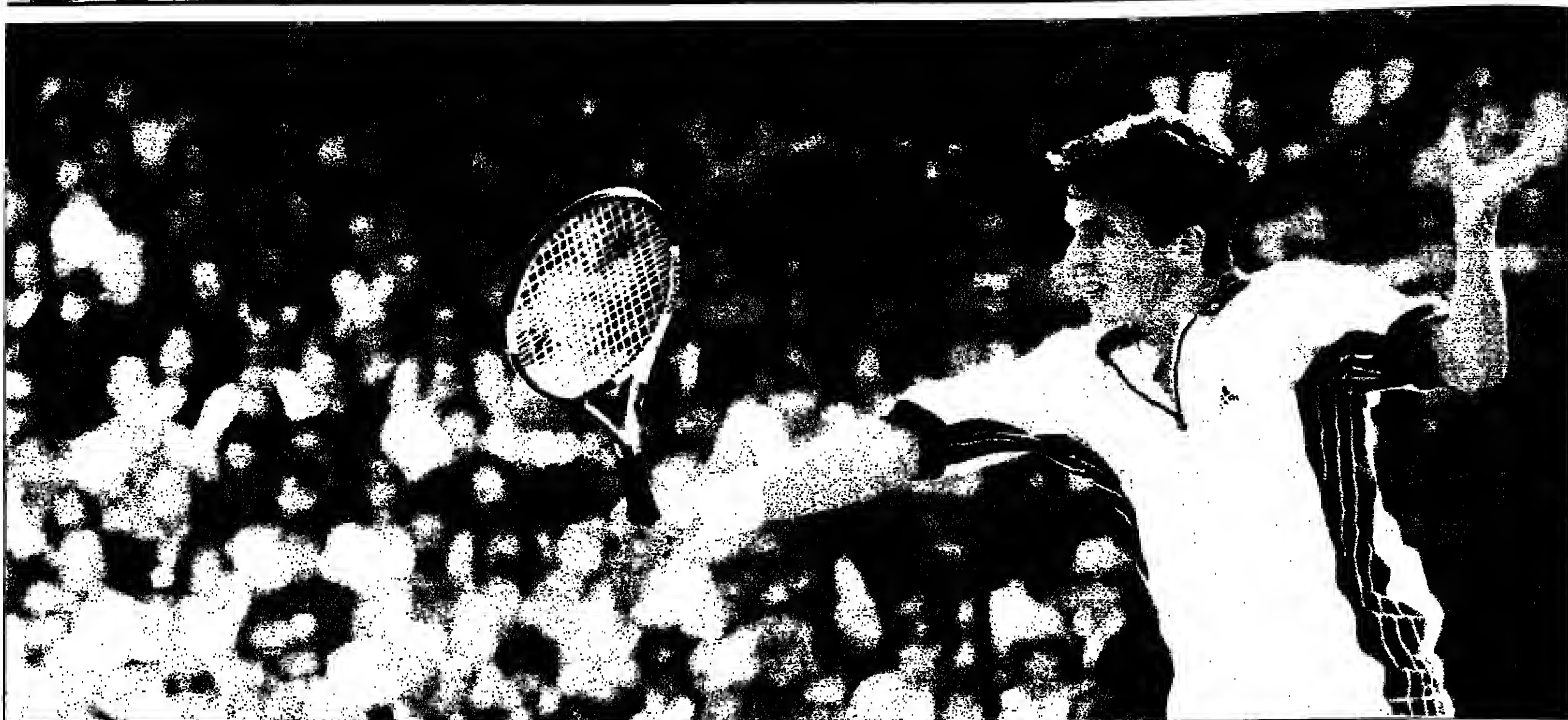
"The team played their hearts out and the country can be proud of them. It was the most exciting match of the World Cup so far and Michael Owen's goal is unlikely to be surpassed," Banks said. "We lost to the likely winners of the tournament but we showed the world both on and off the pitch the real face of English football: passion combined with commitment, but just not enough luck on the night."

From the "opposition benches", the former Argentinian captain Diego Maradona said: "I knew the game against England would be difficult, but my heart told me we were going to win. We deserved victory."

SPORT



MICHAEL OWEN AND DAVID BECKHAM: THE BOY WONDER AND THE BOY BLUNDER P29-31



Tim Henman plays a volley during his straight-sets quarter-final victory over Petr Korda, of the Czech Republic, at Wimbledon yesterday. He now meets Pete Sampras in the semi-finals

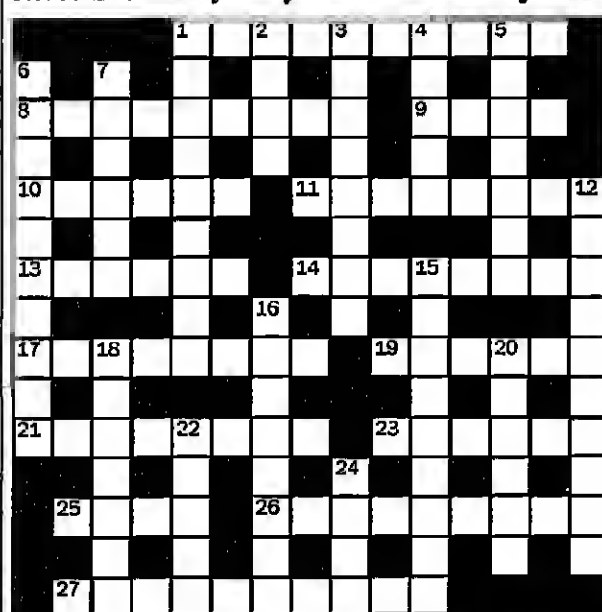
Robert Hallam

THE THURSDAY CROSSWORD

No. 3652. Thursday 2 July

By Mass

Wednesday's solution



WEDNESDAY'S SOLUTION

1. IMPROVISE
2. CONVINCE
3. BRAG
4. HARM
5. HONOUR
6. TRAMPOLINIST
7. FIREPLACE
8. MOSAIC
9. TUNING
10. CHILL
11. CASSEROLE
12. SQUASH
13. ORANGE
14. CHOCOLATE
15. HENRI
16. HOUSE
17. ASSISTANT
18. VERITABLE

ACROSS

- 1 Mine repaired, reportedly with plenty of gold (4-6)
8 There's a possibility they'll go to the dogs (9)
9 Convey a residence (as they say) (4)
10 Wild nameless flower (6)
11 Greek dish — or most of French dessert, otherwise (8)
13 Glutton grabs time to prepare a snack (3,3)
14 I'm cutting cloth with hint of tailor's smooth application (8)
17 Check new metal dinner piece (5-3)

DOWN

- 19 Bound issue (6)
21 Select a manual tool? (4-4)
23 Cape bird's yellow (6)
25 Strong hot drink (4)
26 Declares old and feminine should be in bustles (9)
27 Scene of Reformist activities? (7-3)

IMITATE BIRD NOTES (7)

- 6 A knot that's tied with dearest in church, on impulse (5-5)
7 Buoyant one getting depressed without love (6)
12 An anti goes wild enough to alienate (10)
15 Tense, getting out of order (9)
16 Vessel (brass mug) (8)
18 Wrap up group with time (7)
20 Hazard only half explored (6)
22 Suit with trousers' original crease (5)
24 Dance round circle, forming a ring (4)

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Henman marches into semi-finals

BY JOHN ROBERTS



Tim Henman became the first Briton to advance to the last four of the men's singles championships at Wimbledon since Roger Taylor defeated a callow Bjorn Borg 25 years ago.

The challenge now is to overcome Pete Sampras, the greatest player in the game, in order to become the nation's first men's finalist since Bunny Austin lost to Donald Budge ("Mr Grand Slam") 60 years ago. Should Henman achieve that, then the All England Club can commission a bronze statue to place alongside Fred Perry. Perry won Wimbledon three times in a row before turning professional in 1936. Anybody who ends the long wait ought to be able to name the honour of his desire.

Henman, who played splendidly in defeating Australia's Pat Rafter, the sixth seed and US Open champion, in the fourth round, could not be faulted for the manner of yesterday's semi-final victory against Petr Korda, the third seed and holder of the Australian Open title, 6-3, 6-4, 6-2. In that form, Henman probably would have accomplished a similar result against a Korda

enjoying one of his better days. The fact that the 30-year-old Czech's mobility was hampered by a suspect left ankle took a slight edge off the triumph. Even if the sore Achilles affected Korda's mind as much as his foot, the impediment was severe.

"You could see that," Korda said. "I'm not the type of person who likes to give up. That's why I play. But I couldn't move the way I needed to move."

"If he hit something one metre from me, I just couldn't move and I gave him a lot of free points, and I am one of the best returners in the world."

Henman was not inclined to have a wonderful day marred. "I don't want to speculate how [Korda's ankle] was," he said. "But early on he made a couple of cautious moves, and then he jumped four feet in the air to hit a smash away. So, yes, I think at times he did struggle with it, but you'll have to ask him that."

The magnitude of the occasion alone might have been sufficient to overawe some of Britain's players down the years, even if the opponent had been an loan from Tus-saud's. Henman deserves credit for the way he coped with the situation. The 23-year-old from Oxford was far more assured than in either of his quarter-finals in the past two years, against the American Todd Martin, on the Centre

Court in 1996, and against Germany's Michael Stich, the 1991 champion, on the new Court No 1 a year ago.

After holding to love and breaking for 2-0 in the opening game, Henman realised that it was the first time he had broken serve in a Grand Slam quarter-final. "It definitely gave me a lot of confidence," he said. "I think my serving went from strength to strength. I

THE MEN'S tennis rankings are to be scrapped and replaced by a 12-month "race for the world championship", ATP Tour officials announced at Wimbledon yesterday. The new system, which will start in 2000, is designed to force top players to play in all the Grand Slam events and "Super 9" tournaments or suffer in the rankings. Other changes announced include taking the year-ending ATP World Championships away from Bannover and rotating the event among cities around the world.

Henman's conceded only three points off his serve in the opening set and six in the second, when he was taken to deuce in the eighth game.

Although Korda made Henman fight harder for many of the points in the third set,

forcing him to deuce in the fourth game and to four deuces in the sixth, the Czech was unable to create a break point in the match. "It's a great feeling," Henman said. "I don't think I could ask for more. I was very relaxed and very calm."

As Korda pointed out when asked to rate Henman's prospects, "He has got the most difficult matches ahead of him if he is going to win the title."

Not that the Britain would need reminding of Sampras's qualities, even if they were not doubles partners. "He's the best grass court player in the world and has come through without losing a set," Henman said.

Indeed, Sampras has not lost a set since last year's quarter-finals. However, the four-times winner was quick to give Henman a high grading. "I played Tim many years ago, and he's obviously a much different player today," he said. "And, you know, I've been in this position before, playing Becker in Germany. It will be tough. He's obviously playing well, but I feel like I'm in good form, so it should be a good match."

In the other semi-final, our dear friend Goran Ivanisevic will meet Richard Krajicek, the 1996 champion. Ivanisevic, who defeated another Dutchman, Jan Siemerink, yesterday, 7-6, 7-6, 7-6, has not had the best of seasons so far.

"I started good this year," he

said. "I won Split with a lot of pressure in my home town. Then after that in was just downhill every week."

"But I did a good thing. I just kept my mind. I told myself I could not go so long playing badly. I told myself not to feel sorry for myself."

Ivanisevic reminded us that he is "One of the veterans here. It's my eleventh Wimbledon. I'm having most fun this year. It'd been great so far, I don't know how it's going to finish, but maybe this year is the year for me."

When it was suggested that his match with Krajicek would depend on who served the better, he begged to differ. "I don't think the guy who won Wimbledon two years ago and beat Sampras pretty easy is not a good returner," he said of Krajicek.

"And I was two times a finalist, playing in the semis against Edberg and Becker. I don't think you can beat them with the serve only."

And how much would it mean to him if Croatia came up with a dream double, Wimbledon and the World Cup. "Jesus, it would be great," he said. "I think the whole country will be drunk for the rest of the year, including me and the rest of the team. We celebrate. I put rackets in the closet and just come next year."

More Wimbledon, pages 24, 25



MORSE

Ronaldo's not all he's cracked up to be.

Ronaldo. He's all right.

Shearer, Sheringham, Owen. Admittedly, not at all bad.

But if asked to say who's making the biggest contribution to World Cup 98, it's got to be Hewlett-Packard. No question. OK, let's be honest, they can't play football. Against HP even the Jamaican defence would have smiles on their faces.

The technology behind the scenes of the World Cup is on an awesome scale. And everything, from the largest UNIX server down to the printer

that prints the referee's pass, has been provided and run by Hewlett-Packard. Without it, the World Cup simply couldn't take place.

To find out the full facts about HP's World Cup, you can visit them at www.hpworldcup.com.

And to see their top performers in action, there is no better place than the Morse Enterprise Computing Centre. You will find us at www.morse.co.uk or you can call us on 0800 228838.



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THURSDAY REVIEW

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Passion victim

The humbling of the boy Beckham, hero and villain of our times



Russel Bouce/Reuters

In the immediate aftermath of England's traumatic World Cup defeat in a shockingly shoot-out against Argentina on Tuesday night, a torrent of inquests opened into the reasons for yet another high-pressure failure by our national football team after two similar losses to Germany in the 1990 World Cup and Euro 96. Neither of the players who missed vital penalties, Paul Ince and David Batty, was included on the indictment sheet because most fans are prepared to forgive failures of nerve or technique – even though they were the precise instruments of our defeat.

In any case, a scapegoat was already on standby in the form of David Beckham, the team's most glamorous player, who had created the circumstances for the game being reduced to a brutal duel by getting himself sent off in the early moments of the second half. It didn't matter that Beckham's offence was a relatively minor one – a delayed-action, retaliatory kick at the Argentinian player, Diego Simeone, who had flattened him from behind. It didn't matter that Simeone over-acted in response or that several of his colleagues lobbied the referee for a dismissal. All that mattered in the instant in which England's defeat was confirmed was that Beckham could be blamed for it.

Confirmed in the soap opera which our national public life has become, Beckham is the perfect walk-on character. Good looking and successful - his annual income from all sources was said yesterday to be over £2m, making him Britain's highest-paid footballer - he also spans our two most prominent youth cultures, football and music, by virtue of being engaged to Victoria "Posh Spice" Adams. And, like a soap star, he is capable of both banality and beauty in whatever he does, enjoying a parallel real life as if it is merely being scripted by teams of writers.

Tuesday night's tormented "episode" had been preceded last Friday by one in which Beckham - or rather the "Beckham" character - to be precise - had been redeemed. After missing out on England's first World Cup game against Tunisia, and only being introduced as a substitute in the 2-1 defeat to Romania, the public clamour for Beckham to start against Colombia had grown to a shrill chant. When England coach Glenn Hoddle obliged, so did Beckham, scoring his first-ever goal for England with a sublimely achieved free kick.

But in his celebrations for that goal – a huge smile of self-satisfaction and a less than vague gesture of sexual penetration – Beckham reminded his audience that he can be scorned as well as loved, which are the perfect credentials for being both a soap star and an object of tabloid obsession. The visceral envy which the 23-year-old Beckham arouses, largely in the collective psyche of the young English male, is offset by his goal-scoring or his wonderful running and passing.

In an FA Cup tie at Chelsea in January, Beckham and his Manchester United team were in unstoppable form as they raced into a 5-0 lead against the home side. While even Chelsea fans were prepared to admire the performance, Beckham's trademark cel-

eration of a goal, a hand cocked behind his right ear as if to ask "What's my name then?" condemned him to mass abuse. But while the football public will usually lay aside their club-based vituperation once a player is in an England shirt, it doesn't take much to offend their strict code of patriotism.

Both John Barnes, and more recently Darren Anderton, have been booed by Wembley crowds because of their perceived lack of form or fitness. What will happen to Beckham in his next England appearance, and in his early-season games for Manchester United will almost certainly make previous protests look tame by comparison. "Letting the side down" has become a standard English phrase, but it is exactly what Beckham did on Tuesday night as far as the public, and their ringmasters in the popular press, are concerned.

And yet the script had been building up to this for several weeks. In the absence of Paul Gascoigne there was a vacancy, both in the English team's midfield and in the front pages of the papers. Beckham was the obvious candidate for the former, but then promptly scuppered his chances by becoming the prime suspect for the latter. His appearance at a party in France wearing a sarong, with Posh on his arm, was exactly the sort of "soft cop" the lads from *The Sun* wanted - they even depicted Beck-

BY STAN HEY

As the players went into retreat for their pre-tournament preparations, it emerged that Hoddle was thinking the unthinkable by leaving Beckham out of his starting line-up. Hoddle's reasoning was explained in semi-mystic terms: "I felt that David wasn't properly focused." But there was almost certainly more to it than that. Hoddle could forgive Teddy Sheringham's night out in Portugal because that was a football-related lapse. But Beckham's crime was probably more to do with the manager's perception of his giddiness about his new showbiz life.

So Hod played God and cut Beckham down to size, thereby infuriating Alex Ferguson, the Manchester United manager who had developed and protected Beckham since he'd been a teenage trainee all the way up from Leytonstone. Part of a highly gifted youth squad which has also yielded other England internationals in the Neville brothers, Gary and Phil, Paul Scholes and Nicky Butt, Beckham was kept under wraps for longer. Almost certainly because Ferguson feared the feeding frenzy and idolatry that would arise once his talent and his looks became public. But over the past two years Ferguson, like a reluctant foster-parent, has been obliged to let Beckham fend for himself.

The story since then had been progressing without too much concern but, after the events of Tuesday night, Beckham now faces the first emotional crisis of his adult life. Glenn Hoddle, interviewed immediately after the game, was quickly prompted into

saying that the sending ~~was~~ cost us dearly". Which was an amateurish admission of a professional truth. By yesterday morning, Hoddle had retreated behind the usual protocol, downgrading Beckham's dismissal to "a silly mistake". But by then the public had already found their villain and Hoddle's pleas for "the fans not to destroy David Beckham" will take some time to be heard.

Even Sir Bobby Charlton, England's record goal-scorer and also a director of Manchester United, was pointedly equivocal about Beckham's error, saying that "in some cases, the criticism of him is justified. The sending-off really did have a big influence on the game. He was very upset about it because he realised the gravity of what he had done. It will be hard for him to deal with and the consequences for him will be enormous".

If this is the view of the most diplomatic of all England's football ambassadors, God only knows what sentence the lynch mobs behind the goals will pronounce when the new season begins in just over a month's time.

Of course, Beckham's fate would almost certainly not have been so harsh had it not been for the appearance in the soap opera of a squeaky-clean 18-year-old called Michael Owen. Owen suffered a similar storyline to Beckham initially, being left out of the side for "protective" reasons. But Owen's explosive impact on the tournament, comprehensively detonated by his wonderful goal against Argentina – ironically from a Beckham pass – has created a new champion for the masses in line with their current tastes.

Owen is quiet, modest, articulate, un-flash and possessed of an apparent maturity beyond his years. He looks the type to spurn rock stars and fast cars despite the enormous rewards that his success will now generate. And it appears that this is how "we", from tattooed lager lout to tweeded colonel, all like our heroes to be these days.

Any affection for the boozing, wife-bashing antics of Gascoigne has well and truly evaporated, and it may well be that an instinctively puritan shiver at the gaudy, successful persona of David Beckham will become something more substantial if any of this reaction gathers serious momentum.

But surely not even his most poisonous detractors would wish that on Beekham. He is an outrageously talented young player and with Owen, Sol Campbell and Scholes, should form the nucleus of England squads for many years to come. As we scramble around looking for the reasons for yet another sporting failure – and you'd think we would have become used to them by now – the more obvious answers are ignored. We have no co-ordinated national sporting policy, and far fewer schools have the money or the facilities to develop our sporting talent in the way that it should be. It is left to the market to provide. Meanwhile, in the absence of war and empire, sport becomes England's principal means of international expression, from armchair slots to street-fighting boys. Is it really fair to lump all this on the shoulders of one 23-year-old man?

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Those knotty questions that vex Albanians

FROM TIME to time I bring you a selection of Albanian proverbs, and I do so again today.

Albanian proverbs are not like ours. Ours always sound boringly a bit like household hints ("Don't cry over spilt milk", "A stitch in time saves nine", and so on) whereas Albanian proverbs may not be much help in daily life but they do provoke endless thought and reverie ("All hymns have happy endings", for example, or "In the country of the flip-flop, the shoe-shine boy starves").



MILES KINGTON

No man is an island but most of us are peninsulas

Whenever I bring you a selection of Albanian proverbs such as the following, someone always writes in (often an Albanian) and asks if these are genuine Albanian proverbs. Indeed, one person once wrote and said: "Who ever heard of a genuine Albanian proverb?" Which was, as it happens, a genuine Albanian proverb.

Here we go, then...

Children are nature's way of making their parents look more alike.

Tell me what was the best thing BEFORE sliced bread, and I will tell you what was the new rock 'n' roll before rock 'n' roll was new.

When Christianity finally fades away, churches will seem a very extravagant way of displaying a clock face.

When a man and a dog are joined together by a dog lead, it is the man who thinks he is leading but the dog who goes first.

No two people can ever be lifelong friends unless they die at exactly the same moment.

Next time you think you're

having an identity crisis, imagine how a river must feel when it reaches the sea.

The only safe place to grow cannabis is in a policeman's garden.

A man without a book-mark must read to the end of a book without stopping.

Two great Wimbledon mysteries. Why are players' nationalities always given? And why is the marital status of the female player always put on the scoreboard, but never the men's?

Why is it that at the end of a day a man discards his shirt as dirty, but not his trousers?

No bird flies around in threes.

If you ever have to disguise yourself as a cow, for heaven's sake remember to get up to a standing position back legs first.

Should you ever want to confuse an Englishman, simply ask him why an offence is called an offence.

No man is an island but most of us are peninsulas.

Ordnance Survey does not sound nearly as sinister as "military map". But they both mean the same thing.

When rain stops play, the umbrella-maker smiles.

If cars had never been invented, the stench of horse manure in a multi-storey car park would be unbearable.

Does a horse have four armpits?

Has anyone actually heard someone cry "Stop Thief"? Has anyone ever seen sackcloth and ashes? Does the moon ever turn blue? And does it stop us talking about such things?

The great disadvantage of a wheelbarrow is that you can't jump in it and pop down to the shops. The great advantage of a wheelbarrow is that nobody has ever been run over and killed by one.

All quotations taken from 'The Great Book of Albanian Proverbs', 1998 edition.



Our series on sheep-shearing at Pyp Farm in Tovil, Kent, continues with Darryn Gutsell, a shearer since 1985, who can shear a sheep in less than two minutes. *Rui Xavier*

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Post letters to Letters to the Editor and include a daytime telephone number, fax to 0171 293 2056 or e-mail to letters@independent.co.uk. E-mail correspondents are asked to give a postal address. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

Red card blues

Sir: Considering the triviality of David Beckham's reaction to being flattened by an opponent during the England-Argentina World Cup match, which effectively prevented an attack on the Argentine goal, his sending-off by the referee was quite outrageous.

The current use of the red card as a mere extension of the yellow is in danger of bringing the rules of the FA and FIFA into disrepute. The red card is no mean punishment – it reduces a team to 10 men and jeopardises its chances of winning a match.

Why not take a leaf from ice hockey's rule book and introduce a time penalty for an offending player? It may not be an ideal solution but it could limit the ruinous of a game by bad refereeing decisions.

G L SAMSON
Abingdon, Oxfordshire

Sir: People keep going on about David Batty as the player who let us down. He did not. The only player who let us down was David Beckham. A 12-year-old playing in the park on a Sunday morning would not dare do what he did. His immaturity contrasted starkly with the exemplary behaviour and stunning play of the younger Michael Owen.

PAUL WALTER
Newbury, Berkshire

Sir: I watched the England and Argentina game with a certain amount of amazement when the early penalties appeared to be based on rather poor refereeing. The same could also be said about the sending-off of David Beckham.

It is puzzling that such crucial decisions are based on a one-shot observation. There is sufficient technology now to permit questionable decisions to be relayed to a team of off-pitch referees who can view replay from a number of perspectives and give a more informed decision.

Such a system already exists in at least one other sport (cricket) and the disruption to the game appears minimal.

CHARLIE FROWD
Stirling, Central Scotland

Sir: Would that the drug of choice for World Cup supporters was cannabis, not alcohol. A happier time would be had by all.

Mrs E RAE
Macclesfield, Cheshire

An odious ideology

Sir: Maurice McLeod may say that the Nation of Islam have "always denied anti-Semitism on the rare occasions they talked to him" ("Radicals who seek racial separation", 30 June) but that was not the impression that I gained when I spoke to one of the Nation's leaflet-distributors outside Oxford Circus Tube station in central London.

I was told that the Holocaust probably did not happen, and that, if it did happen, it did not matter, as both the perpetrators and the victims were white people.

According to my interlocutor, the world is secretly controlled by an elite group of Jewish freemasons; the genocide in Rwanda was perpetrated not by one African tribe against another, but by the Canadians; and Idi Amin could not possibly have committed crimes against humanity in Uganda, as he is an "Original Man", that is to say a black person; the rest of us were, apparently, created by a mad "Original Man" scientist 6,000 years ago. If white people do not conform to the Nation's version of Islam then we are fated to "disappear".

It may be true that the Nation has assisted in the rehabilitation of some convicted criminals, but such good works are surely outweighed by such an odious ideology.

MATTHEW HARRIS
New Barnet, Hertfordshire

Music in schools

Sir: David Lister reports ("Lottery to fund teaching of music", 25 June) that the new music fund, using National Lottery money, will focus on musical activities for pupils up to 14. Having taught in secondary schools for 25 years, I could not imagine why the cut-off point should be 14.

Truancy levels are particularly high in the last two years of compulsory education. This would surely be an ideal way of encouraging pupils to become actively involved. The purchase of sets of decks, instruments such as guitars, drums and keyboards and a sound system could well be the most appealing way to motivate many of these pupils. The interest in music is already there. Isn't almost every teenager, including every truant, plugged into a Walkman?

Whilst there is discussion about government support to would-be musicians after they have left school, ("Blair backs wannabe bands", 15 June), it is surely worth exploring the possibility of using some of the new music fund money in a similar way within schools.

RONA GRABOWSKI
Dunstable, Bedfordshire

Child prostitution

Sir: I read with interest Jason Bennett's article "More children than ever working as prostitutes on Britain's streets" (*Independent* 29 June 1998). As the Association of Chief Police Officers' spokesman on prostitution, I am pleased to note that the pioneering work in Wolverhampton and Nottingham has received some deserved national recognition. However, I believe that your headline perpetrates a misconception, one which the report does much to belie. The problem of child abuse through prostitution can manifest itself as a street-based problem in some "red light districts". However, as the research report demonstrates, more insidious is the problem of prostitution which we do not see: the coerced prostitution of children behind closed doors, such as in some massage parlours and saunas and even in some domestic settings. This is more insidious because it is "out of sight" and can therefore be "out of mind". This is a vitally important conclusion of the

research report. It is also a consideration which should make society stop and think carefully before it considers allowing the effective legislation of prostitution by licensing sex establishments in "zones of toleration".

The report was written by police officers and published under the auspices of the Association of Chief Police Officers. ACPO has developed practical guidelines for forces to adopt to confront and deal with child abuse through prostitution. The guidelines were developed in partnership with agencies including the Children's Society, Barnardos and the NSPCC. Several forces have already adopted the guidelines following the success of the Wolverhampton and Nottingham pilots. The key to the success of such schemes is partnership with local agencies and commitment by police officers, themes which are very much in accord with the Government's philosophy developed in the Crime and Disorder Bill.

TIMOTHY BRAIN
Deputy Chief Constable
Gloucestershire Constabulary
Cheltenham

Truth and proof

Sir: Discussions on the provability of the existence of God depend on the belief that only things exist that can be proven to exist.

Thus, in mathematics, a theorem is subject to logical, stepwise analysis leading to an objective, undeniable proof. However, Gödel showed that in any complete mathematical system there are going to be theorems which although true cannot be proved to be true.

Therefore it is not reasonable for Maurice Hill (letter, 24 June) to challenge anyone to prove God's existence or else deny it, since the existence of unprovable truths is inherent in logic; rather we must expect belief to be based on the non-rational, which probably makes up about 90 per cent of our experience, perception and personality. It is these non-rational bits that make me believe in God, not any particular bits of objective evidence.

I cannot prove God's existence to anyone else, but I know I feel a lot better believing it to be true.

OWEN GWYNNE
Runcom, Cheshire

Sir: If Dr Laurie Buxton (letter, 30 June) really believes his extraordinary claim, "It is now apparent that life must be manifest throughout the Universe", then either he knows something that no one else does, or he has been taking The X-Files too seriously!

DUNCAN KEEVE
High Wycombe, Buckinghamshire

Cost of drugs

Sir: Your report on pharmaceutical drugs ("Patients are denied expensive treatment", 27 June) failed to pick out the key questions for the NHS around drugs and their apparent rationing on cost grounds.

I have responsibility for advising on GP prescribing and the budgets that are allocated. I would be ethically moribund if I chose to say

that drugs such as the interferons should be rationed because of cost. The first question has to be, does a drug work? This is then followed by is it worth it? In the background are also questions of safety and the balance between possible benefits and risks.

If we have trouble clearly stating that a drug makes a real difference in everyday life then we have to question its use. If it appears to be of limited effectiveness then value for money becomes a factor and health authorities may well decide to encourage the use of new drugs where the research more clearly demonstrates that patients' lives are improved. For instance, we are strongly encouraging the use of a new class of drugs, the statins, by GPs as they clearly save lives by helping to prevent second heart attacks. This could cost between £5m and £10m in south Staffordshire, or 10 to 20 per cent of the whole prescribing GP budget. If we use drugs of uncertain value then we will not be able to afford the drugs that we know will work and improve lives.

One of the key difficulties with new drugs is that achieving a licence may require only limited evidence of effectiveness and this evidence may be statistically significant without it being clear what this means in terms of real changes in the quality of life. One way to alter this is to legislate for more information about which drugs work well before they arrive in the wider market. This may make these drugs more costly but at least we might have drugs that we know are worth using.

JONATHAN HOWELL
Consultant in Public Health
Medicine
Stone, Staffordshire

Plenty of space

Sir: Nonie Nieswand (Architecture, 26 June) is absolutely right in saying that the National Space Science Centre, Britain's first space science centre, will definitely go ahead. It has the potential to be a flagship for the UK as a whole, not just for the Leicestershire and the East Midlands.

May I also say, however, that the "downsizing" Nonie refers to has simply been to reduce unnecessary circulation and office space: the visitor experience will actually be enhanced by the changes.

The Challenger Learning Centre, which will open in the autumn of 1999, will not be "parked". It is the first such centre to be licensed outside North America. It will be an educational asset of immense significance for Britain and we shall preselect it accordingly.

We are not in the business of knocking down the Millennium Dome. On the contrary, we see the possibility of links between the two attractions. London is less than 90 minutes' travel time from Leicester. A lot of people from Leicester will visit Greenwich; we believe that many of the dome's visitors will make the National Space Science Centre their next stop.

KEITH BEAUMONT
Chief Executive
National Space Science Centre
Leicester

Care scandal

Sir: The silver lining of the dark cloud of abuse of the Longcare case ("Council told to act on abuse of residents", 24 June) is a number of helpful recommendations on registration and inspection procedures which go well beyond the confines of Buckinghamshire. The forthcoming White Paper on Social Services provides an opportunity to implement many of these very quickly.

Buckinghamshire's initial reaction to the report – saying it could only be implemented with more resources (money please, Mr Boateng!) – is a woefully inadequate response. It will only strengthen the view of those who feel that it is no longer appropriate for registration and inspection to be undertaken by local authorities where interference in professional decision making can take place and where decisions over difficult situations are clouded by extraneous considerations, such as the amount of additional work which doing the right thing would involve. The Government is right to take registration and inspection away from local authorities.

JAMES CHURCHILL
Chief Executive
Association for Residential Care
Chesterfield, Derbyshire

IN BRIEF

Sir: If the EMU experiment does succeed (Podium, 29 June) then it would be best to keep Wim Duisenberg's words in mind. Before the curious episode in Brussels that gave him the headship of the European Central Bank for an uncertain number of years, he said: "The process of monetary union goes hand in hand, must go hand in hand, with political integration and ultimately political union."

ANTHONY CLARK
Birmingham, Herts

Sir: Dr Mark Patton and Gregory Williams (letters, 30 June) remark upon the acceptability of "single currencies" to the Scots, Welsh and Americans. It is probable that this is because they can influence the choice of those who make the decisions.

J M MACKAY
Bigger, Lanarkshire

Sir: Is it so surprising that teenage drinking should have increased so significantly since 1993 ("Too much teen spirit", 29 June)? That happens to be the time when licensing hours were increased and public houses were, in effect, deregulated.

A DAVIES
Cheltenham, Gloucestershire

Sir: In her article about the availability of restaurant tables during the World Cup ("At least you can get a table at Le Gavroche", 30 June), Catherine Boullay describes San Lorenzo as "the favourite haunt of Diana, Princess of Wales". So have there really been visitations? And if so, isn't this a far more likely reason for bookings being down?

ALASTAIR HORNE
Magdalene College, Cambridge

THE REVIEW DAY BY DAY

MONDAY REVIEW

As well as our regular columnists, features and expanded comment pages, Network, our information technology section, moves to Monday.

TUESDAY REVIEW

An improved media section, with appointments, moves to Tuesday. Visual arts and more health pages are also Tuesday regulars

WEDNESDAY REVIEW

Fashion, midweek money pages, in addition to finance and secretarial sections (previously City+) will stay on Wednesday

THURSDAY REVIEW

Our education section will appear as a separate tabloid section. Improved and expanded film pages now move to Thursday

FRIDAY REVIEW

The architecture and science pages now move to Friday. In addition, we will have a new law section and our music pages

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Gruesome, but a defining moment for British race relations

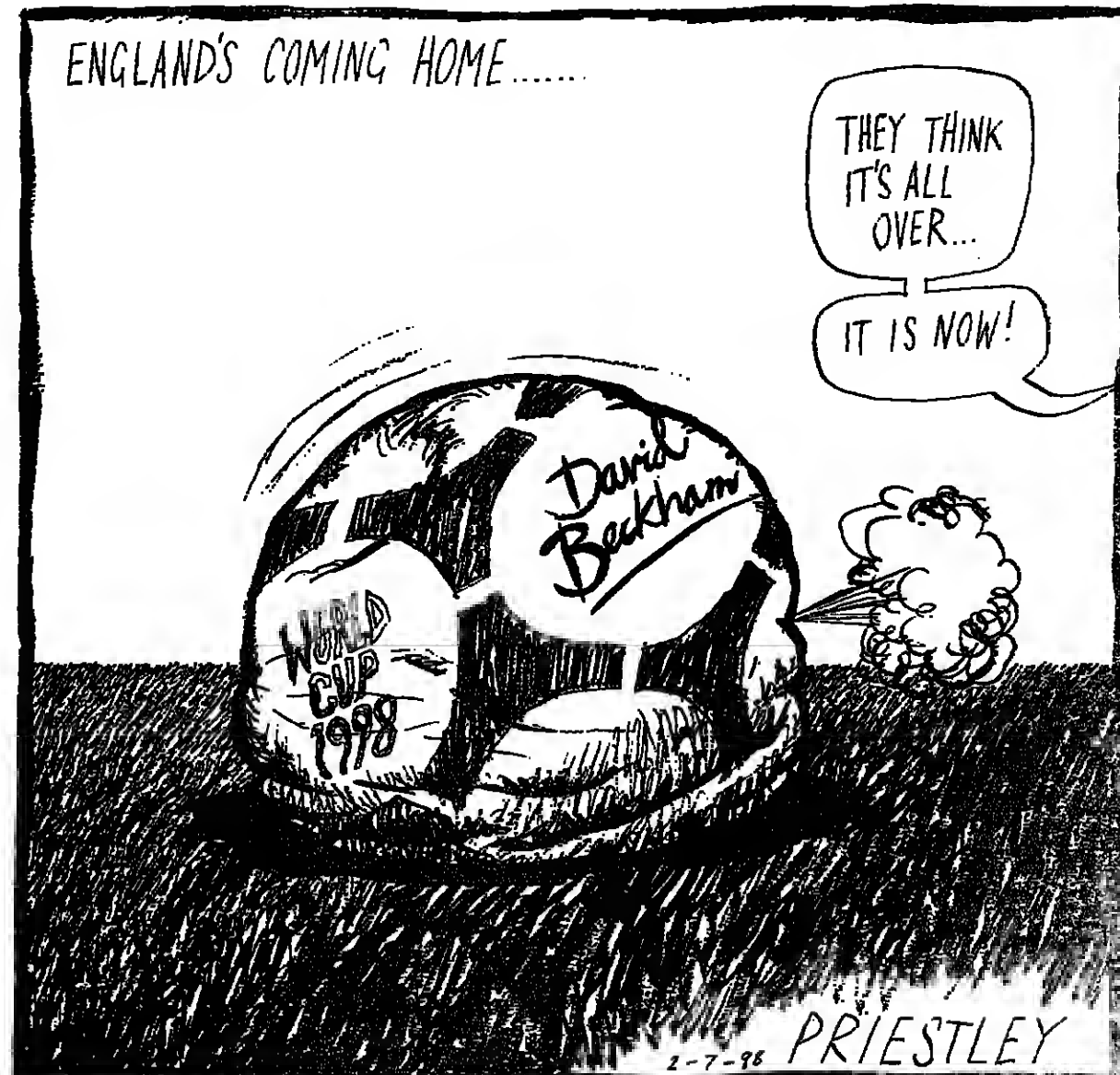
AS THE Stephen Lawrence inquiry draws to a close, it might seem as if it has all ended up as a bit of a damp squib. This week's histrionics were certainly a spectacle – of a rather gruesome sort – but the Lawrence family seem no nearer a resolution of their anguish than they were before the hearing.

At one level, this is certainly true. Above all, Stephen's killers still have their liberty. But on another level, this week's events might also be a defining moment in British race relations, with an importance way beyond the Lawrence case.

The five thugs who gave what passes for evidence this week are, in the eyes of almost the entire country, murderers. Their performance in the witness box was so snide, so smug and so sneering that any doubters were surely convinced. Three of the gang cannot be tried again for murder. But if the inquiry has achieved nothing else, by forcing the Accurt brothers, Dobson, Knight and Norris to give evidence under oath, it has opened up the possibility of a trial for perjury. A perjury prosecution will at least go some way towards making them pay for their crime. Any civil action instigated by the Lawrences would also help. They have ruined the family's lives and any legal action which helps to ruin their own will be worth pursuing.

But it is easy to forget that the inquiry was set up not to retry Stephen Lawrence's murderers but to investigate the police's handling of the case. In the long run, it is this aspect which will be most important. The police's handling of the case was, as we have seen in day after day of disturbing evidence, appalling. First, the police on the scene seemed more interested in questioning Stephen Lawrence's black friend than in chasing after the real killers. The inquiry has learned that 26 informants gave them the Accurt's names. Yet they were not even questioned for more than a fortnight – a scandalous delay. It appears that this black fatality was, for whatever reason – and one suspects the worst – treated less seriously than a comparable white one would have been. But the most likely explanation for the police's behaviour is not the overt racism that used to characterise so much police behaviour. Twenty years ago, it was common for police officers to talk in the same language used by the Lawrence gang; today, however, that would result in disciplinary action.

Instead, there is now a more insidious and in many ways more dangerous racism at large in the police force. Overt racist behaviour can be stamped out if the will is



there. But one fact alone shows that there is a more subtle form still at large: ethnic minorities are five times more likely to be stopped and searched than whites – they comprise 25 per cent of all those stopped, but less than 6 per cent of the population. This subliminal racism is far more difficult to eradicate. The police apology to the Lawrences was fine as far as it went. But saying sorry is cheap. The Lawrence case has damaged relations not just between the police and the black community. By extension, it has also damaged race relations more generally and not until it is eliminated can a Britain truly claim to be a successful multi-racial society.

At the same time, however, the very fact that Sir

William MacPherson's inquiry is taking place at all can be seen as a positive sign. We, and the police, are prepared to admit that there is racism in various walks of British life. Estimates of the extent vary, but few can seriously deny that there is any. And the dignity of Mr and Mrs Lawrence is something to behold. After the five years they have lived through they could be forgiven almost anything, but there has been not one angry outburst, not one ill-judged remark. Their lawyer, Imran Khan, has also behaved with the utmost propriety in a case which would have been a god-send to a rabble rouser. This is a terrible story. But it is just possible that some good may come of it.

National pride – and dishonour

WELL, AT least we have a new sporting hero. Michael Owen seems to have it all – talent, looks, temperament and youth. And the ten men left on the field after David Beckham's stupid exit deserve all the plaudits they have received for their tenacious performance, providing the world with a wonderful sporting spectacle. But once again, it was not to be. And when the sporting headlines have died down, we will be left with the other main, all too familiar legacy of the team's fortnight in France: the hooligans. The scenes in Marseilles at the start of the tournament were not repeated. Even on Tuesday, however, although the overwhelming majority of fans behaved with boisterous good humour, the ever-present hooligans made their impact. And with the Pontius Pilate style of management at the helm of the Football Association, it is little wonder that football has done so little to combat this problem.

But it is not just football's problem. Football is merely a vehicle for a wider malaise: drunken, loutish young men with no proper sense of right and wrong – a feature of a typical Saturday night in too many market towns. On Tuesday evening, it was Peterborough's turn to suffer. Even cricket has its fair share of loutishness, with obscene taunts and drunken chanting blighting many a game. The Prime Minister was right yesterday to draw attention to the contrast between the eighteen-year-old Michael Owen and eighteen-year-old, bottle-throwing hooligans.

The Government can introduce all sorts of "crack-downs", and it is right to be as tough on crime as possible – all these hooligans should be punished. But this is a sickness that is going to require a shift in the nation's culture. Hooliganism is the natural consequence of the alcoholic, nationalistic, violent spirit that typifies so much British life. When the England team travels to Japan in 2002 – assuming they qualify – the nucleus that played in France will be that much more mature. Let us hope the same can be said of the fans.

Artistic licence

YESTERDAY, the four Turner Prize nominees were revealed. Every year, with relentless and boring predictability, the announcement prompts a series of "how can they call this art?" remarks. Isn't it time we moved on? This year's contenders are young, original and thought-provoking, if occasionally eccentric. They show the vibrancy of British art. It would be a refreshing change if we could celebrate rather than sneer at them.

Why self-help is doomed in our frantic modern society

SPEND YOUR building society windfall yet? If you are like the average Briton, you will have spent half and saved half: economists reckon that the windfall impact on the economy is now more or less over, with about half the £30bn-odd of these gains going into additional consumption.

It is, if you think about it, almost too good to be true. We have enjoyed that extra holiday or whatever and have a bit left over; meanwhile our pension funds who bought shares will use the flow of income from these investments to help pay our pensions in the future. Instead of that value being locked up in the capital of the old, mutually-owned society, it has been released to the greater good of all.

True, a couple of big building societies – Nationwide and Bradford & Bingley – have so far resisted the forces for change, but faced with £30bn of windfalls, who could believe that mutual building societies are anything other than a dying breed?

Well, Frank Field does, for one. In these pages yesterday, we highlighted his view that the Government's proposed new Approved Welfare Providers should be mutually-owned. The idea is that these APWs will offer supplementary pensions and maybe long-term care insurance. Eventually, they might also run residential homes, and in the most radical version of the idea, take over from the government in providing such services as unemployment and sickness benefit.

You can see the argument: the government does not have a comparative advantage in running financial services, so it would be better to have a properly-regulated private sector doing the job. But why couple this idea

with the one of favouring mutually-owned financial institutions, as opposed to shareholder-owned ones?

Well, we don't yet know whether, when push comes to shove, the regulations will exclude the non-mutuals, or even favour the mutuals, but the idea has a wonderful Victorian resonance. After all, when the building societies were first formed, they were self-help organisations. A group of people pooled their savings so that a few of them could build a house. Then the repayment of the debt helped fund the houses of the next group of savers, and so on.

This moralistic "first you save to help others, then they reap the benefit" approach lingered on until the 1960s. There was still a queuing system for getting mortgages from building societies: you had to have saved for a few years before they would give you the loan.

You can see the attraction to this government: stakeholding, joint responsibility, mutual co-operation, self-help – and no shareholder creaming off profits that might otherwise be ploughed back into better services. If we are going back to Victorian values, why not go back to Victorian institutions too – and not just building societies but also credit unions, friendly societies, and welfare activities of trade unions?

I would love to think Frank Field is right. That is not just nostalgia. Some of these organisations clearly work very well. Mutual life assurance groups are still top performers. And it is difficult not to feel a nagging concern that the world is putting too many eggs in one basket: the forms of the shareholder-owned public company. Sadly, it ain't gonna happen. There



HAMISH MCRAE

There is not going to be a great revival of mutual organisations, however hard the Government tries

is not going to be a great revival of self-help organisations, however hard the Government tries. This is not just because when most people are offered the choice of a couple of thousand in the bank or an ill-defined share in an organisation which they have no positions of realising, they tend to say they would rather have the money. It is that the circumstances which led to their creation are utterly different from today.

Go back 150 years to when the building societies were being formed and there were hardly any large commercial companies. There were a few manufacturers, mostly in textiles, and the railways were just starting, but there were no mass-market financial service groups. Banks were local and exclusive and insurance companies often mutually-owned still quite small.

There was no concept of manage-

rial excellence: no idea that it was the job of the private sector to create large organisations that would create products and services to meet ordinary people's needs. If you wanted to get something done – reorganise policing or the mail services – you either got the government to do it, or you had to rely on self-help.

So when the building societies were founded, there was no competition from the private sector. In addition, you had talented people who were prepared to give their time to public service or to mutual organisations without wanting to push to the limit the rewards that they themselves would extract.

Anthony Trollope was prepared to work most of this life for the Post Office for a decent but not enormous salary (though to our benefit he felt he had to supplement his income by writing novels). Now, mutually-owned organisations find that keeping good people is very hard when their competitors offer similar salaries and the prospect of large profits on share options too.

Finally the pace of change in business life was much slower than it is today. Go back even to the 1960s, when financial institutions were not driven to bring out a series of new products every week. You did not have mailshots from competitors offering better deals. There was no competition from foreign-owned groups. And as for the idea that a High Street retailer like Marks & Spencer or a fringe music entrepreneur like Richard Branson might offer unit trusts...

In our very tough, very fast-changing world you seem to need the edge, the spirit, the drive that the shareholder-owned system gives. It

is fascinating to see the way in which the act of conversion to a plc has forced building societies to lift their game.

In theory there ought to be no change, just as in theory it should be possible to manage a state-owned industry as well as a shareholder-owned one. But in the real world having the tough scrutiny of the markets watching your every move produces more driven companies, better products and quality service for customers. Compare the Co-op and Tesco.

So is the mutual concept of each helping one another doomed? No, I don't think so, because most of us find the idea very attractive. But it will have to grow within the umbrella or shareholder-ownership.

There are hardly any new co-operative organisations being formed, and the existing ones are in gradual retreat. So what we have to do is to find ways of fostering mutual values in conventional institutions. Good companies do that instinctively, promoting "loyalty" among customers, or creating an atmosphere of a club. But why should it stop there? Could not customers, of say, a bank, become part-owners too? Instead of that last percentage point on the interest rate, why not offer a share-subscription scheme?

If Mr Field presses on trying to skew the system towards mutuals he will lose. If instead he were to encourage conventional institutions to behave more like mutuals, he might win. Remember, like democracy, shareholder ownership is the least bad form of company organisation we have yet devised. Like democracy it can be made to work better.

QUOTE OF THE DAY

"To send the English back home is wonderful. But the English! What passion! England were serious contenders for the World Cup."
Daniel Passarella,
Argentine football team coach

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY

"He who has never hoped can never despair."
George Bernard Shaw,
playwright

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MONITOR

THE NEWS OF THE WORLD
The narrow referendum vote against abortion in Portugal



nothing is impossible. What we don't have, as the abortion referendum shows, are "crimes" without punishment.

El País
Spain
In Portugal, with 10m inhabitants, some 300 legal abortions are carried out annually. The rest, up to 20,000, feed a flourishing clandestine industry, from which Spain also benefits, and which is an important cause of death among women from our neighbouring country. The flawed exercise raises

serious questions about the waning influence of the Catholic church, excessively militant in Portugal, and the ratification of parliamentary decisions by popular referendum.

La Repubblica
Italy
The sociologist Bauventura de Sousa expressed a very Portuguese opinion: "The great victor in the abortion referendum is the Catholic church, which has shown itself to be the only organised force in this country."

Publico
Portugal
Abortion is a classic, strong subject for a referendum. But people felt it wasn't worth voting, and it is important to establish why. It had nothing to do with voters preferring to go to the beach on a sunny Sunday. Other elections on similarly beautiful days have had a high turnout.

Simply, the Portuguese did not see the problem as a priority. They did not think illegal abortions were serious enough to get excited about, nor did

they think it was a decisive battle in the name of the right to life. Society has changed. It has become more amorphous, more middle of the road, more indifferent. It has distanced itself from politics. Ideological battles no longer mobilise us.

Diario de Noticias
Portugal
The Portuguese political class has been astonished and worried by the high abstention rate in the abortion referendum. For the first time abstention was a weapon, against arro-

gance and the contempt for electoral promises. For the first time, abstention punished a significant part of the political class for not being serious. We have seen the spectacle

of the division of the country carried out by the Socialists and the Communists. After everything was decided, they wanted the electorate to give them blessing. So be it. In politics

Disgraced! Or so the papers say

Fay Weldon
marvels at the
furore after her
assertion that
rape is not the
worst thing that
could happen
to a woman

DISGRACED! I wake up, just about, on Tuesday to a phone call from Today, the BBC radio programme. Will I comment on my statement that there are worse things in a woman's life than rape? Well yes, I say. Death, for example. But this will not do. I am being simple and naive. I have insulted millions of women, and by implication given men permission to rape and set the women's movement back by 30 years.

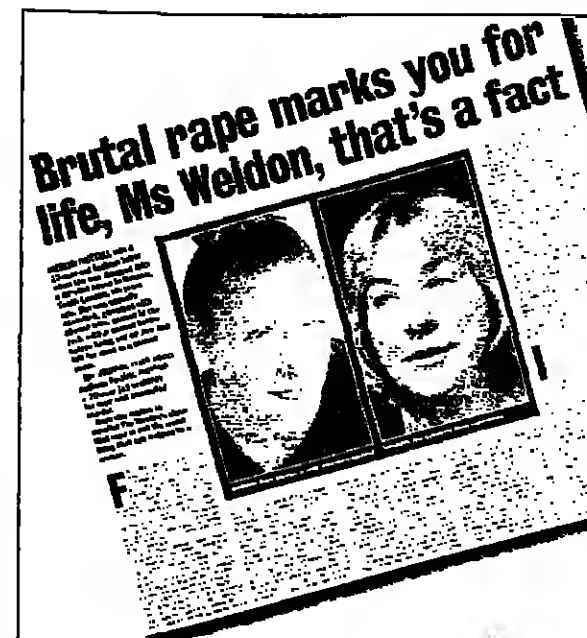
I do not know what statement they are talking about, anyway, and am at a loss to understand why saying that life is preferable to death should be taken to mean that I think rape is okay and that this should be spread over quite so many headlines and take up so many column inches. I am to learn. The source of the general anger is two paragraphs buried in the *Radio Times*, in an interview with Andrew Duncan publishing a TV series, *Big Women*, written by me, which starts this evening on Channel 4. I have not even seen this article. The rest of the media world, it seems, has. It is not yet seven o'clock.

Disgraced! I have no future in the civilised world. No one will ever again take a word I say seriously. It seems I have said that the crime of rape should be "downgraded" to "aggravated assault". Little by little I wake up. Why on earth did I say a thing like that?

I begin to remember I said it because rape trials in this country are so farcical, so traumatic for victims who must both relive the event and suffer character assassination by the defendant's counsel as well, or worse, by the defendant himself; and so grossly unfair, because the defendant is not even required, before the verdict, to give any account of his past, criminal though it may be. Because of cases in which the judge is reluctant to stop the torment of question, answer and innuendo in case the trial goes to appeal and the appeal will be won on a technicality, and a guilty man go free.

A strange and unnecessary kind of justice, this, in which the victim is on trial herself. It does not happen in assault cases. No one suggests to the victim of a mugging that since he put temptation in the mugger's way by wearing a Rolex watch, the mugger should walk free.

Make it "aggravated assault" I said, because in rape trials the jury is increasingly reluctant to



Fay, you have betrayed all women by trivialising rape

find the defendant guilty, and in assault trials, although sentences are shorter, the guilty are less likely to go free. Trade off the long sentences consequent upon a rape conviction - prisoners rarely serve the full time anyway, the prisons being so crowded - spare the victim more trauma and allow a half-justice to be done, as preferable to no justice at all.

Disgraced! Because all this background I did not tell to Andrew Duncan, so he can hardly be blamed for not mentioning it. My great error has been my use of the word "downgraded", which I can now see would have been better expressed as "temporarily re-defined while the judiciary work out, as they are doing, a new crime called 'sexual assault' which is gender free [these days men rape other men as well as women] and brings Britain more in line with the rest of Europe". And it still isn't yet half-past seven.

The phone goes non-stop. Someone gets the papers. *The Mirror* loathes me, the *Telegraph* despises me, the *Express* gloats at my discomfort. Ann Widdecombe, she of

the manacles, is livid. Jill Saward says I'm stupid - and I suffer from her bad opinion of me, because I am so much in sympathy with her. She went through so much and the sentences her attackers got were so shamefully ludicrous.

Only *The Sun* is rational and exact. I decide my best course is to leave the country altogether, and begin to pack, but soon sanity returns. One has to face the music and the consequences of one's folly, or so my mother always says.

The morning proceeds. The phone goes non-stop. Two nice young women from the *Mirror* and *Express* and accompanying photographers gently doorstep me. I say I'm sorry. I assure everyone what I had felt to be self-evident, that I believe rape is evil and a perversion of love, and must be punished and prevented, but I don't think they hear.

In newspaper and TV offices everywhere it seems, young women are saying they would prefer death to rape. What right have I to dare speak for others and say anything different? It is an insult to raped and suf-

fering women everywhere. What do I know anyway, middle-aged, middle-class cow, with my own pitiful rape so far behind me. I am more heartless than Anne Widdecombe.

Better dead than raped! Twenty-five years ago you would never have heard a woman saying this, let alone believing it. I am astonished. Rape is no longer sexual assault. It must be disgrace, humiliation and pollution as well. Can it be that in today's Britain, as in some primitive society, a raped woman must eschew ordinary life and huddle with others who have suffered likewise and those who are trained to help her? It couldn't be, could it, that the rape crisis people are anxious to make victims of women, and keep them victims, the better to make victims of men? There! Now see what you've done!

Impossible to say "hard cases make bad law". Impossible! There is too much real distress around. Better to accept disgrace, shut up, and bow the head to censure. But how fast the social landscape changes. Better raped than dead!

How Victorian and romantic we have become: how protective of the integrity of the self. To say "but rape is an assault on your body, surely your mind stays yours. Invincible" won't work any more. Mind and body are now one, indissoluble.

Other crimes. I have said sex is not always about power, sometimes it is about sex. No one will have this. It is anathema to say it. The penis is a weapon, and that's that. Sex is divorced from procreation, and increasingly from pleasure. Violence and sex together must be kept for the S&M clubs. It is recognised there but nowhere else. Okay, I give in.

Disgraced! I have done this on purpose to publicise the series, to attract attention to myself. I am a devious bitch, prepared to do anything to further my interests. This one really hurts. I search my conscience. Already I feel guilty, as if I were going through customs. I ring Andrew Duncan. He is in a health hydro. He has lost a stone in a week. I have lost half a stone in a day. I tell him, and all it's cost me is my reputation and my dignity. We search our memories. No, there is no way either of us could have calculated this. He is as appalled at the headlines as me. I have rung the *Big Women* production company. They are frosty, not surprisingly. This is the kind of publicity which does no one any good.

Disgraced, exhausted, now paranoid. Who has done this to me, turned me overnight into a public hate-figure? It's orchestrated, obviously. Alastair Campbell, to pay me out for saying all over the place that politics is now feminised, Tony Blair is a girl in disguise? Don't be daft. Channel 4, who in their convoluted bureaucratic way want to ditch their own program? Come off it. Or is the *Radio Times* still the BBC's flagship? Are they trying to sink the opposition? Of course not.

As a remarkably competent if censorious young woman from the Rape Crisis Centre said to me on Channel 4 news, Oh come on now, surely by now you must know what you're doing. It seems I don't, and not to is no excuse. *Mea culpa*.

RIGHT OF REPLY

GEORGE PATTEN

The executive officer of the Grand Orange Lodge of Ireland defends the marching season

IN EVERY democratic society the state has a responsibility to protect certain fundamental rights. The rights of free association and of assembly underpin the right to parade.

The Loyal Orange Institution (LOI) was formed in 1795 and some months later, on 12 July 1796, it held its first Boyne Commemoration Parade. Parades were a feature many years prior to the formation of the LOI. The Protestant community in Northern Ireland is not in any way unique. People all over the world love to parade.

Parades are a witness for our faith, evidenced by routes to and from public worship. Various events in the history of the people are commemorated. The flags and banners are full of religious, cultural, socio-economic and political symbolism.

Orange Parades generally follow routes which have been used for many years and are not picked to cause offence but by and large follow the main arterial roads along which successive generations of Orangemen have peacefully paraded.

Obviously some so-called "residents' groups" would wish to portray that Orange Parades are offensive.

The question of "offence" is an interesting one. If some of the people who live in the vicinity of a major sporting venue are offended by the noise and inconvenience, should the event be cancelled?

The known history and political affiliation of some of the leaders of the residents' groups convinces us that they have no interest in "parity of esteem" or recognition of others' traditions. Orange Parades generally do not go through housing estates or streets leading off the main road.

We are aware of our responsibilities whilst on parade. There have been very successful parades at which there was no police presence.

The motto of the Orange Institution is "civil and religious liberty". Our concern is for all law-abiding citizens. We are on the side of tolerance and peace. To surrender basic rights would not make for peace but would in the long run result in greater disorder.

Lessons from the land of the free

THE LAST time I saw Arthur Ashe, he was already ravaged by terminal illness. His gaunt body stood with a handful of trade-union leaders and human-rights activists outside George Bush's White House. They were protesting the expulsion of Haitian refugees. Ashe and others were arrested, their hands bound with that painful plastic strip that has replaced handcuffs, and they were roughly bundled into a police van.

The arrests were real even if the event was symbolic. It helped to draw attention to the Haitian tragedy and nudged US policy in a more progressive direction.

A few months later, Ashe died. His arrest got no coverage in the British papers, but it reminded me of the awesome engagement of the American people in the politics of their country. Can anyone imagine Tim Henman or Alan Shearer joining with John Monks to be arrested outside Downing Street in support of asylum seekers? The vigour and energy of American democracy is something most Brits go into denial over. The bumptious clatter of money and the total absence of irony from American genes leaves the average clever-dick Brit feeling effortlessly superior.

The comfort blanket of generations of British and European politicians and journalists, particularly on the left, has been to patronise the United States. Or, given that the US has emerged the winner at the end of the 20th century, the natural reaction is to line up against the new Washington imperium whose missiles, cash and culture dominate the world. The trades against Hollywood emanating from Paris or the left-wing protectionism that rails against international trade are expressions of growing distrust and fear of the US.

Yet anti-Americanism is the new socialism of fools. The US has its built-in corrective measures that permit



THURSDAY BOOK

BRING HOME THE REVOLUTION:
HOW BRITAIN CAN LIVE
THE AMERICAN DREAM

BY JONATHAN FREEDLAND. FOURTH ESTATE. £14.99

democracy, wars and all, to express itself. Jonathan Freedland's book conveys a boundless enthusiasm for that democracy. It is untouched by cynicism or world-weariness and is a charming tribute to the America of Whitman and de Tocqueville.

The mid-1990s have been good years for America. *The Guardian's* Freedland came, saw and was conquered. Novelists write their *Bildungsroman*. Foreign correspondents, starved of outlets, pour their notes into their first books.

Freedland adds a final chapter which contains lots of Charter-88 suggestions about Freedom of Information and increasing investment in education and training. Earlier, he

points out the Americans have one elected politician for every 363 citizens, compared to one for every 1,715 subjects of Her Britannic Majesty.

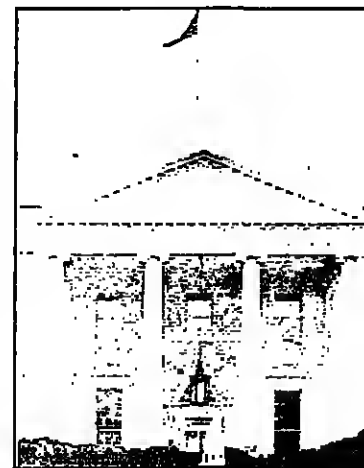
Democracy requires many more elections, more politicians, and more money. Fifty US states, each with their own tax-raising powers, legislatures and Governors, mock the terror of the Whitehall establishment at the thought of regional government in our own country.

A lot of Freedland's proposals to make Britain more like America are already in operation in different European countries. The absence of any consideration of Europe from his book makes it rather unbalanced. More worryingly, his enthusiasm for

democracy leads him to endorse the death penalty. He skims over the 1.9 million, mainly black American citizens in prison. There is a difference between popular and populist democracy which he does not explore properly.

The American dilemma was perfectly summed up by President Clinton at a G8 summit in Detroit. In the morning, he lauded the American way and invited the rest of the world to imitate the US. At midday the world's leaders were told they should not leave the conference for a walk, so dangerous to human existence was downtown Detroit.

Ever since Werner Stombart wrote his classic *Why There is No Socialism in America* in the 1920s, the problem of American exceptionalism has been the key issue for sociology. Freedland is the latest in an honourable line of Europeans to try to explain America. He sees the spirit of Tom Paine, rather than a new empire, and it is refreshing to have enthusiasm rather than sneers about the US. There are plenty of self-hating Americans



The White House: a symbol of American virility

about to offer negative pictures. However, there is a touch of the self-hating Brit in Freedland, with his absolute scorn for every institution and practice of his own country. He praises the Supreme Court for its 1973 decision on abortion. But the boring old House of Commons, which he dumps on, gave British women the right to choose several years earlier.

Freedland may have had the best years of America, whose wealth has come in large part from overseas investments. If the Japanese bring their dollars home to Tokyo, Americans will face very tough decisions indeed. If the euro survives the onslaughts of those seeking to destabilise the European alternative, the EU will become an equal power more quickly than many imagine. Britain should learn from the virility of American democracy, but geography and history require that Europe is also a success.

DENIS MACSHANE

The reviewer is MP for Rotherham.

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THURSDAY POEM

RETURNING FROM THE BEACH
BY YANG MU

Sunset returns from the sandy beach
summer hides along the reef
in the ocean summer still whispers
its own name. I can't help reflecting on
the secret of seasonal change, time stopping
the truth and untruth of time
the wounds left by the cycle of ages. And I

hear the actors boisterously boarding the bus
some stand-ins cleaning up the props:
history does not allow tales of blood and tears in repeat
this moving play must come to an end
before dark. Once more I hear
a sunset hush from the barracks
covering the sound of the distant tidy gurt

Lord Rayner

DEREK RAYNER was a big, blue-eyed, restless man with big ideas, a sort of imperialist of the British retail trade.

When he succeeded Marcus Sieff as chairman of Marks & Spencer in 1984, much was made of his being the first non-Jewish, non-family man to be chosen to head an innovative yet in some ways intensely traditional company. He symbolised the start of a fresh programme of diversification and international expansion. He was appointed because of his long experience with the company, his loyalty to its self-image as a "caring" enterprise, and his apparent skills in managing change.

Rayner's track record was impressive. He joined Marks & Spencer in 1953 after education at Selwyn College, Cambridge, where he read Theology, and National Service in the RAF. Early on, he apparently scored high marks with Marcus Sieff with his alertness in the Oxford Street store, where they first met. Transferred instantly to the group's head office, he first worked chiefly in the food business and joined the M&S board in 1967, when he was 31.

Characteristically ebullient and forward-looking, visionary in his lofty ambitions for Marks & Spencer, Rayner in broad terms during his time as chairman dramatically extended the group's international operations and applied sophisticated control systems to a more and more complex business.

His programme for expansion in the holly competitive markets of the United Kingdom was financially sound and commercially safe: the development of existing stores, the opening of new stores in London and of an out-of-town store near Leicester, for example, during the last year of his chairmanship. He began to move the group into financial retail services.

In his overseas strategy, Rayner was challenged by his intense ambition, in the face of some scepticism, to transplant one of Britain's most impressively developed and expertly managed big businesses to non-British cultures. Before he retired he could proudly point to the spread of M&S interests in the United States, on the continent of Europe, and, more tentatively, in East Europe and the Far East.



Rayner: 'Every day I ask myself, why am I here?'

The process of internationalisation was not painless: after an initial burst of activity the group had to close stores and cut stock levels in Canada; in the United States, the acquisition of the smart US clothing chain, Brooks Brothers, in 1987 was later criticised as proving too expensive and delivering disappointing results.

Like his predecessors and successor, Sir Richard Greenbury, Rayner was keen to contribute to public life. (Like them also, he liked to stress the importance of Marks & Spencer to British manufacturing as well as the quality of life.) He was consulted by the Government on the organisation of procurement for defence equipment in 1970 and in 1971-72 was chief executive of the Ministry at Defence's Procurement Executive.

From 1979 to 1983, at the request of the then Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher he worked as a full-time adviser on civil service organisation. His main cost-cutting recommendations in matters of detail - the simplification of the unemployment benefit system, for example - worked well, but he failed to convince ministers of the need for radical reform.

During Lord Rayner's chairmanship of Marks & Spencer, the group doubled its sales and pre-tax profits and almost doubled its net assets.

I talked to him at length in 1990, when he was near retirement after six gruelling years as chairman of Marks & Spencer. He said breezily that he intended to look round the world to see where best to apply the group's notable skills in buying and selling, in working well with local people, in putting its massive purchasing power to good use.

He was also anxious to point out that he spent much of his time "going round the stores" in Britain, sometimes appearing anonymously (though surely this wasn't easy) but normally thinking it "discourteous not to say that I shall be coming..."

Rayner was a curious mixture of shyness and assurance, toughness and sensitivity. "He is not a man you lightly cross," one of his colleagues once remarked. He was always questioning and questioning. "Where will the group be in 10 years' time?" he would ask; but also "Every day I ask myself, why am I here?"

This was almost for him a philosophical as well as a practical question. The study of theology at Cambridge, he told me, had "stopped me believing". It did not stop his lifelong soul-searching and striving for direction. He found relaxation through his love of gardening and classical music (Bach and Haydn, choral music, Monteverdi and Palestrina) and through the long-standing, intimate friendships of his private life.

Derek Rayner was rather a maverick, but though he never married he was marvellously suited, for his time, to the top job at M&S and, in Greenbury's words, "a man with a profound sense of what was right and wrong, both in business and in his dealings with people".

George Bull

Derek George Rayner, businessman: born Norwich 30 March 1926; BA 1947; joint managing director, Marks & Spencer 1973-91; chairman 1984-91; created 1983 Baron Rayner; died London 26 June 1998.



Korvin with Gloria Lloyd in *Temptation*: 'He too frequently substitutes a soporific leer for heartbreak brutality,' said *Variety*

Charles Korvin

WITH HIS dark, wavy hair, continental charm and deeply cleft chin, Charles Korvin's looks seemed to justify Universal Studios' faith in him to become a successor to the romantic star Charles Boyer in the mid-Forties, but audiences failed to respond sufficiently, and he found greater success ultimately on the stage where his forceful intensity made him an excellent King of Siam in *The King and I*, and in television, notably in the hit series *Interpol Calling*.

The son of a wine merchant, Korvin was born Geza Kaiser (or Karpas) - sources vary - in Pestany, Hungary, in 1907. He left Hungary in 1929 with the intention of migrating to the United States but was denied a visa, so spent several years in London working as a stevedore, watchman and tango dancer.

Moving to Paris he took up photography and was offered the job of cinematographer on a Canadian documentary about the Spanish Civil War, *Heart of Spain* (1937). Korvin had a small part in the film and it awakened an interest in acting. In 1940 he finally arrived in America where he found work in radio and acted for several seasons with the Barter Theatre in Virginia.

He made his Broadway debut, billed as Geza Korvin, in *Winter Soldier* (1942), starring Dolly Haas, and the following year had a leading role in *Dark Eyes*. After the opening of the latter he was offered a contract by Charles K. Feldman, a producer at Universal. The studio promptly changed his name, knocked five years off his official age and invented an education at the Sorbonne.

His first film was *Enter Arsene Lupin* (1944) in which he starred as the dashing French thief eluding the police and showing more interest in heroine Ella Raines than her priceless emerald. Though a B movie, it had the benefit of strong supporting cast including J. Carrol Naish and Gale Sondergaard, and several critics noted Korvin's similarity to Boyer.

The actor's first major opportunity came when he was cast opposite Merle Oberon in William Dieterle's *This Love of Ours* (1945), a popular soap opera based on a Pirandello play, *Come Prima Meglio Di Prima*. It was the first of three films he made with Oberon, who later recounted, "The director used to pick on Charles Korvin at the beginning and say, 'This man is a terrible actor'. So I would start taking Charles aside, saying, 'Now don't you listen to him at all. You're marvelous and you're going to have the biggest success in this picture and you're a good actor.' In about a week's time he was being a big actor

a great personal success for Conrad Veidt as the sadistic seducer, but in Irving Pichel's tepid telling of the story Korvin made less impact. "Charles Korvin as the Egyptian route, complete with fez and carry-on romantic patter, lacks the polish and assurance for his role, and too frequently substitutes a soporific leer for heartbreak brutality," stated a now less impressed *Variety*.

Korvin later stated that he probably made a mistake when, on the advice of his agent, he turned down a comedy offered him by the studio, *White Tie and Tails* (1946), which instead proved a neat change of pace for the studio's other principal vil-

'I thought Hollywood had a very phoney atmosphere. If my latest picture was doing well I'd get a good table but otherwise, well, even when I was young that foolishness bored me'

with me!" For his part, Korvin was to state that Oberon was "charming in social situations but infuriating as a co-star".

The trade paper *Variety*, reviewing *This Love of Ours*, enthusiastically commented, "Korvin seems to be just what the doctor ordered for the lonely-hearts club." His role was not entirely sympathetic, his character's unreasonable jealousy causes him to abandon his wife and bring up their children believing that their mother is dead - and Korvin brought less charm to the role than Rock Hudson did in the re-make *Never Say Goodbye*.

In his next film *Temptation* (1946), he was a full-blown cad, an Egyptian gigolo trying to persuade his mistress (Oberon) to poison her husband. An earlier version of the story, *Bella Donna* (1934), had been

laid. Dan Duryea, "My real forte is comedy," said Korvin some years later, "and had I done it my career might have been a very different kettle of fish."

Dropped by Universal, he freelanced, and at RKO made his best film, James Tourneur's *Bertin Express* (1948), though the actor considered his own best screen performance to be in *The Killer That Stalked New York* (1951), in which he and Evelyn Keyes were jewel smugglers who contracted smallpox in Cuba and unknowingly take it into the States.

In another caddish role, Korvin abandons his partner when it becomes evident that she is unwell. Korvin had started to work regularly in television, particularly the *Studio One* series, and later stated he preferred live television and stage work

to film. "I also thought Hollywood had a very phoney atmosphere. If my latest picture was doing well I'd get a good table but otherwise, well, even when I was young that foolishness bored me."

When he refused to co-operate with the House Committee on Un-American Activities offers of film work dried up completely. He toured for three years in *The King and I*, played in productions of *Tiger at the Gates* and *The Fourposter*, and continued to appear on television, one of his best-remembered roles being that of Carlos, the Latin dance instructor teaching "Alice Kramden" the mambo in an episode of *The Honeymooners*. In 1959 he came to London to film the series *Interpol Calling*, 39 fast-moving 30-minute adventures which always started with the subjective viewpoint of a speeding driver crashing through a checkpoint and being fired on by border guards. In this well-received show, Korvin starred as Inspector Duval of the International Criminal Police Organisation.

He returned to the cinema screen in 1965 when the director Stanley Kramer offered him a role in *Ship of Fools*, and other films in which he appeared were *The Man Who Had Power Over Women* (1970) and *Inside Out* (1975). He also featured for several years in commercials for Lufthansa - the residuals bought him a house in the South of France.

He was married three times, and divided his time in recent years between Manhattan and an apartment in Klosters, Switzerland, where he would ski during winter months. A few years ago he confessed that he had "no regrets, none at all, that I did not become another Charles Boyer".

Tom Vallance

Geza Kaiser (Charles Korvin), actor: born Pestany, Hungary 18 June 1907; three times married (one daughter and one stepson); died New York 18 June 1998.

Rudi Shelly

FOR OVER half a century, Rudi Shelly was a teacher at the Bristol Old Vic Theatre School, where he was regarded by generations of students as a sort of guru, commanding a mixture of respect and affectionate teasing.

Born in Austria in 1908, he began acting as a student in Germany - he studied Law and Economics at university, and gained a doctorate in Economics. In 1936, prompted by Hitler's rise to power, and after extensive training in voice, speech, fencing, acting and a great variety of dance styles, he emigrated to Palestine, then still under British mandate.

During the Second World War, while continuing his own training and working as a government inspector in Palestine, he was also voluntarily attached to the British Army Education Corps, for which he gave illustrated talks on music, drama and theatre, conducted play reading groups and directed plays for army units. Through these voluntary activities he acquired letters of recommendation which led to his being invited to England in 1946 as the first foreign student ever accepted to study stage direction.

Assigned to the newly created Bristol Old Vic Company that year, he soon began teaching movement at the fledgling Bristol Old Vic Theatre School, where he remained for the rest of his life. Despite the painful illness of his final months, he characteristically continued teaching up to three hours before he died, giving master classes and tutorials from his hospital bed.

At first he taught mainly movement, gradually widening his teaching field and playing a great part in co-ordinating the various disciplines. He liked to describe himself as "a specialist in non-specialisation", and eventually became Senior Instructor for Basic Training.

In his distinctive mid-European accent - which BOV Theatre School students loved to imitate - he would explain: "I call myself a movement instructor, but the question is, what do you mean by movement? We have a moving mind and imagination, a moving voice (and that means voice and speech) and we have a moving body. So it's the whole personality."

All his life he was enthusiastically watching, reading and learning - and then eagerly passing on what he had learned. "Acting," he would say, "is the art of reacting. It is playing. It is living. We are all acting all the time. The question is, do we want to do it in front of other people?"

Rudi Shelly complemented his work at the BOV Theatre School with teaching all over the world, not only for professional acting students but also with children, youth clubs, adult education centres, women's groups, neurological patients and prisoners.

Shirley Brown

Raphael Rudi Shelly, drama teacher: born 9 May 1908; died Bristol 26 May 1998.



Shelly: 'What do you mean by movement?'

Professor Harry Allen

HARRY ALLEN was one of the small group of scholars who led and shaped the rapid growth of American studies in Britain after the Second World War.

Like other members of the group, his interest in the United States was greatly stimulated by his wartime experience. He served with distinction, and was awarded the Military Cross in 1944. His years in uniform left their mark on him, and he carried into his academic career a readiness to lead from the front, and a brisk, no-nonsense approach to matters of organisation and administration.

He also carried with him an appreciation of the crucial role of the United States in the post-war world, a stout commitment to NATO and the defence of the West during the Cold War, and a profound belief in the importance of the Anglo-American relationship.

He had not been trained as an American historian, but, despite warnings from traditionalists that specialisation in American history was the kiss of death for a young British historian, he saw the need and

grasped the opportunity, and always retained the enthusiasm of the convert. After nine years as Fellow and Tutor in Modern History at Lincoln College, Oxford, he was appointed in 1955 to the Commonwealth Fund Chair of American History at University College London, which was then the only established chair of American history in the country. (The chair was to fall victim to the financial stringency of the 1980s.)

Allen was now in a pivotal position at a critical time, and he relished the challenge. He was one of the founding fathers of the British Association for American Studies in 1955, and his initiative and his skill in mobilising support were instrumental in the establishment of the Institute of United States Studies in London University, in 1965-66. He became its first director, and strove hard to establish it as a focal point of activity in American studies, despite inadequate support both within the university and beyond it. As a visiting lecturer or fellow at various American and also Australian universities, he did valuable missionary work on behalf of American



studies in Britain. (He hugely enjoyed the joke when a friend remarked that one hallmark of his leadership style was an infinite capacity for taking planes.)

These were also his most productive years as a historian. His major book, *Great Britain and the United States* (1964), was a massive work of synthesis which combined an analysis of the many strands of the relationship between the two

countries with a detailed chronological account. Openly avowing that the book was inspired by his belief in the necessity of cordial Anglo-American relations, he emphasised themes of harmony and common interest. He later published a revised version of the earlier analytical chapters under the title *The Anglo-American Relationship since 1783* (1980).

His other publications included *Bush and Backwoods* (1959), a pioneer comparative study of Australia and the United States as frontier societies, and a brief introduction to American history, *The United States of America* (1964), a very characteristic of the man in its crisp and clear style, and its mixture of common sense and uninhibited expression of personal opinion. He was also joint editor of *British Essays in American History* (1957), an early showcase for British work in the field, with a list of contributors which reads like a roster of the leading figures in the field in the post-war decades.

Up to this point, Allen had pursued an active and successful, but fairly conventional, career: pro-

ceeding from an Oxford fellowship to a chair in a distinguished history department in an established and prestigious institution. Then, in 1971, to the surprise of many, he moved to the new University of East Anglia, as Professor of American Studies. Allen was a natural conservative on most academic and political issues, but his easy manner and his ability to adjust to new ideas and new circumstances smoothed the transition to a very different academic environment.

He played an important role at East Anglia, both as Professor and as Dean of the School of English and American Studies for three years, as the anchor man, the man of affairs who acted as a moderating influence on eager younger colleagues bursting with fresh ideas on the nature and the future of American studies.

These were also the years when he made his greatest mark on the national and international stage. He was a very successful chairman of the British Association for American Studies in 1974-77, and then served as president of the European Association for American Studies

(EAAS) from 1976 to 1980. His "conversion" to the European American studies cause was another of the surprising turns in his career.

In the early 1970s EAAS was neither very active nor very influential, but Allen, urged on by colleagues at East Anglia, set about the task of restructuring and energising the organisation. He put sustained pressure on his British successors to overcome their reluctance and take the plunge, and he derived much satisfaction from the eventual decision of the British Association for American Studies to commit itself to EAAS. He often commented that the history of EAAS was very much like the history of the European Community itself in microcosm.

His wife and family were the solid foundation for Allen's public life, and the death of his devoted and supportive wife Mary, in 1992, was a heavy blow. He was always a courteous, good-natured, immensely likeable man, who loved to be in the thick of things, whether sharing academic gossip, surveying the field for new appointments, enjoying the conference merry-go-round, or play-

ing the genial host to gatherings of friends and colleagues.

A key figure in the development of American studies in Britain, Harry Allen was a man who made things happen, and, if he was not always in sympathy with the direction which the subject was taking in the hands of the next generation, he had the good sense not to interfere.

Peter J. Parish

Harry Cranbrook Allen, historian: born 23 March 1917; MC 1944; Tutor in Modern History, Lincoln College, Oxford 1946-55; Commonwealth Fund Professor of American History, University College London 1955-71; Director, Institute of United States Studies, London University 1964-71; Professor of American Studies, University of East Anglia 1971-80 (Emeritus); Dean of the School of English and American Studies 1974-76; Chairman, British Association for American Studies 1974-77; President, European Association for American Studies 1976-80; married 1947 Mary Andrews (died 1992); one son, two daughters; died Philadelphia 21 June 1998.

Jack Pender

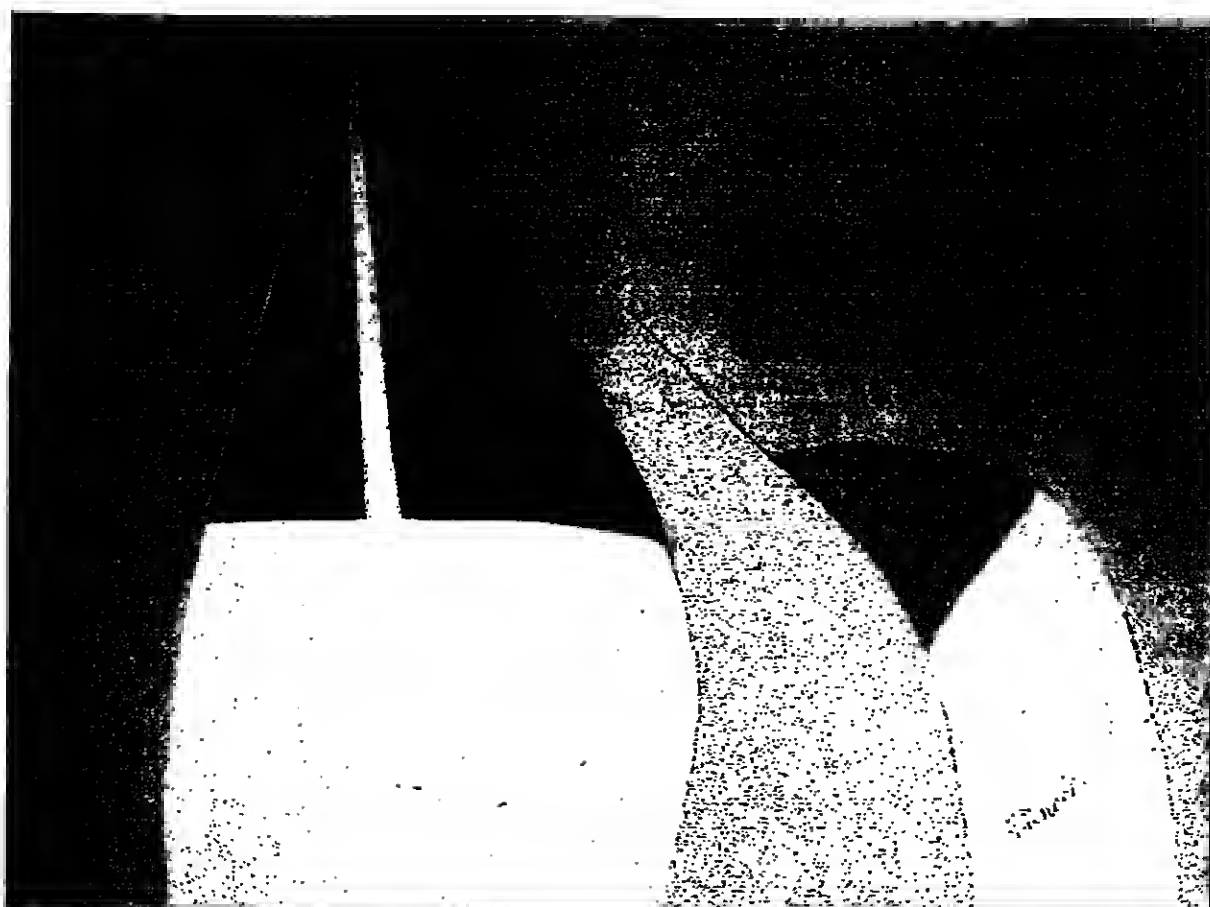
THE PAINTER Jack Pender "saw a world in a grain of sand", his inspiration derived from the small boats or "punts" in the harbour outside his window in Mousehole in Cornwall, the gap between the granite quays and the sea and sky beyond.

Tom Cross wrote in *Painting the Warmth of the Sun* (1984): "It is with the work of [William] Scott and Colquhoun that the abstraction of Pender's painting may be compared. His black-outlined analysis of the quays, boats, ropes and rigging emphasises their weight and bluntness of shape, and each has a structural part to play in the painting." Pender, in turn, in his teaching and by his work was a major influence on many of the younger painters with whom he came in contact.

He was born in Mousehole in 1918 and lived most of his life in this one-time fishing village on Mount's Bay two miles west of Penzance. He traced his ancestry back to John Wills, one of the men empowered to build the quay to protect the harbour in 1387, and was the proud possessor of a fine embroidered waistcoat which had belonged to Squire Keigwin who lost his life defending the village in the Spanish incursion of 1595.

Pender's forebears were fishermen, and Jack himself worked on his father's boat, the *Lyonesse*, but he always wanted to be an artist. To this end he began his formal training at Penzance School of Art in 1938 where Peter Lanyon was a fellow student. On the outbreak of the Second World War, however, he was one of the first to enlist in the county regiment, the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, and in 1939 he went with the British Expeditionary Force to France. When the British were repulsed in May 1940, the battalion fought its way back to the coast and Pender was evacuated from Dunkirk, though not before he had been posted "missing, believed killed in action".

He subsequently served with the DCLI in North Africa and in Italy, oc-



Fusnet '79, acrylic on board by Pender

Belgrave Gallery

tailed at the battle of Monte Cassino. He was twice wounded, and eventually wound up fighting with the partisans in Greece. When the war ended he was in Athens, and, repatriation being a slow business, he was able to resume his career by studying at the Athens School of Art.

"Demobbed", on his return to England he studied at Exeter School of Art (under John Skeaping and Clifford Fishwick) and the West of England College of Art in Bristol (under Paul Feller and Claude Rogers) and took up teaching,

first at Plymouth Art School then at the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth.

In 1956 he returned to live permanently in Mousehole, teaching at Cammer School and exhibiting regularly with both Newlyn and Penwith Arts Societies. He had his first one-man show in 1963 at the Arncliffe Gallery in Bristol.

In December 1981 the Mousehole-crewed Penlee lifeboat, the *Solomon Browne*, was lost with all hands together with the crew and passengers of the *Union Star*, the stricken freighter they had attempted to rescue in atrocious seas and gale-force winds. Jack Pender, as chairman of Mousehole Harbour Authority, represented the village, and was one of the trustees of the commission set up to look after the considerable funds donated by a shocked nation.

As a token of appreciation to the solicitor who helped the trustees to administer the fund, a painting by Pender of the lifeboat was presented to Lord Goodman at a special ceremony in the House of Lords. For this work, Pender forsook his semi-abstract style and painted the 47ft wooden boat in mountainous seas in terrifying reality: he refused to take a penny for it.

Pender's work was represented in the

1985 "St Ives 1939-75" exhibition at the Tate in London, and his paintings can be found in Plymouth Art Gallery and the United Nations building in New York, as well as in numerous private collections in England, the United States, Portugal, Sweden and Australia. He had his first one-man show in London in 1990, at the Belgrave Gallery, though he had been represented there for several years previously.

A charismatic and social man, Jack Pender was a "natural" for BBC outside broadcasts and film interviews. He and his work were featured on television as one of Angela Rippon's "choices" and in the BBC2 series *Look Stranger*. A keen sportsman in his youth (a boxing champion whilst in the Army) and a lifelong cricketing enthusiast, he donned his MCC robe a year and spent the week of the Test Match at Lords. He had been ill for some months and died just days after celebrating his 80th birthday.

Eric Peacock

Jack Pender, artist: born Mousehole, Cornwall 1 June 1918; married Madeline Mann two sons, one daughter; marriage dissolved 1979; died Bristol 20 June 1998.

SOCIOLOGICAL NOTES

DIANE MCGUINNESS

All research on 'dyslexia' is invalid

AROUND 5,500 years ago, the Sumerians invented the first workable code for accounting and inventory control. One thousand years later, they had expanded the code to encompass the entire language. By this time many other civilisations had come up with similar solutions.

All writing systems share the same properties: they are codes for spoken language; they are based on the meaningless sounds inside words and not whole words. Codes are inventions and have to be taught. Codes are not properties of the human brain, passed on by genes from one generation to the next. Genes control the basic building blocks like hearing, vision, language, symbolising, but how these are combined is an open programme in which the environment is critical. As the geneticist Steve Jones puts it: "... a whole set of intellectual and cultural attributes ... are not coded for by genes at all".

So why do people think that genes control reading, or that poor reading skills are due to a brain disorder?

The term "dyslexia" was coined by a 19th-century ophthalmologist who observed that some patients with brain damage could no longer read. Samuel Orton, a neuropathologist, was largely responsible for popularising this term by inventing the logic: if A (brain damage) causes B (can't read), therefore B (can't read) is caused by A (brain damage). This notion was appealing because teachers were consistently unable to teach all children to read, despite normal intelligence, and hours of tutoring. Thus the "diagnosis" for dyslexia came to be having normal or above normal IQ, with a reading test score that was discrepant to IQ.

Over the past 10 years the discrepancy diagnosis has collapsed. Large-scale studies have shown that nearly all poor readers, regardless of IQ, have the same two difficulties: first, they have trouble hearing the sounds (phonemes) inside words that are the basis for an alphabetic writing system and, second, they have trouble decoding spelling patterns into phonemes (and vice versa).

What this means is that we have no diagnosis for dyslexia and never did. Reading skill is on a continuum of good to bad, a perfect bell-shaped curve, and there is no "place" to draw the line between a



Steve Jones: genes don't control reading

"dyslexic" and a plain vanilla poor reader. This also means that all research on "dyslexics" is invalid.

We can only conclude that dyslexia is simply a student's failure to progress after hours of instruction or tutoring. But is this lack of progress due to the tutor, the method of instruction or the reader's brain?

The answer to this question is "b". Based on research, it seems logical to teach the skills which are lacking. If poor readers have problems with phoneme analysis and lack knowledge of the spelling code, then why not devise methods to teach this? New methods that train young children or poor readers in the ability to manipulate, segment, and blend phonemes in words, and how each of the 43 phonemes in our language maps on to our complex spelling code, are uniformly successful. More surprising is the fact that children diagnosed "dyslexic" or with "learning difficulty" make twice the gains in the same amount of time as children who are not.

The message is straightforward. If you have a family member who is not learning to read, or who has been diagnosed "dyslexic" and is making no progress, he or she is not being taught by the right method.

Diane McGuinness is the author of *'Why Children Can't Read, And What We Can Do About It'* (Penguin £5.99). She will be discussing why children can't read, with Cnrmen McGuinness of the Read America Clinic, on Thursday 9 July at 6.30pm at Westminster Central Hall (for tickets, priced at £5, telephone 0171-467 1613).

GAZETTE

ROYAL ENGAGEMENTS

The Queen, Patron, visits the Royal Scottish Country Dance Society at the City Chambers, Edinburgh; and, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, gives a Garden Party at the Palace of Holyroodhouse. The Prince of Wales receives an honorary degree from Durham University, Old Shire Hall, Durham; opens a factory of International Cuisine at Consett, Co Durham; and as Patron, the National Association of Almshouses, visits the Durham Aged Mineworkers' Homes Association Almshouse, Bowburn, Co Durham. The Princess Royal visits Weber Marking Systems on their 25th anniversary at Macmerry Industrial Estate, Tranent, East Lothian; and as Patron, Victim Support Scotland, launches their "Support After Murder" Project at Edinburgh City Chambers. The Duke of Gloucester, Patron, Inner London Probation Service, visits Asset, London SW9; and the River Clearance Project and the River Wandie Project, London SW18.

CHANGING OF THE GUARD

The Household Cavalry Mounted Regiment mounts the Queen's Life Guard at Horse Guards, 11am; Nijmegen Company Grenadier Guards mounts the Queen's Guard, at Buckingham Palace, 11.30am, band provided by the Irish Guards.

Announcements for BIRTHS, MARRIAGES & DEATHS (Births, Adoptions, Marriages, Deaths, Memorial services, Wedding anniversaries, In memoriam) are charged at £8.50 a line (VAT extra). OTHER Gazette announcements (notices, functions, forthcoming marriages, etc.) which must be submitted in writing, are charged at £10 a line, VAT extra.

BIRTHDAYS

Mr Basil Bean, former Chief Executive, National House-Building Council, 67; Lord Beloff, former Principal, University College at Buckingham, 85; Dr Hans Bethe, physicist, 92; Mr Kenneth Clarke MP, former government minister, 58; Lady Crawshaw, former chairman, Local Government Boundary Commission, Wales, 71; Sir Hugh Cubitt, chairman, Rea Brothers Group, 70; Mr Nicholas Elam, Ambassador to Luxembourg, 59; Mr Alan Goulty, Ambassador to the Sudan, 51; Miss Jerry Hall, model, 42; Mr Ian Irvine, former chairman, Reed Elsevier, 62; Lord Mackay of Clashfern, former Lord Chancellor, 71; Mr Dennis Marks, General Director, English National Opera, 50; Mr Ferdinand Mount, Editor, *Times Literary Supplement*, 59; Lord Owen, former MP, 60; Sir Kieran Prendergast, former High Commissioner to Kenya, 56; Lord Sief of Brimpton, honorary president, Marks and Spencer, 85; Lord Simpson of Dunkeld, managing director, General Electric Co, 56; Mrs Ann Taylor MP, President of the Council and Leader of the House, 51; Mrs Elspeth Thomas, chairman, British Red Cross, 61; Mr John Timpon, broadcaster, 70; Mr Jon Trickett MP, 48; The Duke of Wellington, Colonel-in-Chief, Duke of Wellington's Regiment, and former Lt-Col Commanding the Household Cavalry, 83.

ANNIVERSARIES

Births: Jacopo Tatti Sansovino, sculptor, 1486; Thomas Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, 1489; Christoph Willibald Gluck, composer, 1714; Friedrich Gottfried Klopstock, poet, 1724; Theodor Hildebrand, painter, 1804; Gustav Fligel, composer, 1812; Sir Charles Tupper, Canadian prime minister, 1821; Sir William Henry

Bragg, physicist, 1862; Herman Hesse, poet and novelist, 1877; Lord Home of the Hirsel (Alexander Frederick Douglas-Home), former prime minister, 1903. Deaths: Henry the Fowler, King of Germany, 936; Nostradamus (Michel de Nostredame), astrologer, 1566; Jean-Jacques Rousseau, philosopher and writer, 1778; Christian Friedrich Samuel Hahnemann, physician and founder of homeopathy, 1843; Sir Robert Peel, statesman, 1850; Frederick James Furnivall, philologist, 1910; Joseph Chamberlain, statesman, 1914; Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, actor-manager, 1917; Emile Coue, psychotherapist, 1928; Manoel II, ex-king of Portugal, 1932; Amelia Earhart, aviator, disappeared in the Pacific 1937; Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell, zoologist, following a street accident 1943; Ernest Miller Hemingway, novelist, committed suicide 1961; Betty Grable (Elizabeth Ruth Grable), actress, 1973; Vladimir Vladimirovich Nabokov, novelist and lepidopterist, 1977; Christopher Kearton, businessman, 1992; James Maitland Stewart, actor, 1997. On this day: Oliver Cromwell defeated the Royalist troops at the Battle of Marston Moor, 1644; the Covenanters were defeated by Montrose at the Battle of Alford, 1645; the Seven Years' Battles (American Civil War) ended, 1862; the first elevated railway was opened in New York City, 1886; James Abram Garfield, 20th US president, was shot by Charles Julius Guiteau at Washington, 1881 (he died 19th September 1881); Count Zeppelin's airship made its first trial flight, 1900; the British airship R34 began its flight from Scotland to the United States, 1920; the London dock strike began, 1923; the Vichy government was set up in France, 1940; a German submarine sank the British prison ship *Arandora*

Star, carrying 1,640 interned Germans and Italians to Canada, of whom more than 1,000 were drowned, 1940 in the US; President Lyndon B. Johnson signed the Civil Rights Act, 1964; the Erskine Bridge over the river Clyde in Scotland was opened, 1971; the musical thriller *Sweeney Todd* was first performed, London, 1980. Today is the Feast Day of St Monegundis, St Otto of Bamberg and Saints Processus and Martinian.

LECTURES

National Gallery: Mari Grifith, "Journeys (I, Van Dyck: William Verelst, 1st Earl of Denbigh", 1pm. Victoria and Albert Museum: Maxine Smithe, "18th-century Dress for Special Occasions", 2pm. Tate Gallery: James Heard, "The Chief Organ of Sensation: 19th-century painting", 1pm. British Museum: Dora Thornton, "Italian Renaissance Ceramics", 1.10pm. National Portrait Gallery: George Curry, "Charles Dickens - A Bright Beginning", 1.10pm. Voluntary Service Overseas (VSO), Westminster Central Hall, London SW1: Jonathan Dimbleby, "Travelling to a Fairer World: how do we get there?", 1pm.

RECEPTIONS

HM Government Mrs Barbara Roche MP, Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for Small Firms, Trade and Industry, was the host at a reception held yesterday at Lancaster House, London SW1, on the occasion of the CBI conference. Oman: Business Opportunities in an Emerging Market.

Chemistry Research for Britain Dr Brian Iddon MP was the host at a reception held by Chemistry Research for Britain yesterday evening at

the House of Commons, London SW1. Mr Sven Kelling and Dr Sarah Heath were among those present. Mr John Battle MP, Minister for Science, Energy and Industry, was the principal guest.

DINNERS

Foundation for Science and Technology Lord Jenkin of Roding, Chairman, Foundation for Science and Technology, was in the chair at a lecture and dinner discussion held yesterday evening at the Royal Society, London SW1.

Navy Board Dr John Reid MP, Minister of State for the Armed Forces, attended the Trinity Term Dinner held yesterday evening by the Navy Board at Admiralty House, London SW1. Among other guests were: Mr Martin Bell MP, Sir James Cusack, Mr C.K. Chow, Mr Geoffrey Dart, Mrs Mary Fagan, Lord Ironside, Sir John Kerr, Mr Roger Kirby, Mr Chris Vere, Lt Gen Sir Christopher Wallace, Sir Richard Wilson.

LINCOLN'S INN

The following have been elected to serve as officers of the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn for 1998: Sir John Balcombe, Treasurer; Sir Michael Ogden QC, Immediate Past Treasurer; Sir Jeremiah Harman, Master of the Library and of the Wall; Lord Justice Nease, Dean of the Chapel and Keeper of the Black Book; Mr David Shirley.

APPOINTMENTS

Mr Brian Joseph Knight QC and Mr Crawford Calum Douglas Lindsay QC, to be circuit judges on the South Eastern Circuit. Lord Avebury to be Vice-President of the London Bench Society. The Countess of Ancrum, to be President of the Scottish Committee of the Malcolm Sargent Cancer Fund. Miss Venetia Fane, to be Vice-President. Dr Christopher Brittain, to be Co-ordinator.

No adjustment for currency fluctuations

ALTHOUGH FOR the purposes of a capital gains tax computation sterling was the only permissible unit of account, and acquisition cost and disposal consideration, if in foreign currency, had to be translated into sterling, only a valuation exercise and not an actual conversion was involved. Accordingly, where the consideration was payable in instalments, no adjustment would be made for fluctuations in the rate of exchange during the period over which the instalments were paid.

The Court of Appeal dismissed the appeal of Loffland Brother North Sea Inc against the decision of Mr Justice Lloyd, who had reversed the decision of the Special Commissioners that there should be an adjustment to the original computation of capital gains tax due on a disposal by it of oil rigs, the consideration for which had been paid in instalments.

Laurel Henderson QC and Michael Furness (Solicitor of Inland Revenue) for the Crown; Graham Aromson QC (Baker McKenzie) for the taxpayer.

Lord Justice Millett said that in 1974 and 1975 the taxpayer, a Nevada corporation which was not resident in the United Kingdom but which carried on business in the United Kingdom through a branch or agency, and was therefore subject to United Kingdom corporation tax, had purchased four drilling rigs at a total cost of US\$44m.

On 1 January 1985 the taxpayer had entered into a rental purchase agreement for the rigs with an oil company, under

THURSDAY LAW REPORT
2 JULY 1998

Goodbrand (HMT) v Loffland Brothers North Sea Inc
Court of Appeal
(Lord Woolf, Master of the Rolls, Lord Justice Millett and Lord Justice Pill)
23 June 1998

which the oil company paid monthly rentals and was granted an option to purchase the rigs at a pre-determined price. The purchase element of the rental payments, \$38.6m, was received in full in monthly instalments over a period of nine years.

For the purpose of capital gains tax, the rental purchase agreement constituted an entire disposal of the rigs by the taxpayer as at 1 January 1985. Although the legislation did not in terms prescribe that the tax computation had to be carried out in sterling, it had been held that sterling was "the only permissible unit of account" for capital gains tax purposes, and for the purposes of capital gains tax, foreign currency was not "money" but "money's worth". Accordingly, for the purpose of the tax computations, both the acquisition cost of the rigs and the disposal consideration had to be translated into sterling at the spot rates of exchange prevailing at the relevant dates.

At the date of the disposal the sterling value of the disposal

consideration was £33.3m. Over the nine-year period during which the instalments had been received, however, the rate of exchange had fluctuated, and if the spot rate were applied month by month to the purchase element of the dollar payments actually received by the taxpayer, the sterling value of the total amount received was only £23.8m, £9.5m less than the amount brought into account in the original computation.

The Special Commissioners had held in the taxpayer's favour that the sterling difference of £9.5m had become "irrecoverable" within the meaning of section 40(2) of the Capital Gains Tax Act 1979, and that the original computation should be adjusted to produce an allowable loss of £2.8m in place of a chargeable gain of £7.7m.

The consideration referred to in section 40(2) was, however, the contractual consideration, not its sterling equivalent. The tax computation merely involved a valuation exercise, and not an actual conversion of dollars into sterling. That provided the key to the meaning of the expressions "brought into account" and "irrecoverable" in the subsection: they also referred to the contractual consideration, not to its sterling equivalent, and it was thus part of the contractual consideration which might prove to be irrecoverable, not its sterling equivalent.

In the present case, therefore, the Special Commissioners had erred in holding that the sterling difference of £9.5m had become "irrecoverable" within the meaning of s 40(2), and the judge's decision would be upheld.

Kate O'Hanlon, Barrister

WORDS

WILLIAM HARTSTON
tmesis n. (pl. tmeses)

is the only language which permits tmeses. You can't ask a Spaniard to *hablo lento-bloody-mente*, but it is difficult to believe that all other languages are equal-

ly tmetically challenged. The poet Gerard Bensoo told me once of his joy at hearing a *double tmesis* uttered to a Highbury pub, when a stonking goal in a televised football match was described as an "im-[expletive]-poss-[expletive]-billy. But does the interjection always have to be an expletive. I wonder?

Flatliners: in a hospital near you

The near-death experience is no longer the stuff of fiction: a UK scientist is conducting secret experiments. By Darius Sanai

The new decorations appeared just before Christmas last year. They line the walls of the wards at the general hospital, odd shapes of innocuous plain cardboard, like half-finished decorations in a kindergarten. At least the patients — many of them elderly, most of them seriously ill — think they are decorations: modern art, or half-hearted NHS attempts to cheer the place up. If they ask about them (and not many have) they are told they are humidity shields.

This is a large, bustling hospital in a big British city. The wards witness resuscitation and death; visitors pile in bearing cards, flowers and fruit; bedside tables, many of them directly below the little decorations, are piled high with paperbacks and newspapers.

Dr Aziz Zemouri makes his ward rounds briskly. He is the senior house officer from the internal medicine department. Like his counterparts across Britain, he is often a white-coated blur, scurrying from case to consultation.

When he walks past the decorations, he glances over at them. On seeing this, sometimes the consultants ask the 28-year-old Iranian-born doctor how things are going, if there has been any progress.

The decorations are instruments in an experiment he has been overseeing since the end of last year, unbeknown to any of the patients.

It is the world's first clinical test of the existence of near-death experiences — bizarre events reported by people in states of severe trauma who believe they had a glimpse of the "afterlife".

Some 300 patients are unwittingly taking part in the experiment, the very existence of which is a secret: we have agreed not to reveal Dr Zemouri's real name, or the name of the hospital involved. The tests started at the end of last year and will finish this autumn, by which time the doctors in charge hope to be able to answer one of the most nagging questions of our times.

Victims of car crashes and cardiac arrests most commonly report "NDEs". Their typical symptoms



Patients hover between life and death in Michael Crichton's chiller 'Coma'

come in five stages, starting with a sensation of serenity and painlessness. Then comes the feeling of passing through a tunnel towards a point of bright light, and the arrival at a "place of light". Here they are greeted by figures from their past, some of them dead, and sometimes there follow religious visions.

According to research carried out by American physicians, this may go hand in hand with an out-of-body experience, where patients claim to have floated from their bodies to observe events in other rooms. And it is these out-of-body experiences that are the crux of the strange go-

ings-on at Dr Zemouri's hospital. NDEs were first chronicled in detail by Dr Raymond Moody, an American GP, in the 1970s. His research was initially rejected as sci-fi hokum but then more people started reporting the experiences, their accounts tallying convincingly — one American opinion poll showed 20 per cent of Americans over 40 claimed to have had an NDE.

Now, doctors embraced the phenomenon. The stages of NDEs could be explained by neurology — the body naturally deadening the nerves by producing endorphins, the optical cortex being stimulated to produce

feelings of light and darkness, and memory producing a "my-life-before-my-eyes" review as death approached.

Led by research in Britain and Berlin University, scientists began to agree that NDEs really did give a glimpse of what it was like to be dying. But there was nothing to prove they showed what it was like to be dead — the "visions of an afterlife" were labels the imagination affixed to the traumatic experiences victims had been through.

As Dr Thomas Lempert, a neurologist at Berlin's Free University puts it: "If a South American Indi-

an who had never come across Christianity had a near-death experience and saw a vision of Christ, that would be something remarkable. In a Christian society, it's not."

Those who believe NDEs really do offer a glimpse of life after death hold on to one strand of evidence. Patients who have had an NDE during emergency operations have reported floating above their bodies at ceiling height, sometimes "drifting" out of the room. They report, for example, conversations allegedly taking place in waiting rooms as they lay in the theatre.

Hundreds of examples of these visions have been documented, but,

until Dr Zemouri's experiment, none have had the possibility of scientific confirmation — or rebuttal.

His experiment is simple, scientifically acceptable and does not interfere with patients. "To have a credible test," explains the doctor, "you have to monitor a significant number of patients over an extended period of time. And you need to be able to prove that when they claim to have floated above their bodies, they have seen something they could not possibly have seen from their beds, something they could not have known existed."

That's where the "decorations"

come in. There is something about them that can only possibly be seen by a person floating at ceiling height. Even the doctors in charge do not know exactly what they are; they will confirm patients' accounts after they receive them. *The Independent* undertook not to reveal more details for fear of jeopardising the experiments.

Dr Zemouri is convinced he will have some "positive results" by the end of summer. He may already have them, but no results are being released to the public before they are published in scientific journals.

Speaking in soft tones in the hospital canteen, surrounded by nurses who have no idea what is going on under their noses, Dr Zemouri is a man convinced his experiment, which was approved by the ethics committee, is destined to be a historical landmark. "I've always been fascinated by people who claim to have gone, seen a different world and come back. I think they really do see the world from above their bodies. People may laugh but nobody knows the truth, and hopefully we can establish it here," he says.

He has the support of Dr Peter Fenwick, a consultant neuro-psychiatrist at the Maudsley Hospital, London, who helped devise the tests and who is providing funding. "I'm quite confident we will be able to prove people have out-of-body experiences," says Dr Fenwick. He is no stranger to controversy — though a respected psychiatrist, he is also involved in research about reincarnation and past-life regression, when people claim to have memories from people who died long before they were born.

Dr Fenwick is aware the results he wants could be branded by spiritual enthusiasts as proof that there is a soul. But the psychiatrist aims to argue instead that the experiments prove science needs to be expanded to take into account "subjective" anomalies like NDEs.

Dr Zemouri and Dr Fenwick speak as zealots, already converted to the cause, but they are not the first scientists to embark on a radical experiment to confirm their own unconventional intuitions. Events will soon reveal if they are dreaming even more than their patients.

So your husband loves porn. Don't panic

THIS WEEK'S DILEMMA

Joan has been married for 25 years to a kind and gentle man. They have four children. His interest in violent, sadistic pornography, particularly about young children, has always been a problem, but he promised to get rid of his magazines. Now Joan has discovered more stuff in the computer downloaded from the Internet. She's cancelled the contract, furious that their children might have seen it, is even less interested in sex than usual, and wants to cancel their anniversary trip to Paris. Should she leave?

Aha! The thought police strike again. Not only "Thou shalt never be beastly and cruel" but "Thou shalt not even think about feeling beastly and cruel". What a wretched one-dimensional and impoverished inner life Joan must have if she harbours no secret and shameful fantasies and feelings of her own — and I don't mean just sexual ones. Certainly my mind is a constant whirl of unpleasantness — and if anyone could access my sexual fantasies

their hair would stand on end.

Sexual kinds and fetishes are not things we have control over. If Joan's husband thinks about his wife, he probably feels loving but limp. If he thinks about children being tortured and virgins being raped and whipped — up springs an erection. No amount of control can do anything about that, and some might argue that the sublimation of these aggressive instincts into fantasies may indeed be responsible for making this man the kind, mild, gentle soul he is. No amount of counselling, cold water showers or behavioural therapy can change the way he feels. He has no more intention of putting these vicious thoughts into practice than flying to the moon. He may well sometimes even feel disgusted with them himself; indeed he may contribute money to charities like the NSPCC which is aimed to stop the abuse of children in any way. But the sexual drive is an amoral drive, and though civilised people would never dream of doing anything too kinky in real life (unless we met another like-minded person), we simply cannot control our kinky thoughts.

What is it that Joan objects to? The fact that her husband has expressed his fantasies in concrete by

downloading them onto his computer? Or if he just thought his thoughts and never let on, would that be okay? Or if he thought his thoughts but never let them reach screen or paper so that no child could ever come across them, and confided in her and her alone? Is it the fact his thoughts might be accessible that infuriates Joan or the fact that he thinks them at all? I think she wants to control this man's mind, and, thank goodness, minds are simply uncontrollable.

Leaving this man because of his private fantasies would be as cruel as leaving a man with brown hair because he could not, by the power of his mind alone, change it to blond. The children would be devastated and Joan would find it difficult to explain the situation to them without herself allowing them insight into his private pornographic world.

There is nothing personal in the situation. But perhaps if Joan's not interested in sex and he is, this is his polite and gentlemanly way of finding a sexual outlet without nagging her in bed. He should be allowed his fantasies and Joan should not go snooping around his computer looking for private material that has nothing either to do with her or with real life.

DILEMMAS



VIRGINIA
IRONSIDE

What readers say: Joan has to ask herself if she really knows her husband. Ogling attractive adults is one thing; being turned on by extreme violence, especially involving children, is quite another, and suggests a perverse streak not in keeping with the "gentle, kind" man she speaks of.

If there is to be any future in this relationship, her husband needs to work through his dark side, possibly through professional counselling. However, explaining and understanding a lifetime of bizarre urges

will be disturbing and harrowing, and simply bringing them into the open is no guarantee that they will be curbed.

I think Joan should get some breathing space by moving herself and her children away from this man. She should also dispel any hints of self blame — this is his problem. Once she is away from him, she may find that the upheaval involved in separation is less traumatic than the constant fear of her children stumbling upon violent pornography.

LAYLA FANAI
GLASGOW

For as long as I can remember, I have found Joan's husband's kind of pornography highly erotic. He and I are not alone; I am sure I've read that at least 50 per cent of "the worst kind" of pornographic material is sadistic.

I would certainly find this embarrassing if this was known about me, though this is not the same as saying that I feel guilty. What stays as a fantasy in my head is not harmful, and in any case I do not have a choice about what I find erotically exciting. Choices, including moral choices, are about what I do, not what I feel.

In increasing order of harmfulness, it would be harmful if I:

- a) let others know what happens inside my skull,
- b) tried to involve them in the fantasy,
- c) turned the fantasy into reality.

It does not sound as though Joan's husband has done worst than a), and this is actually not very bad. Joan should not feel, if she has tolerated his behaviour, that she has been tolerating real acts of cruelty. She should not even feel that her

husband does so. Like most Brits of more than 40, I had one or two sadistic school teachers. If anything, knowing what they were really up to made them even more contemptible.

So far, you might think this is a plea for toleration, but it is not. Of course he should not do what she finds distressing. All that I would suggest is that she limits herself to requiring that he keeps his taste private, not that she makes the unfulfillable demand that he somehow abandons them.

ANON

NEXT WEEK'S DILEMMA

Dear Virginia, I have — or had — a friend who repeated something I'd said to her to another friend. It wasn't very bad but I felt betrayed, and she said I'd never told her it was confidential — so I fell out with her. A couple of months went by and I wrote to her saying that if she said sorry I'd forgive her and we could be friends again, but she hasn't contacted me. I'd really like to be friends again. We've known each other since we were at school and never fallen out before. Why can't she just say sorry? And if she

doesn't, what can I do? Yours sincerely, Gayner
Letters are welcome, and everyone who has a suggestion quoted will be sent a bouquet from Interflora.

Send comments and suggestions to Virginia Ironside, Features Department, The Independent, 1 Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5DL; fax 0171-293 2182; e-mail dilemmas@independent.co.uk by Tuesday morning. If you have a dilemma of your own that you would like to share, please let me know.

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Public Notices

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Charity Action on Elder Abuse 1048397
Scheme - varying Reference: FP/9065 L/CT/1dmi

The Commission is proposing to make a Scheme for this charity. A copy of the draft Scheme can be seen at Action on Elder Abuse, Social House, 104 London Road, London. With 21.6, it can be obtained by sending a stamped address and envelope to: The Charity Commission, 104 London Road, London EC1A 1JN. The Scheme will be made within one month from today.

Legal Notices

No. 003002 of 1998
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CHANCERY DIVISION
COMPANIES COURT
IN THE MATTER OF HOLTRINK TECHNOLOGIES LIMITED
AND IN THE MATTER OF THE COMPANIES ACT 1985

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Order of the High Court of Justice (Chancery Division) dated Wednesday the 24th day of June 1998, confirming the reduction of capital of the above named Company from £1,000,000 to £250,000, shall be put into effect on the 25th day of June 1998.

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POETIC LICENCE

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صباح من الامل

you
by Darius Sanai

Tina Brown's New Yorker contract expired yesterday but no one seems to care. Toby Young explains why she is no longer talk of the town

Has New York's finest lost her buzz?

It should have been the subject of fevered speculation among the beau monde of Manhattan. On 27 May, The New York Observer's media correspondent, Warren St John, disclosed that Tina Brown's contract at The New Yorker was due to expire on 1 July. Would it be renewed, or was this the end for the slender from Little Marlow?

Not so long ago, no New York dinner party was complete without a discussion of Tina Brown's future. Scarcely a day went by without her name appearing in one of the city's gossip columns. Nowadays, however, she does not excite anything like the same level of interest. 1 July has come and gone and there has been next to nothing about Tina in the New York media. No one seems to know whether she will be staying on at The New Yorker - or care very much either way. As one former contributor put it: "People aren't exactly on the edge of their seats."

Like Oscar Wilde, for Tina Brown there is only one thing worse than being talked about, and that is not being talked about. She might as well have leaked the information about her contract expiring herself, in the hope of whipping up a little excitement or, as she might put it, generating some "buzz".

In Tina's universe, buzz is almost the sole determinant of value. She commissions articles she thinks will attract attention, and kills them when she thinks they will not. She hires writers when they are hot, drops them when they are not. But that almost audible vibration that something gives off when it bumps up against the zeitgeist may have deserted Tina. To quote David Plotz, the media critic of Slate, the influential online magazine: "Tina Brown, who essentially invented magazine buzz, perfected buzz, made buzz high art (and made high art buzz) - is becoming buzz's victim."

Superficially, the reason there is so little interest in whether her contract will be renewed is because it is a red herring. The New Yorker is owned by the Newhouse family whose net worth Fortune recently estimated at \$9bn (£5.53bn). The magazine-publishing side of the family business is looked after by Si Newhouse and, when it comes to getting rid of people, the 70-year-old Si rarely pays attention to such formalities as contracts. Grace Mirabella, for instance, found out that she had been replaced as editor of Vogue while the gossip columnist Liz Smith reported it on television. Most people in the New York media assume that Tina's contract will be renewed next week, and that this has no bearing on whether she will be fired the week after.

At a deeper level, though, the absence of speculation about Tina's future is more likely to reflect a general lack of interest in her. As one media analyst put it, quoting the playwright George Kaufman: "She's forgotten, but not gone."

When the story broke that Tina's contract was due to expire, the job offer did not exactly pour in. She has reportedly received only one firm job offer, that of a producer on CBS's 60 Minutes. Both she and her husband,

Harold Evans, have been courting Tony Blair assiduously, lavishing tens of thousands of dollars of their own money on a victory party for him in New York last year. In the past year, Tina has run one profile after another of various Hollywood moguls in The New Yorker and, last week, she gave a speech at the 75th birthday party of the owner of Paramount Pictures, Sumner Redstone. And where has it got her? Nowhere. How did the most talked-about woman in the New York media become yesterday's news?

It all started to go wrong last November, when Harry Evans left his job as president and publisher of Random House to work for the real estate and publishing tycoon Mort Zuckerman. I have to be careful what I say here since Harry threatened to sue me for libel earlier this year for what he claimed were a number of inaccuracies in a piece I wrote about this for The Spectator, so I'll confine myself to quoting a profile of him that appeared in the New York Times on 15 June - "His new job - editorial director and vice chairman of The Daily News of New York, US News & World Report,

The New Yorker will be evicted from its plush, wood-paneled offices on West 43rd Street and moved to a new tower block on Times Square where it will have to jockey for space with 15 other Newhouse magazines.

The rationale behind this is that by merging The New Yorker's back office costs with those of the Newhouse family's other titles, its losses can be reduced. However, the real significance of the corporate restructuring is that Tina will lose her "favourite child" status within the Newhouse empire.

Until now, she has only had to report to Si, whereas the editors of the Condé Nast titles have had to report to the president and chief executive of Condé Nast. At present that position is held by Steve Florio who has made no secret of his dislike of editors' free-spending ways. Now that The New Yorker is to be absorbed by Condé Nast, Florio will be able to exercise control over Tina's editorial budget, reported to be \$30m (£18.4m) a year.

This could mean the end of Tina Brown's legendary extravagance. To give just one example of a story

mer publisher of House & Garden. At first glance, this looked good for Tina, since Tom Florio was Steve Florio's brother. However, it appeared that Steve Florio had made the decision to replace his brother without consulting Tina. (Tina has long wanted Ron Gallotti, the publisher of Vogue, as her publisher.) As one Condé Nast insider saw it, "Steve was doing Tom a favour by pulling him out of there. He hated working for Tina."

The cumulative effect of these setbacks has been to rob Tina of her mystique. She is no longer universally regarded as a glamorous career woman, successfully juggling the demands of two young children with the most prestigious job in magazine journalism. Rather, she is seen by some as an embattled editor of a money-losing magazine who has been cut down to size by a superior corporate opponent.

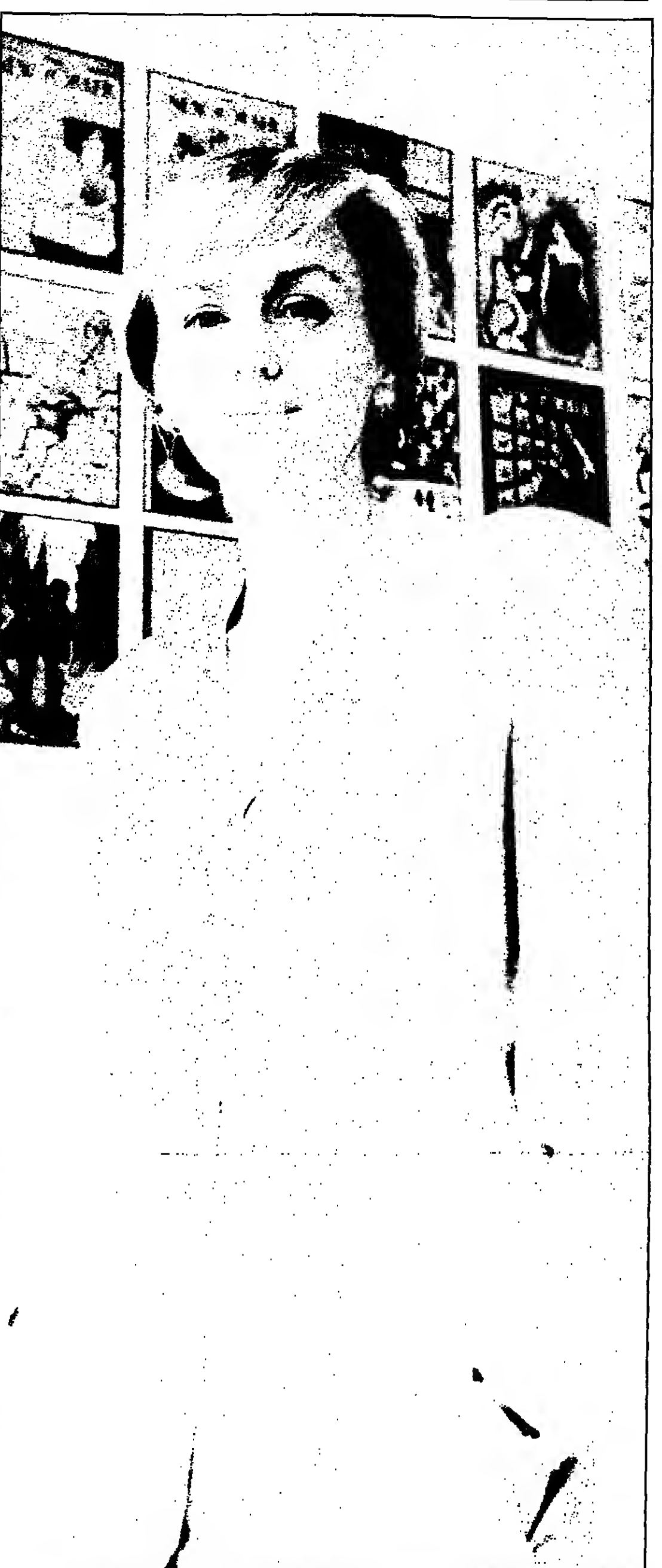
New Yorker parties are no longer viewed as amusing literary bachelors, where writers let their hair down and get into fist fights, but as sleazy "positioning events" at which Tina and her coven of publicists woo advertisers.

One example of just how far Tina's star has fallen has been the reaction to Here But Not Here, Lillian Ross's recently-published memoir of her 40-year affair with William Shawn, the legendary New Yorker editor. The book has been almost universally panned, not least because Shawn's 92-year-old widow, Cecile, is still alive. Various critics have also pointed out that the book worked to Tina's advantage by cutting Shawn down to size and putting a stop to unfavourable comparisons between him and her. Such views testify to just how far people's opinion of her has tumbled.

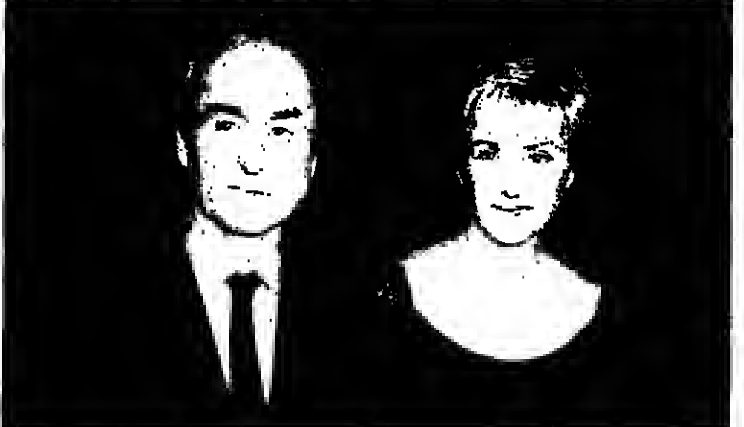
In one sense, Tina has been bolst by her own petard. As one of the masters of spin, who for years managed to brilliantly use the media to promote herself and her magazines, she is now suffering from the spin-backlash that President Clinton has done so much to inspire. The American public has become extremely hostile to what's referred to as the "Media-Spindustrial Complex". Indeed, Harry and Tina have come to be viewed as the Bill and Hillary of the New York media and nothing they say is taken at face value.

Having said all this, it would be foolish to completely write Tina off. She is still only 44 and, for the foreseeable future, she will probably remain editor of The New Yorker. Who knows, she may end up successfully re-inventing herself as an independent movie producer or a publishing mogul.

But there's no getting around the fact that 1998 hasn't been good to her. It's been her worst year since 1985 when, a year after appointing her editor of Vanity Fair, Si Newhouse decided to close the magazine. It was only by fighting like a tiger that she managed to dissuade him and, eventually, transform it into a glittering success. She'll have to display some of that same spirit if she's going to survive her current crisis and become the talk of the town once again.



Brown - who is said to have a \$30m-a-year budget at the New Yorker - is famous for her spending



It seems that Harry and Tina are no longer regarded as an omnipotent power couple who can make or break careers with the wave of a hand

Atlantic Monthly and Fast Company, a business magazine - was widely assumed to be a way to bow out before Random House, weary of his high-spending, attention-getting ways, urged him out."

Whether this is accurate or not, it seems that after Harry's departure from Random House, he and Tina were no longer regarded as a power couple who could make or break careers with the wave of a hand. The fear they had once inspired, particularly amongst journalists, began to ebb away, taking their power along with it. The spell they had cast had been broken.

A second, and even more serious blow, was dealt to Tina's authority in January when executives working for Si Newhouse publicly acknowledged that The New Yorker was losing \$11m (£6.76m) in 1997. As one industry insider commented, "If they admit it lost \$11m, you know it really lost twice that much." In an article in The Wall Street Journal entitled "Newhouse Acts to Stem New Yorker's Red Ink", it was disclosed that the magazine would shortly become part of Condé Nast. Next year,

doing the rounds, at last year's Hay-on-Wye literary festival Tina was unhappy with the chairs that had been provided by the company she'd hired to organise a New Yorker dinner for sixty people. The problem was the chairs were of varying sizes and she didn't want to risk offending some of her guests by seating them in particularly small ones. Consequently, she had 60 identical chairs flown over specially from New York.

Now that Tina is due to lose her direct access to the Newhouse billions, she is no longer regarded with such awe by members of the media. Up until now, one of the main attractions of working at The New Yorker was that, provided you were in Tina's good graces, you were better rewarded than anywhere else and worked with almost no budgetary constraints. Once Tina starts reporting to the penny-pinching Steve Florio, however, this will come to an abrupt halt.

A further blow to Tina's authority came in May when the publisher of The New Yorker, Tom Florio, was replaced with David Carey, the for-

What the butler saw - and told the tabloids

'Serve and tell' memoirs make the employing of staff a brave person's occupation. By Laura Thompson

1 JULY 1998

ANOTHER PUNCH EXCLUSIVE

MURDOCH BY HIS BUTLER

Rupert's servant tells all in a gripping eight-page special

Getcha: Murdoch gets the treatment that his own papers dish out

MR HUDSON would never have done it. He could have seen all sorts in that Bellamy drawing-room: Captain James unbuttoning Lillie Langtry's corset, or Lady Marjorie unbuttoning Edward VII's, but you can be sure that not a word of it would ever have passed his lips.

Had a tabloid hack or a publisher with an eye to the scandalous main chance ever shown their face at 165 Eaton Place, Hudson would have seen them off with a: "We'll have none of your sort round here, my laddie", and then returned serenely to the polishing of the silver, knowing that he had done his duty.

Autres temps, autres mœurs. A less discreet butler than Hudson is, even now, preparing a book about his former employer, and extracts from its early drafts are published today in Punch. Philip Townsend - who looks, in his photograph, rather like a servile Lord Winston - worked for none other than Rupert Murdoch. Five years as a butler to the media mogul are now to bear fruit in the form of a "serve and tell" memoir, entitled Just Rupert. It is a rather loving title, and the book is not exactly nasty; indeed, it

may well make Murdoch a more popular figure. He is described, for example, as having a "sweet disposition", as admitting to a lack of self-confidence and as buying expensive suits which he would then have copied in the Far East.

But interest will inevitably centre upon Murdoch's private opinions: the incisive, uncensored remarks that he made, in the Sir Roy Strong vein, about royalty and world leaders. The Queen, for example, is a "nice little woman. Nothing special". Meeting Paddy Ashdown was "a complete waste of time". George Bush "gets all his info from CNN". And Robert Maxwell was, quite simply, "naïve".

Such remarks are irresistible, mainly because you feel that they are exactly what you yourself would think of these people. Again, they are probably unlikely to do Murdoch's reputation any harm (in so far as such a thing would be possible). But they do, still, beg the old question: should Townsend have done it? Should he be using that five year intimacy, in which he admits that he and his wife were kindly treated, to create a safeable story? Or should he have done the Hudson thing and

refused to reveal his gentleman's secrets, even on pain of torture by tabloid?

Of course, the fact that Rupert Murdoch owns newspapers which live by this kind of revelation confuses the issue somewhat. Three years ago, for example, a valet to the

terest was at its height, the phenomenon was the servant who kept his or her mouth shut. Prince Phillip's footman told the Daily Mirror about meetings with a "mystery woman" in - shock, horror - the first year of his marriage. Prince Charles's valet, Stephen Barry, published a book in the United States, as did his housekeeper, Wendy Berry. And wasn't James Hewitt a kind of servant - part riding-instructor, part gigolo?

Money is, of course, the prime motivation - though £12,000 isn't much for so irrevocable a betrayal. Quite possibly there are other, hidden factors at work.

In tempting the servants to tell their stories, the buyers may play upon festering resentments against the employer. Possibly too, they tickle the pleasure that we all take in having a secret to tell, the feeling that it gives us of our own importance.

It is, quite frankly, a brave man or woman who employs staff these days. If I had been Rupert Murdoch, I think I'd have ditched the butler and spent the money I'd saved on getting all my suits from Savile row.

The days when a master-servant relationship had an implicit balance are gone - now, if servants want to assert themselves, they are more likely to threaten to phone the tabloid press than make a barbed remark about Sir's polka dot tie

Prince of Wales went skipping off to the News of the World with dirt to dish on Charles's love life, for which he was paid the rather unimpressive sum of £12,000.

Royal "serve and tells" have become a banality, in fact: when in-

Time for an end to amateur hour

The Eyre Report addressed the question of funding, but what gives an opera house its soul? This is the real question, says Michael Church

Adrubbing for the Royal Opera House, a clean bill of health for English National Opera and a refusal to settle for the easy option of privatisation? The Eyre Report's predictable conclusions do at least chime with reality. The government must cough up more cash, but Covent Garden must earn it. Let there be an end to Crush Bar exclusivity; link "access" to the price of tickets. Let there be more touring, more broadcasts; free Covent Garden's beleaguered education wing from the threat of extinction. The potential public for opera is wider than generally realised, and must be welcomed in.

But it's worth examining the small print in these mildly Utopian pages, for they contain time-bombs which may go off at any moment. Consider Eyre's treatment of the Arts Council. He acknowledges that it has signally failed to keep its highest client in order, and that its expertise and authority are at rock-bottom. Yet he charges it to police a reformed and docile Royal Opera House, banging it on the snout when it seeks special treatment, scrutinising its plans with a headily omniscient eye.

Some hope! Two weeks ago Chris Smith gave the nod to the Arts Council's castration: his new slimmed-down version may be big on monomaniac sculptors, but it contains no one who knows anything about opera. It simply can't do the job Eyre proposes, and a few pages later he virtually admits it. If the Arts Council cannot re-establish its authority, he growls, there is a more radical solution: an arts-world equivalent of education's regulatory body, Ofsted. Is this the end of the road for the Arts Council? At Tuesday's press conference, Chris Smith's quizzical silence on this point spoke volumes. Perhaps Eyre and Smith had an entente after all.

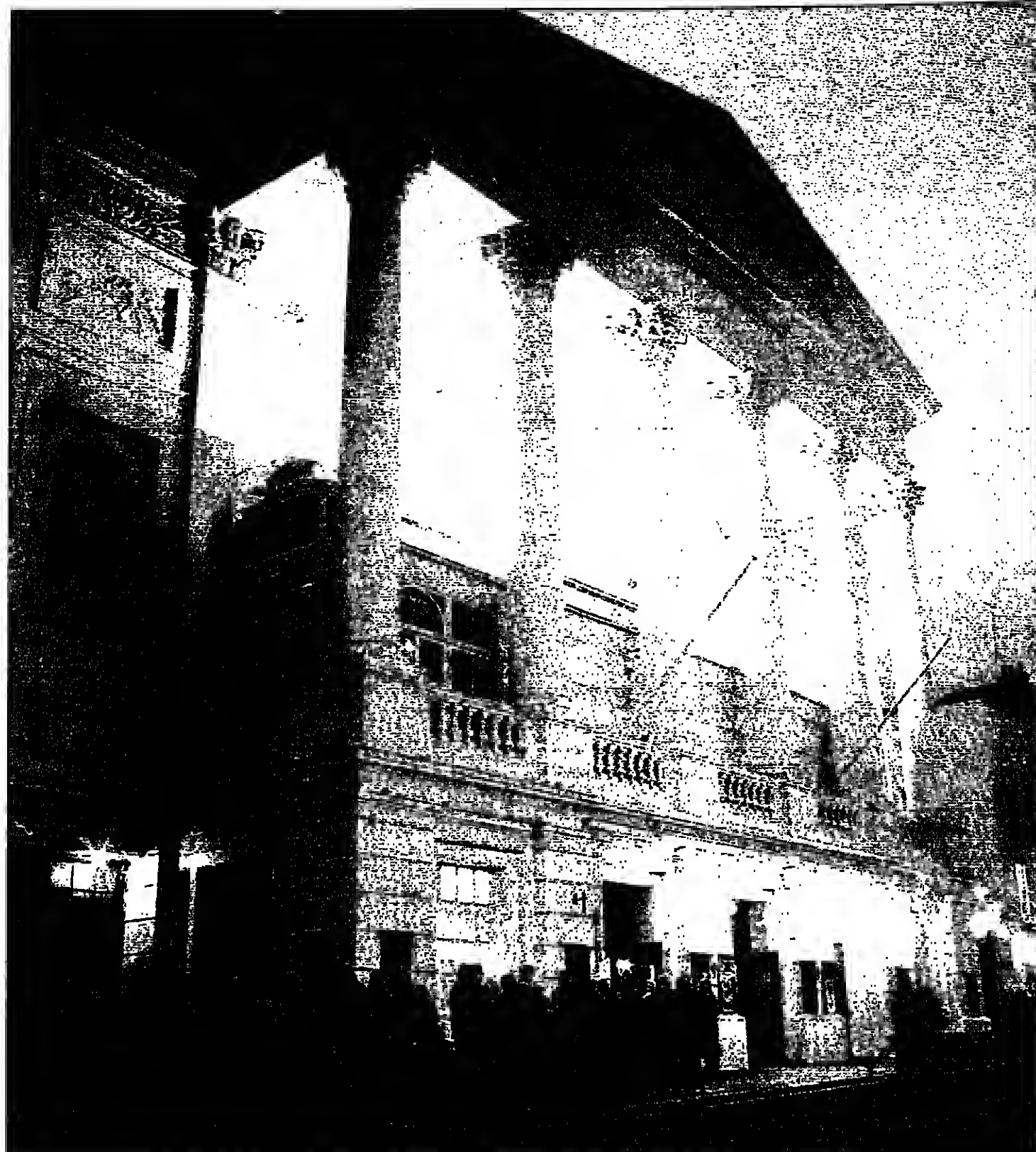
Meanwhile Eyre recommends that the ROH appoint a "visionary" artistic director, and the need for one is incontrovertible. So out will go the newly appointed Richard Jarnatt. And lo! though he is to name names, Eyre is so critical of the ROH's ballet direction that change looks certain there too. "The programming has been conservative, with too few revivals of their own rich heritage, or significant new works. The Royal Ballet is per-

ceived as having made less contribution to the development of the art form than might be expected." This spells the end of the road for the charisma-free Sir Anthony Dowell, who has long presided over a haemorrhage of talent. Eyre repeatedly stresses the need for Covent Garden's dancers to gain parity with their privileged operatic siblings – and about time too.

One of Eyre's strengths is that he has worked at Covent Garden – directing a stunning *Traviata* – and can thus compare work practices there with those at his old power base south of the river. And what he has to say here is incendiary. "All too often the situation resembles a first world war battlefield, where the poor bloody infantry are trying to fulfil a strategy about which they haven't been consulted." The place is governed by the ethos of the amateur; divas are booked without checking that they are available for rehearsal; there's a sublime contempt for everything but the music. Now we see the reason for the difference between a Covent Garden production and its counterpart at the Coliseum: at the latter all the singers connect, rather than just the self-taught few.

These matters are crucial, yet the great debate has never touched on them. What makes an opera house live? The recent dissolution of Covent Garden suggests the answer is a host of intangibles, and even incompatibles: the two champagne sellers waging their 30-year war from opposite ends of the Crush Bar were in their weird way part of Covent Garden's eccentric continuity.

For continuity is what it's about, as the late regime cack-handedly acknowledged. They decreed that for their opening night in exile a special champagne bar should be installed in the Barbican foyer, and that their liveried head flunkies should be in attendance "to make people feel at home." But of course it didn't: it merely underlined the hollowness of their pretension. The continuity which counts involves shared passion, memory, and knowledge; paradoxically this was more to be found among the ushers and backroom craftsmen than the well-heeled members of the board. The accumulated expertise of these obscure enthusiasts, plus the "Friends" who loyally turned up to watch dress rehearsals, formed a curiously



The old Royal Opera House, Covent Garden: a building – and an institution – with soul

Anthony Masters

open club which gave the place its soul, and they've been dispersed to the winds. It's worth remembering that Joseph Volpe, the current boss of the New York Met, began as a carpenter.

Madrid's Teatro Real – which has just reopened after a political saga to make Covent Garden's pale in comparison – is a perfect case in

point. The building is glorious, but there's a hole where its artistic heart should be, and it will take years of patient programme-constructing and audience-building to fill that hole. The superb new theatre at Sadler's Wells – which Eyre rightly fears may become the big company's dumping-ground – is about to face exactly the same

challenge. As the Royal Opera have found to their cost – and ENO to their delight – audiences are fiercely loyal to their venues. This explains why Raymond Gubbay's Albert Hall operas have been so successful, and why opera at the Earl's Court Exhibition Centre can never be so.

As arena productions have

shown, opera is the art towards which old rockers gravitate: unlike theatre, it's building a new public year by year. And the signs are that the government – belatedly seeking this week to remedy its philistine image – has grasped this fact. This is why Sir Richard Eyre's soberly unremarkable report may prove a turning point.

VOICES FROM THE GODS

Raymond Gubbay
Classical music entrepreneur

Sir Richard has missed a golden opportunity to follow the privatisation line. That would release Arts Council money for other more needy arts organisations all over the country. A lot could be done in making more efficient use of existing resources – I find it the state of housekeeping at the Royal Opera House very depressing, and their lack of business plan is disgraceful. If I was in charge I'd clear out the stable and start again, getting the right people in. The bottom line is that it is a business that should not be allowed to run beyond its means.

Richard Shaw
Deputy Executive Director of the English National Ballet

We are gratified that Richard [Eyre] has recognised that it is expensive for us to perform at the ROH. Companies such as ours all want access to the ROH, but at an affordable cost. I would also like to see it developing as a far less class-obsessed institution. We are constantly trying to rid ourselves of the perceived elitism. This perceived elitism can only be eradicated through sustained investment in education. The Royal Opera needs accessible advertising and education campaigns working in harmony over a period of time. But there is no point doing that without bringing the price of tickets down.

And news from elsewhere...

Ernest Fleischmann
Former executive director of the Los Angeles Philharmonic

"When I arrived the audiences at the Bowl were tiny – two, three or four thousand a night at the most. We are now playing to an average audience in excess of 12,000. And audiences keep coming. We somehow don't seem to be effected by the decline in audiences. Nor do we find that our audiences are getting older. On the contrary they are getting younger and also ethnically diverse, which is very rewarding."

Beginning to see the light

IT'S SO REAL. I want to hit it," Noel Gallagher is supposed to have said on first seeing Chris Levine's hologram of his brother, Liam.

A justifiable case of self-defence under the circumstances. The pug-nacious 3D image of Gallagher-the-younger dominates Levine's exhibition – his huge confrontational fist lunging straight out of the picture at you as you enter the room.

Flinch then double take: Liam isn't squaring up for a fight, after all. In fact, the lead singer of Oasis is sucking his thumb.

Witty and dynamic, it is a mashing picture (like most of the works on show, it is a collaborative effort). In this instance taken with Bill Furmanovsky and Roh Mun-lay. Bizarrely, however, its true strength lies in just how un-real the portrait looks.

Tinged a weird amber colour, Liam looks wax-worky and strangely absent, as if he is colourlessly trapped inside a faded

ART

HYPERVISUAL
SLAUGHTERHOUSE GALLERY
SMITHFIELD
LONDON

1970s plastic paperweight. If you try to peer closer at this specimen though, the image disintegrates before your eyes.

Like a game of "What's the time Mr Wolf?" many of the images only spring into action when you turn your back.

Stand and stare at a green letter "B" and it stares handily back, dull and flat: give up on it and walk away, and suddenly a scarlet "B" zooms out of a bottle-shaped tunnel and hovers in mid-air.

A jittery red beam, the size of a pencil, flickers in a high corner, perched in an alcove of broken bricks. "I see, LED Blipvert", suggests the accompanying label, unhelpfully. Stalk it from every angle, and you are none the wiser. It is

just a glowing vertical line. Finally, shake your head in frustration and a whole string of words dances along your peripheral vision, stretching out across the room like the death's head in front of Holbein's Ambassadors.

Hypervisual has great fun playing with depth and distance, distorting perspectives and encouraging interactive viewing. It is like learning how to switch your telly on and off by nodding at it.

Holograms were invented back in 1947 by Dennis Gabor, a Hungarian-born electron physicist based at London's Imperial College; then given life in the 1960s with the advent of laser technology. Using no dyes, no pigments, no electronics, all the information necessary to recreate a fully-coloured multi-dimensional image, is etched onto a wafer-thin piece of foil, ready to be replayed merely by holding it in suitably-strong light.

Although expensive stuff, it is

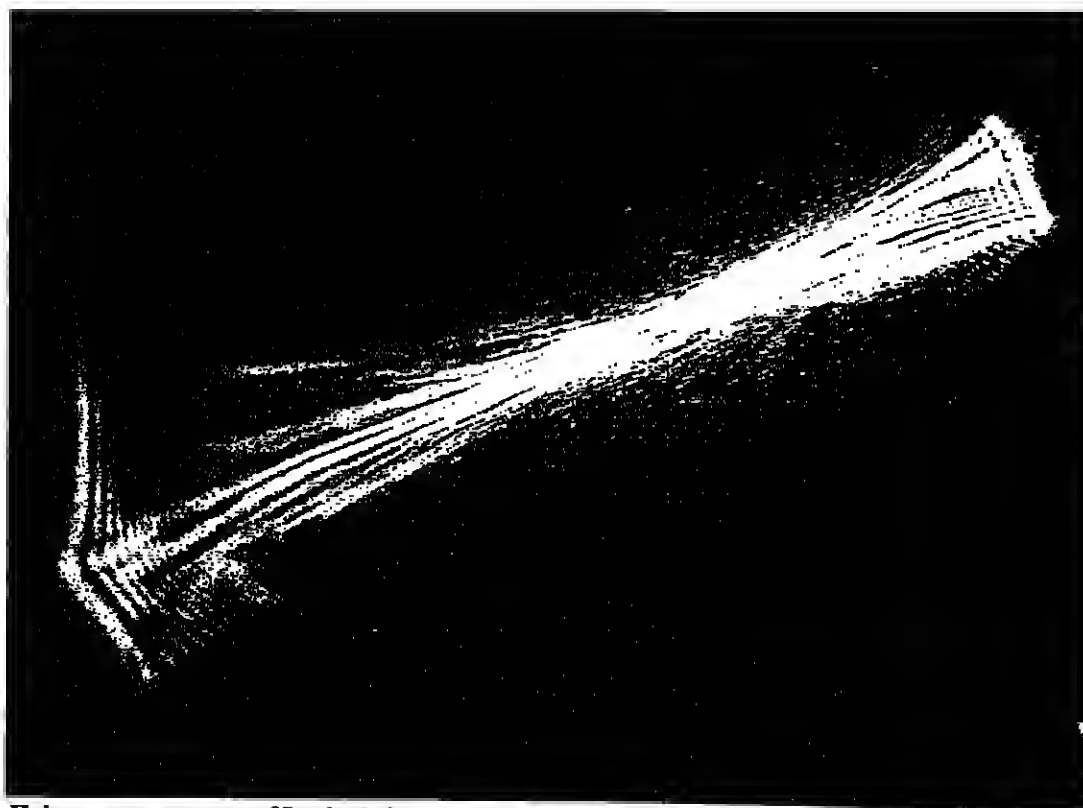
nevertheless surprising how few artists have experimented with holograms.

The majority of Levine's work has come about through advertising promos, fashion shows (for Hussein Chalayan and Philip Treacy) and music industry CD covers (for Garbage, Queen and Mixmaster Morris). It means that the exhibition is sometimes limited by the obvious commercial origins of the pieces.

The presence of all this crisp, clean hyper-technology in the dank, vaulted stone cellar of the Slaughterhouse Gallery, an ancient abattoir in Smithfield meat market, adds a welcome hit of edge.

Keep an eye on that teeny hologram head of William Shakespeare winking away in the corner of your Switch card; next time you look it could be mouthing the words to "Wonderwall".

Exhibition runs until 16 July
JUNITH PALMER



Hologrammar: many of Levine's images only spring into action when you turn your back

Michael Butt, 31, Promotions Director, Highgate
It's certainly a very modern building, even though it has taken something like 20 years to build. It's going to be a cultural centre for the whole of London. England actually, in terms of the work that is housed inside.

Alex Blum, 25, Painter, Sussex
Today was the first time, but I have been looking forward to seeing it for ages. My first impression from the outside was that it wasn't anything I had expected. I was really surprised by all the red brick – it immediately reminded me of Safeways, which I was a bit disappointed about. I quite like this piazza thing, and inside I really like the King's Library. I looked around the exhibitions, which again were interesting and quite broad, a

EXIT POLL



WHAT THE PUNTERS THOUGHT ABOUT THE NEW BRITISH LIBRARY

real mixture from medieval up to children's books.

Daniel Cashen, 22, Surveyor, Sheffield
It was interesting seeing the exhibitions, especially the downstairs Darwin and Newton stuff.

The building is alright, it's quite impressive. But parts of it are a bit bland.

Hans Popper, 74, Retired, Swansea
It's really comfortable and user friendly. Though of course I do miss Bloomsbury. I can't cope with the computer yet, that will take time, and also it's a matter of finding my way. It's a magnificent building, I am not so fond of the exterior, but inside it's wonderful and with the idea of building for the new world it has to be that sort of thing.

Trish Smyth, 46, Library Manager, Australia
I think it looks particularly welcoming and I think it should be open for everyone to read there.

Interviews by Jennifer Rodger

Perfect joy from Perahia

CLASSICAL
MURRAY PERAHIA
ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL
LONDON

THE GREAT thing about Murray Perahia's piano playing is his sense of composure. And then his lovely sound – there seems to be a halo round it.

And yet he's not precious. He doesn't tickle the keys for the sake of it. The chief virtue he brought to Bach's Second English Suite at the start of his recital on Wednesday was a singing quality, allowing one voice, then another, to bloom according to its need.

When he stanchoned the flow to define the endings of sections in the Prelude, it seemed an unnecessary imposition. It was certainly meant, though, whereas in the Allemande he unintentionally rushed his chosen tempo now and then. Small

quibbles: on its own beautifully pianistic and deeply musical terms, this was radiant playing. Perahia chose one of Beethoven's less familiar early sonatas to follow – Op10 no 2 – and gathered together all the contrasts of its wildly varied first movements with a fluency and polish that would probably have been inconceivable to the composer.

Nothing wrong with that, for we have come a long way since the 1790's. Still, the final Presto was

amazingly fast by any standards. So, too, was the finale of Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata after the interval. At a slower speed it could actually have been given more intensity. But the smoothly flowing tempo and unruffled calm of the opening Adagio seemed ideal.

Perahia nearly always chooses a Schubert Impromptu as an encore, and it wouldn't be hard to guess that Schubert's music is particularly dear to him.

We got the E flat Impromptu from the first set on Wednesday, and quite perfect it was, with pedalling so discreetly efficient you could forget it was there, and a springy lightness in the left hand

buoying up the rippling top part of the piece. Before it, in Schubert's late C minor Sonata, Perahia understated the first movement's darker aspects in favour of a more objective, sternly sagacious quality, but took his time over the more relaxed sections, which were very warm.

Then, in the slow movement, he allowed the wrenching harmonic shifts to take their course within severely sustained continuity, an achievement it is easy to take for granted.

After the simple, hesitant little Minuet, the tarantella-like finale was unalloyed joy, and apparently effortless.

ADRIAN JACK

FILM

Love among the jockstraps

THE BIG PICTURE



RYAN GILBEY

LOVE AND DEATH ON
LONG ISLAND
DIRECTOR: RICHARD
KWIENTNIEWSKI
STARRING: JOHN HURT,
JASON PRIESTLEY
RUNNING TIME: 93 MINS

OBSESSION EXISTED long before the Lumière Brothers did, though it's unlikely that this emotional state would have flourished with quite the same accelerated intensity if not for the careful nurturing administered by cinema. Film can unite people in the experience of shared emotion but it's a solitary medium – a secret liaison between you and the image which holds you in its grip. When the widowed writer Dr Giles De'Ath (John Hurt) wanders into a cinema in the new film *Love and Death on Long Island*, he feels the pangs of yearning desire whoosh through his body. This is cinema as alternative religion, as in Terence Davies's film *The Long Day Closes*. The dust caught in the projector beam appears to halt in mid-air. What Giles sees on the screen could be a glimpse of paradise. It could be voodoo.

In reality, it's *Hotpants College II*, a sex comedy for which Giles has mistakenly purchased a ticket. Never mind that it looks more fun than the EM Forster adaptation which he intended to see; this fossilised recluse who has always said "thank you, but no" to modern life is aghast at the parade of jockstraps and heaving bosoms – until he catches sight of Ronnie Bostock (Jason Priestley). Giles watches as Ronnie is spread out on a fast-food counter and decorated with ketchup. Plaintive cellos mourn the boy's humiliation. This is not the soundtrack of *Hotpants College II* that you're hearing, but the music which the director Richard Kwientowski has layered over his own film to load the image of Ronnie with the same bittersweet sensuality which it carries for Giles.

It's a deft expression of the viewer's tendency to project personal desires on to apparently trivial or innocuous images. Films are made by artists and technicians. Then they are remade by audiences.

Incidents of characters sharing the same moment while experiencing completely different emotions run through the picture. After a courtship period spent wading around in Ronnie-related paraphernalia, Giles leaves London for Long Island, to seek out his hero. He charms his way into the company of Ronnie's girlfriend Audrey (Fiona Loewi), and catches his breath at an answerphone message – "Love ya!" – from the actor himself. When they meet, Giles pitches a script idea to Ronnie, about a deaf-mute raised by



John Hurt as Giles on Long Island. His journey to foreign shores serves to amplify the picture's echoes of 'Death in Venice'

television. Later, the film cuts from Giles asleep to his dream of Ronnie playing the deaf-mute, and then to Ronnie himself lying in his own bed. The two men may be apart, but they are preoccupied by the same dream, for different reasons.

Giles doesn't think it peculiar to rush to Long Island. He hasn't been conditioned to respect the boundaries between viewer and screen; he thinks that the relationship is two-way. (When a film has you in its spell, it is two-way.) He is shocked and delighted by the primal emotions that the moving image taps into, just like that first audience who crammed into the Grand Café in 1895 to see *L'Arrivée d'un Train*.

It's irrelevant that the catalyst for his awakening is *Hotpants College II*. Because the pleasure we derive from cinema is recklessly subjective,

there can be no distinction between low and high art on that level, as Kwientowski suggests by locating echoes of the tragic poet Thomas Chatterton in the shot of Ronnie on the burger bar, and as Giles understands when he announces that his new concern is to be "the discovery of beauty where no one would ever think of looking for it".

The journey to foreign shores amplifies the picture's echoes of *Death in Venice*. Kwientowski's film, which he scripted from Gilbert Adair's novel, isn't exactly a homage to Thomas Mann, and it's not a remake of Visconti's comically camp 1971 adaptation either. Instead, it uses its references instructively, to inform its own themes. Water still surrounds and strands the characters. Waves lap over the opening titles, and in *Long Island* there are

images of water everywhere. Whether in a drab painting on a motel wall, or a slick print hung in Ronnie's dining room, the sea is sanitised and silenced, trapped in a frame or behind glass. Fixed, like film.

There were no cinemas in Mann's text, but voyeurism was central to the suggestion that the boy Tadzio was implicitly changed. If not corrupted, by the very process of being observed. Once he became conscious of his admirer, Tadzio's posture started to bend toward performance. The emotional infrastructure in *Love and Death on Long Island* is more complicated, because Ronnie is already engaged in the act of performing. In one sense Giles' expression of his true feelings alerts Ronnie to reality just as it is Ronnie who first drags Giles into the

modern world. Giles promises to dedicate his life to his idol, to which Ronnie's reflex response is "Wow, I'm honoured". Giles must press on before the penny finally drops. In a moving and subtle piece of acting, Jason Priestley magically transforms his face – the eyebrows twitch in an almost imperceptible spasm; the lips tremble and swell. It's the sight of reality penetrating the very defences erected to keep it out.

Love and Death on Long Island is a film of gentle comic collisions between art and life, desire and discretion, starchy academic language and those teen-magazines which consider "snuggable" an acceptable adjective. Kwientowski creates some fine images of cultural friction, such as Giles flicking through Guns 'N' Roses CDs in a music store, or reclining in his splendid winged

armchair, crystal decanters at his elbow as he peruses his Ronnie scrapbook by lamplight.

The most pointed conflict is between Giles and the 20th century. John Hurt's crumpled face is as old and wise as the ocean. He looks like he has been around the world a thousand times, not as a tourist, but as a horseback rider's saddle. Seeing that face furrow in its attempts to comprehend video recorders or the bureaucracy of pizza voucher schemes makes you giggle with glee. Giles does finally adapt to technology but he isn't compromised by it. When he sends a fax, it takes the form of an unchecked outpouring which spews from the machine like the train on a wedding dress; he has imposed his own effusive personality on an appliance which would seem impervious to

all suggestions of human identity.

When Hurt hurts, you really know about it. (Who else could have conveyed such sorrow through inches of latex in *The Elephant Man*?) But the actor is also very good at identifying the unsparring single-mindedness of obsession. When Audrey realises that Giles is playing her and Ronnie like chess pieces, she says grimly, "God, you're good".

Yes, he is. In one long scene where Giles attempts to flatter Ronnie by constructing a precariously favourable comparison between Shakespeare and *Hotpants College II*, you can catch a cruel glint in Hurt's eyes. This is the gladiatorial cunning with which intellectual reasoning will manoeuvre itself when there's a whiff of sex in the air; it's the mind put to work for the body.

ALSO SHOWING

Six Days, Seven Nights Ivan Reitman (12) ■ Kurt and Courtney Nick Broomfield (15) ■ Grease Randal Kleiser (PG)

Flying to nowhere with a craggy old fool

QUESTION: WHAT happens to the action hero who is too old and craggy to cling to the landing gear of a 747 any more? Answer: he remains true to the audience which has matured with him, and re-invents himself as a romantic lead, rolling around with women half his age instead of alligators and Nazis.

The latest actor to undergo this poignantly inelegant transformation is Harrison Ford, who appears as a boozey cargo pilot in *Six Days, Seven Nights*. As far back as 1981, screenwriters were introducing self-deprecating references to his wind-beaten demeanour into the script. In *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, he memorably groaned "It's not the years that count, it's the mileage," a sentiment which he has greater cause to invoke in *Six Days, Seven Nights*. The film throws Ford together with a magazine editor, played by sparky Anne Heche, who is holidaying in Makatea when she gets a call requesting her presence in Tahiti. Ford agrees to fly her there, but a thunderstorm ma-

rooms them on a remote island. The director, Ivan Reitman, has adopted a resolutely old-fashioned approach which stretches to implausible contrivances and crumb-bum special effects, and he doesn't balk at introducing teeth-grashing pirates into the equation either. But this qualifies as gritty realism compared to the moment when Ford and Heche crash into each other's arms.

You might have laughed it off if Ford's presence hadn't necessitated some urgent cosmetic surgery by the writer, Michael Browning. In a scene which smacks of damage limitation, Heche tries to guess Ford's age. He whispers it, and her jaw drops. "You still look good," she assures him. "I still am good," comes the reply.

Even at his most relaxed, though, Ford is too cautious and studied to completely secure an audience's trust. His irritating young co-star David Schwimmer, of *Friends*, is no less ill at ease as Heche's fiancé, his presence calculated to lure a portion of the public who might

otherwise stay at home reasoning, quite rightly, that nobody really needs *The African Queen* remake as a knock-about caper by the director of *Ghostbusters*.

There is a tragically pertinent lesson about the sacrifices that fame demands hidden somewhere in the new documentary *Kurt and Courtney*. But it would

Even at his most relaxed, Harrison Ford is too studied to completely secure an audience's trust

take a more intuitive film-maker than Nick Broomfield to coax it out. The story begins with the death of Kurt Cobain, rock band Nirvana's frontman, who was expressing fears about the intrinsic conflict between integrity and celebrity long before he put a shotgun to his head in 1994. The picture hits its emotional

peak very quickly, when the director visits Cobain's aunt and bears recordings of the singer made when he was two. From there, Broomfield assembles reminiscences and conspiracy theories, finally channeling his energy into tracking down Courtney Love, Cobain's widow, who, in the process of filming, pressured many of the movie's financiers to pull out.

It isn't even Broomfield's intrusive on-screen presence which grates, or his habit of filtering the world through his bemused, faux-voilà persona, you've become grudgingly accustomed to these tendencies as his career has tumbled on. With every film he makes, Broomfield seems to be retreating further into his own rigidly established world view. But *Kurt and Courtney* is a voyeuristic freak show, with various interested parties, each with a stake in the Cobain legend, paraded before us. Courtney's snarling father who has already wrung two books out of the tragedy, a private eye who, in a distinct ethical lapse,

posted his findings on the Internet. The film's fatal flaw is that Broomfield places himself above these characters. He can't see that he has become the maître d' in this parasite's banquet.

I didn't want to the garish musical *Grease* the first time around – the consensus at school was that it was girls' stuff. But one thing which it has in its favour 20 years on is that it hasn't dated: its 1950s setting has pickled the film. What fun there is to be had from a work defined by its lack of ambition comes from John Travolta's cocksure performance. Your children may be more enamoured than you are. For them, there will be some mystery about what a "hickey from Kenickie" actually is, and the feelings stirred when Travolta writhes his way through "Gimme Shelter" will, for the moment at least, remain tantalisingly opaque.

All films on general release from tomorrow



RYAN GILBEY Olivia Newton-John and John Travolta, still hopelessly devoted, in 'Grease'

Gangsters behind the camera

Russia's mafiosi are bent on being the stars of their own movies. And they are killing the industry in the process. By Roger Clarke

met 52-year-old Pavel Chukhrai a few months ago in London, still glowing from the reception of his Oscar-nominated film *The Thief in Hollywood*. He then predicted that the worst of the catastrophic slump in Russian film-making was over, believing that Russian financial organisations were finally prepared to cough up hard cash for productions. But to be frank, the likes of Chukhrai will never be out of work. The son of Grigory Chukhrai, the legendary Soviet post-war director of such masterpieces as *The Cranes Are Flying* (1957), Chukhrai is part of Russian film-making's aristocracy. It was Chukhrai Sr who was summoned personally by Krushchev to explain awarding a prize to Fellini's scandalous *8½* in 1963. It was the same Chukhrai Sr who refused to sign the Soviet condemnation of Solzhenitsyn.

The Thief, too, is creakily old-fashioned and knowingly retro in its Russian credentials. It plays to all the traditional strengths of neo-realist Russian cinema, with only a very small, but significant, revisionist twist. Chukhrai has in effect remade his father's *The Ballad of a Soldier* (1959) for a cynical, deracinated Russia where criminals run riot through a country too weak even to collect its own taxes.



The tale of a Russian con man just after the Second World War, masquerading as an officer in order to gain entry into bouses to commit robbery, is *Dr Zhivago* meets *The Grifters*. It's squarely about the cause of criminality in modern Russia. "I wanted to examine what it was in the youth of the people currently running Russia that has made them what they are," comments Chukhrai. As a man who has made a documentary on the extreme nationalist Vladimir Zhirinovskiy - "He's a clown, a comedy actor, but he's dangerous" - the political temperature of his country is a subject close to his heart.

However, Chukhrai's optimism about the projected good health of Russian film-making may be a little premature. As I write, a political storm is raging in Moscow over the privatisation of the vast Mosfilm studios, where *The Thief* was made (the "Russian Rupert Murdoch", Vladimir Gusinsky, has just been blocked from acquiring the entire Mosfilm back catalogue by the Mayor of Moscow). Director and "Film Tsar", Nikita Mikhalkov, who has been busy accumulating power around himself, has cancelled the Moscow Film Festival for the first time in its 40-year history, and the rival Cinetaur Festival held yearly at Sochi ended in farce two weeks ago when a thuggish organiser barricaded Jane Scott (producer of *Shine*) in her hotel bedroom and subsequently refused to allow the jury onstage because they had not thought any of the eight Russian films worth a prize. There's even sentimental talk of the return of Goskino, the Stalinist committee method for centralising film production.



Pavel Chukhrai's *'The Thief in Hollywood'*, a study of the causes of criminality in modern Russia

It was in 1990, when anarcho-deregulation boomed, that the gangsters moved in on their country's once-proud film industry. Gangsters, like dictators, appear to feel a natural affinity with the movies and their make-believe world. Besides, the sheer quantity of film-related real estate spread over the whole of Russia was ripe for the picking. Cinemas were sold off as car lots and discos, and the distribution process was all but annihilated. Of the 400

feature films made in Russia in 1991, almost none were distributed. The result was nothing short of a catastrophe.

The mafia also found movies a handy way of laundering cash. They started demanding protection money from foreign film crews, driving them away, so that not even a British-style service industry for foreign movies developed. Then the mafiosi wanted movies for themselves and their molls. "The gangsters wanted to make

gangster movies, movies about their lives," says Vitaly Yerenkov, a Russian film distributor who lives in London, describing a scenario reminiscent of *Bullets Over Broadway*. "Then they started wanting their girlfriends cast, and finally they wanted to direct the movies themselves."

There were other consequences of this typically Russian free-for-all, typically Russian because it intertwines farce and tragedy in equal quantities. During the six

year hiatus that followed the 1991 meltdown in professional film-making, a whole generation of technicians and film-makers were simply never trained. Many older technicians left for better jobs.

But things move on. Now reasonably stable at approximately one eighth of its former size, the Russian film industry is at least daring to think about recovery. The Best Foreign Film nominations at the Oscars have long been the subject of ridicule.

But at least they kept the last glimmer of Russian film-making alive throughout the darkest hours of the Nineties. Almost every single recent release has been Oscar-nominated - Nikita Mikhalkov's *Close to Eden* in 1992, his Oscar-winning *Burnt by the Sun* in 1994, Sergei Bodrov's *Prisoner of the Mountains* in 1996 and finally Chukhrai's *The Thief* earlier this year.

No country, apart from America, has had its 20th century identity so wrapped around the early development of cinema. Cinema feeds both Russian and American national myths of struggle against adversity. It's no coincidence that Zhirinovskiy has recently taken up acting in films. "The future of Russia and the Russian film industry are interconnected," pronounces Chukhrai with a flourish.

The truth is that the Russian film industry, like most things Russian, is a history of linked collapses that staggers on magnificently against all the odds. It has actually been in decline, apart from a few blips, since the late 1920s. During the worst excesses of Stalinism, only 15 films a year got made. And by the late Seventies, the hundreds of lightweight, domestically-oriented films being made resembled more Bollywood than Hollywood.

The film-makers themselves also blew

The gangsters went from wanting movies made about their lives to becoming directors and casting their own girlfriends

it. Before the mafia got anywhere near the film industry, the giddy freedoms of Glasnost had caused an execrable run of anti-Stalin films to be made that fairly drove the audiences out of the cinemas. When Boris Yeltsin talked of Russian communism being a "beautiful experiment" that failed, he could as well have been talking about the Soviet film legacy. For all its terrible shortcomings, it gave film-makers considerable support (Eisenstein found it very hard to adjust when filming in Mexico that he didn't have an army to call on to work as free extras) and distributed their films to a vast audience - in the 1960s, 5 billion tickets a year.

"Art cinema will survive in Russia," Chukhrai told me, "only in a more commercial form." It's not quite sure what he means either by "art cinema" or "survive", as both are relative terms. But for the moment, Russian movie-making remains on life support, entrenched and cautious, subject to the whims of a rudderless economy. Former Soviet republics like Armenia (despite that country once producing directors of the calibre of Sergei The Colour of Pomegranates Pradjanov) will probably never recover an indigenous film industry.

And until a flashy Wong Kar Wai of some unforeseen new wave turns up; or some newly-minted genius on the level of Tarkovsky, Russian cinema remains without a charismatic young auteur to give it a fresh face (Artur Arystakhsyan is one name to watch). Chukhrai and Mikhalkov, for all their honest film-making virtues, are not really the face of any seriously revitalised Russian film industry.

When Bowie played Bill Gates before his time

For Nic Roeg, the pleasure in making *The Man Who Fell To Earth* was in predicting the future. And nearly everything came true. By Geoffrey Macnab

AN ALIEN arrives on Earth in search of water for his drought-ravaged planet. That is the starting point for *The Man Who Fell To Earth*. Nicolas Roeg's brilliant but mystifying adaptation of Walter Tevis' cult sci-fi novel which has just been reissued in a widescreen format.

With his red hair, unnaturally white skin and delicate, androgynous features, Thomas Jerome Newton (as the alien is called) looks human. David Bowie plays him as a sort of holy innocent, an inter-planetary ingenu. It is an uncanny and moving performance, arguably Bowie's finest on screen. You can't imagine anyone else in the role. Bowie, though, was not first choice. Roeg originally wanted Michael Crichton, the author of *Jurassic Park*, to play Newton. "I needed somebody who would feel slightly alien in himself as well as being a stranger in a strange land," he explains.

Crichton seemed to fit the bill. Not only was he a polymath, a fully qualified doctor who wrote books and directed movies, he also happened to be close to 7ft tall. As Roeg suggests, when you are that big you can't help but feel a bit of an outsider. Roeg broached the idea with him, but Crichton laughed it off.

Only after Roeg saw Bowie per-

form "Cracked Actor" on TV, did he shift his focus to the chameleon-like singer instead. Roeg had already worked with Mick Jagger on *Performance*, the film he co-directed with Donald Cammell in 1970, and saw nothing incongruous about using a rock star again, "whatever the snobism of the critics". He cast Candy Clark as the alien's girlfriend, the hotel clerk Mary-Lou. Oklahoma born and bred, Clark had

David Bowie's character wasn't a reference to Howard Hughes, says Roeg, 'but it might have been interesting to have him play the part'

what Roeg describes as a "homey, earthy, small-town quality" which stood in stark contrast to Bowie.

The attraction of making a sci-fi movie, Roeg suggests, lay in the knowledge that everything he was depicting would come true sooner or later. "Our imagination is bound by experience - we can't think of anything which isn't within our knowledge." He points out that even the most outlandish Jules Verne or HG Wells fantasies always contain at least a grain of truth within them. In-

deed, much of the futuristic technology featured in *The Man Who Fell To Earth* now exists. Bowie's character is not all that far removed from Bill Gates - a tycoon who makes his fortune through software. Roeg features a camera which develops its own film. Back in 1976, this seemed far fetched, but within a few years anyone could buy their own "Maybe Fuji saw the movie," Roeg laughs.

Ask him about the satire at the ex-

pense of the mass media in *The Man Who Fell To Earth* and Roeg quickly claims up. No, the image of Bowie staring transfixed at a dozen different TV screens was not an oblique reference to Elvis Presley, goggle-eyed in *Graceland*. Nor was the alien's reclusiveness and hypochondria intended to echo the behaviour of the equally hermit-like Howard Hughes in his declining years. "But now you say it, it might have been rather interesting to have Howard Hughes play the part," he mutters.

One of the most moving and graceful moments in the movie comes when Mary-Lou first meets the alien. Newton collapses in a hotel lift and she picks him up as if he is made of gossamer. (He has no bones and weighs virtually nothing.) "That's much more telling than any gadget in showing that the alien wasn't of our world. When you see a 5ft 11-tall man picked up by a skinny girl of 5ft 6 and carried down the corridor, you realise there must be something strange going on."

Beneath the sci-fi trappings, Roeg acknowledges, his film can be read as a love story. Mary-Lou and Newton are one of cinema's most unlikely couples, but there is something strangely affecting about both the gentleness with which they treat one another and their mutual incomprehension. "It's about trying to communicate a feeling, to express yourself... 'Do you love me?' If it were a simple question, it wouldn't be asked daily by millions of people. Trust is something very curious and very rare. Do you know anyone you can totally trust?" says Roeg.

There is an extraordinary moment halfway through in which Mary-Lou sees Newton glaucously naked without his wig or eyebrows, and is so shocked that she wets herself.



Despite sci-fi trappings, the relationship between the alien and Mary-Lou was a love story

"That's what people do when they laugh too much or get frightened, they sometimes..." he casts around for a word, "evacuate themselves."

He compares the impact of the scene to one of his similarly climactic moments in *Don't Look Now*, when the mother (Julie Christie) learns her child has drowned and rips out a piece of her hair. "There was no need then to see any more. It was true to life."

Watching *The Man Who Fell To Earth* 20 years after its original release, it is hard not to be struck by how Roeg makes the Midwestern American landscapes look even more bizarre than the parched planet from which the alien has escaped. An early sequence shows

Bowie wandering past a fun fair. A bearded drunk suddenly sticks his head out of a rocket ship, looking like a human jack-in-the-box. "I didn't place him there. When we were filming, he jumped up and said 'What's going on?'"

The earthlings don't know what to make of Bowie. They lock him up and carry out experiments on him. "It's part of human nature - suspicion and fear of anything that is different," Roeg sighs, wryly comparing his plight as a film maker with that of the alien. He chuckles as he recalls the reaction to his 1981 movie, *Bad Timing*, which touched on necrophilia (and was memorably described by a Rank bigwig as "a sick film made by sick people for sick

audiences"). "I thought people were going to like it but I was wrong."

He does not like analysing his movies. Either they grab you or they do not. He sees no need to explain how a shot was achieved, why a sequence was edited a certain way or what influences have touched his work. Roeg bristles at the idea that a film like *The Man Who Fell To Earth* could be explained in a sentence or two. Its appeal, he implies, lies in its inscrutability. In other words, do not be embarrassed if you are baffled. That was the intention.

A restored, widescreen version of *'The Man Who Fell To Earth'* is on release in Warner Brothers' 'Masterpiece Director' video series at £12.99

Making a movie is tough. Especially if you're the wrong colour

James Mottram on the trouble facing Asian directors in Britain

"YOU'RE A first time director. You're not adapting an existing novel. You're Asian, so you're marginal. You want to do a foreign language film, that won't sell well on the international market. Raising the money, it kills you." Rajan Khosa took four years to gather money from six different countries for his film, *Dance of the Wind*. Despite being based in London since 1990, when he came over from Delhi to study film at the Royal College of Art, Britain was the last country to contribute to the meagre £700,000 budget.

His film, set in his native Delhi, is a contemporary, lyrical and symbolic examination of grief, centred on a singer who has been tutored in her art by her mother, who has recently died. *"Dance of the Wind"* is an art-house film. Europeans would be more interested in something like that than British financiers," Khosa says. "Television wouldn't be readily interested, either. It's not going to be a *City of Joy*, where everybody speaks English. I wanted to be authentic to the Indian classical music tradition. When you want to be true to the locale, it is not going to be a universal product." While only the most foolish would predict a box-office pay-day for such a film, Khosa's difficulty begs the question, how supportive is Britain of arty fare, and, more importantly, what chance do racial mi-

norities have of their voice being heard on screen?

"There is no art-house audience in the UK. It's reducing day-by-day," says Khosa. "In France and Germany, the state supports distributors. There is an allocation of funds at policy level, which there is little of here." European countries, as Khosa points out, are more prone than Britain to offer pre-sales cash before the film is actually shot, to aid completion. France, in particular, ensures that all films made there are given a theatrical release, with television rights denied until this has happened. "The American system dominates here. Any money that is given is pro-mainstream. We are being compelled to do work that is more accessible."

Already playing four cities in Switzerland and six in Holland, *Dance of the Wind* is showing only in London's Rencor cinema. It would be unfounded to accuse the British film community of racism. Sheka Kapur, for example, the director of the critically lauded *Bandit Queen*, has just shot the regal biopic *Elizabeth* with Australian stars Cate Blanchett and Geoffrey Rush, while the white directors David Atwood and Stephen Frears tackled Asian subject matter in their films *Wild West* and *My Beautiful Laundrette* respectively. It would seem that there is, however, a commercial tendency to overlook a large section of



Rajan Khosa, above, returned to India for *'Dance of the Wind'*, the story of a classical singer played by Kiku Gidwani, left

the population. Shani Grewal, director of the Asian suburbanite sex comedy *Guru* in Seven, also released this month, would disagree, blaming the lack of screentime given to Asian film on the narrow vision of the film-makers themselves. "With something like Udayan Prasad's *Brothers in Trouble*, a very worthy film, I still don't think anyone outside the Asian community could've identified with it. It's full of missed opportunities."

He sees the reverse as no better. "All the British films in the past that have had Asian themes have had one or two elements that are Asian - the writer and the actors: the rest of the crew have been English and white. But if those guys hadn't done it, no one else would have. Asians wouldn't. Asian theatre is much more progressive here than its cinema or television. You can't just make them for the white middle

class or intellectual Asians." *Wild West*, the comic tale of a group of young Asians in London who form a Country and Western band, and *Brothers in Trouble*, about the daily drudge faced by Pak-

There is no art-house audience in Britain. It's reducing day by day

istani immigrants in the Midlands in the 1960s, arrived some years ago. Apart from Hanif Kureishi, whose latest script, *My Son the Fugitive*, was also directed by Udayan Prasad, only a handful of directors have depicted the Asian community in Britain over the past decade.

Of those who have, most are second-generation children of the original immigrants, setting out to examine and redefine the Asian experience. Few have managed to emulate Kureishi's cross-over.

Grewal, whose lead character - an artist slacker named Sanjay who spends the film trying to win a sex-based bet - is truly Westernised, and believes his cultural view is the one now prevalent in this country.

"I wanted to write a lead character who happened to be Indian, rather than it being about an Indian," says Grewal. "Kureishi did English Asians a big favour when he wrote *My Beautiful Laundrette* and *Sammy and Rosie Get Laid*. These are overtly political, and I don't object to that. It opened many doors. But I wanted an apolitical lead who could have come from any origin, because that's how my life is. I don't know what the Asian culture

is here. I'm a Punjabi, my brother and sister are both married to English people. I do agree that even if you're a Hindu, you still have an obligation to retain your own birthright. I can never be wholly English." Khosa, whose *Dance of the Wind* is exactly this retention Grewal speaks of, agrees: "The Britain I know is multi-cultural. I don't have a cultural confusion. My grounding was in the Indian oral tradition. It was very sophisticated and secure. I was not born here as an Asian, being thought of as that. I feel very rooted to my tradition."

Khosa's next project is a contemporary, as yet untitled, London-based Anglo-Asian love story. That he is making a film that should appeal, like *My Beautiful Laundrette*, to a wider audience is doubtless a sound career move.

Likewise Grewal's film examines, in its depiction of Sanjay's re-

lationship with his black girlfriend, and his brother's marriage to a white woman, the displeasure felt by the older Asian generations at cultural integration. Rather than attacking race hatred from whites, Asian film-makers are examining their own society.

The problem remains how to sell the Asian experience to all cinema-goers, without betraying (or deleting) cultural heritage. Both Khosa and Grewal (who praises up-and-coming director Suri Krishnamma and the Dublin-set Albert Finney vehicle *A Man of No Importance*) remain positive. Asians making films about whites is a step forward. A greater stride might be in not marketing them as Asian films at all, but just another aspect of British life.

'Guru in Seven' opens 10 July. 'Dance of the Wind' 24 July

VIDEO WATCH

MIKE HIGGINS

Mrs Brown (PG), Buena Vista (available to buy now) It's no real surprise that BBC Films were proved right in giving this heart-warming feature a full release last year - *"The Bodyguard with kills"* is a great pitch to prise open the tightest of American wallets. But the Dench-Connolly final product thankfully bears little resemblance to the spluttering Costner-Houston prototype.

In his immensely appealing portrait of the relationship between the bereaved Queen Victoria (Judi Dench) and her personal servant-cum-butler, John Brown (Billy Connolly), director John Madden avoids the "did they or didn't they?" factor - for reasons of dramatic integrity, you'd like to think, rather than monarchical deference. Below stairs at Balmoral and Osborne House on the Isle of Wight, they're as suspicious about the gillie's ever-longer horse-rides with the Queen as either Victoria's personal secretary (Geoffrey Palmer at his lugubrious best) or Prime Minister Disraeli (a vulpine Anthony Sher).

But it's the universal sense of betrayal by one of your own that Madden sets his sights on. His eye for the conflict between class-bound duty and "passionate friendship" is brought into focus by Connolly's full-blooded Brown and Dench's emotionally fragile Victoria, and it's these two that keep you watching this old-fashioned love story.



Did they or didn't they? 'Mrs Brown' refuses to comment

Kissed (18), High Fliers (available to rent from next Wednesday) Necrophilia is always going to make for tricky love scenes but so arrestingly does director Lynne Stopewich address the singular passion of medical student Sandra Larson (Molly Parker), that any reservations about Sandra's unique one-night stands quickly fade away.

As a young girl, Sandra finds herself obsessed with the dead animals that she comes across in the woods around her home, and an incident with a friend deli-

cately suggests the link between her burgeoning awareness of mortality and her sexual maturity. Stopewich, however, is not naive enough to imply that a pulse is the last thing you want in an ideal partner, and when Sandra begins working in a funeral parlour, the complexities of her love life are crystallised succinctly.

Mr Wallis (Jay Brazaud), the parlour proprietor, is as matter of fact about death as his new assistant is romantic.

An affair with a fellow medical student further

complicates matters - Sandra appears more distressed by the taboo of virginity than her mortuary predilections - but throughout the film it's the austere intelligence with which the entire production approaches its subject that impresses.

Parker leads a fine set of performances and, save for the morgue love scenes in which she bathes in a cold, stark light, Stopewich seems sympathetic to Sandra's uninspired view of the living world, cloaking it in elegiac shades of brown and black.

I Know What You Did Last Summer (18), Entertainment in Video, available to rent from Monday A drunken quartet of high school graduates run a man down as they leave their home town's July 4th celebrations. Believing him dead, they throw him into the sea. When we next catch up with them the following summer, their guilty feelings have driven the girls to grow slapdash with the make-up, while the boys have either taken poorly paid jobs or got into wearing nasty singlets. So this is not exactly Macbeth, then. Worse still, though, an unidentifiable fisherman starts threatening them (viz. the film's title), and wielding a nasty ice hook with messy consequences.

Written as it is by Kevin Williamson, Jim Gillespie's slasher clearly wants to be seen as part of the recent vanguard of self-referential horror flicks. Elements of *The Fog*, *Salem's Lot* and the *Nightmare on Elm Street* series all crop up in a derivative plot which nevertheless zips along. With *Scream*, however, Williamson seemed to realise that hip in-jokes were not enough to keep an audience interested and ensured that an acerbic wit and some real scares accompanied the irony. Here, though, the screenplay, the direction and the dialogue ultimately feel a little too close to the sort of mid-Eighties leaden gorefest the film is trying to rip off.

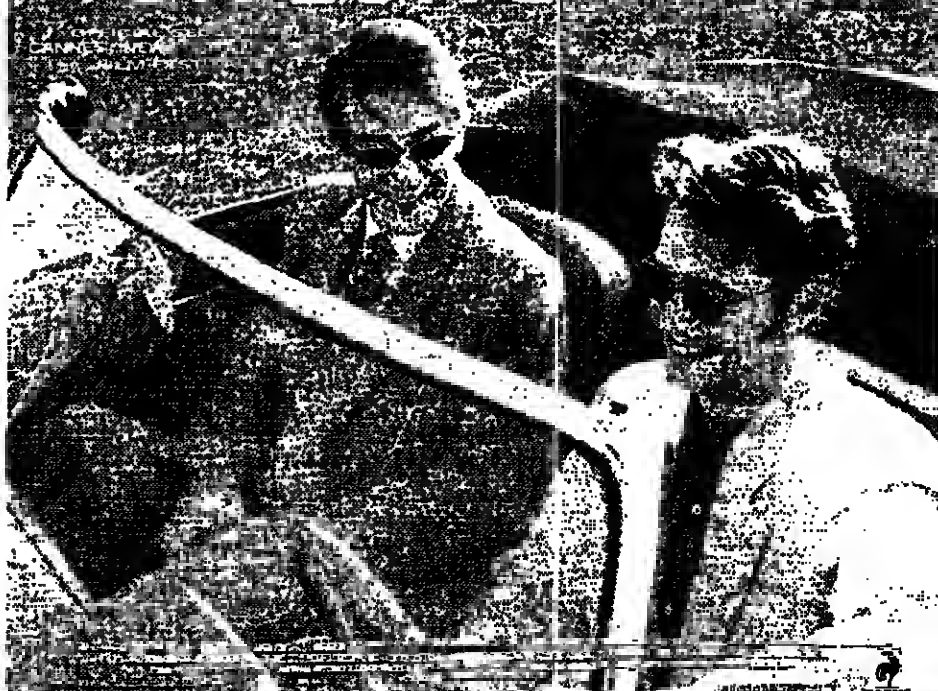
MIKE HIGGINS

"Deliciously witty... John Hurt gives a performance of moving simplicity. Jason Priestley is perfect"

-THE INDEPENDENT

JOHN HURT
JASON PRIESTLEY

love and death
ON LONG ISLAND



STARTS TOMORROW

VIRGIN CINEMA CHURCHILL CINEMA RENAISSANCE CINEMA GATE CINEMA
Watershed BRISTOL • Arts CAMBRIDGE • Chapter CARDIFF • Cameo EDINBURGH • Picturehouse EXETER
Film Theatre GLASGOW • Cornerhouse MANCHESTER • Tyneside NEWCASTLE • Broadway NOTTINGHAM
Phoenix OXFORD • Showroom SHEFFIELD • Harbour Lights SOUTHAMPTON

Johnny be (very) good

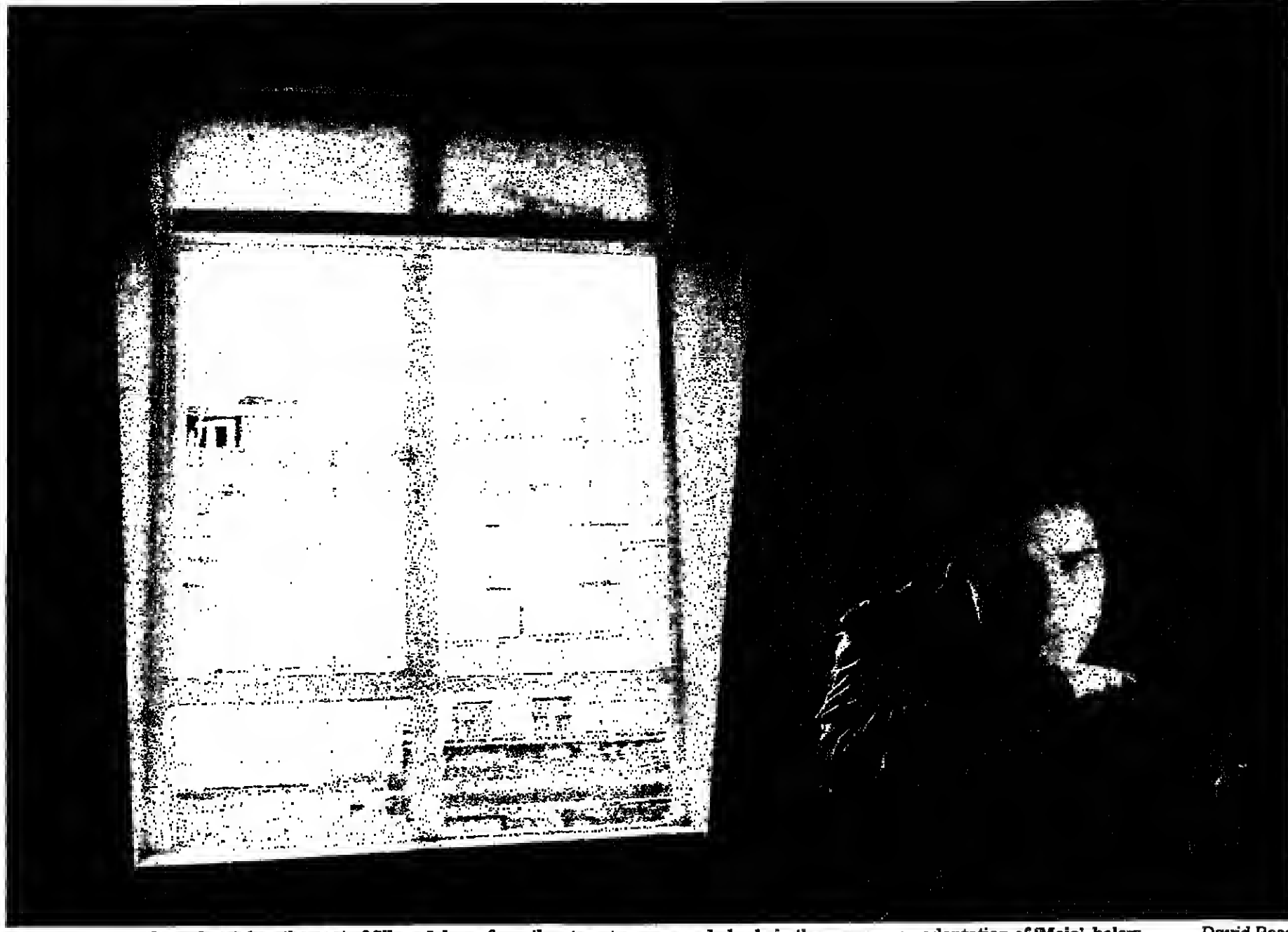
Mojo, Jez Butterworth's rock'n'roll gangster play, is going to the movies.
Ryan Gilbey talks to the actor Hans Matheson about being strung up as Silver Johnny and, below, James Mottram meets co-star Ricky Tomlinson

THE FIRST time I saw Hans Matheson was three years ago, when he was 19. He was suspended by his ankles a few inches above the stage at London's Royal Court theatre. That was for his small but pivotal role as the 1950s rock 'n' roller Silver Johnny in *Mojo*, a very sharp and funny play by his friend Jez Butterworth. It provided Hans's big break, though his happy memories are tinged with pain. "Six weeks of hanging upside down every night, and twice on Saturdays," he winces. "My back got completely buggered. I ended up spending £500 on osteopathy."

When I met Hans at the start of last year, while he was shooting the film of *Mojo* under Butterworth's direction, he struck me as colled and brooding in that way that only people who desperately need to prove themselves can be. He did, however, allow himself a wry smile at the memory of a scene he had recently completed, in which he was being worshipped by 100 or so young women, decorum flouting beneath the weight of zeppelin-sized libidos.

The scene called for Silver Johnny to wow a nightclub audience. Hans stepped in front of the hormone-crazed extras and got in touch with his inner rock god. "I went with it. The music started up, I began unbuttoning my trousers, the girls were screaming - I've never felt a rush like it. The trousers came down, then they were waiting for my pants to drop."

Well? "Yeah. I did it. But only on their reaction shot. Then I dived right into the audience." How Iggy. Anyway, nice work if you can get it. And he can. Between the shooting of *Mojo* and our second meeting a few months ago, he has established himself as the discerning director's choice for those roles which demand that extra dash of troubled intensity. In this year's *Stella Does Tricks*, he was savage and vulnerable as a desperate junkie; in his dazed eyes, you could see time running out. He has two more films lined up for re-



Hans Matheson, above, has taken the part of Silver Johnny from the stage to an expanded role in the new screen adaptation of *Mojo*, below

David Rose

lease this year: the comedy *Still Crazy*, in which he tours with an old punk band featuring Billy Connolly and Jimmy Nail; and the song-free *Les Misérables*, where he steals Claire Danes' heart.

Jez and I had a long chat and at some point I said 'If I don't make it I'm gonna kill myself'... I was a lost soul. Still am really

But it's his fragile performance in *Mojo*, released next week, which really impresses. The role of Johnny has been expanded, and now Hans gets to play a highly charged scene in which he shares a sofa with Harold Pinter, who appears as a gangland boss. "That was one of my clangers," Hans says. "I asked him if he'd written anything lately. I could see Jez smirking in the corner." He shudders. "Another time, me and the hand were re-hearsing when Pinter hursts in, rolls up his shirtsleeves and shouts 'Oi! Keep the fucking noise down! I've got a fucking headache!'" Ah.

that famously elliptical dialogue.

Given Hans's dedication to his craft, it's ironic that he rather drifted into acting, although with his background, he was unlikely to end up as a security guard at Kwik Save. He was born in the Outer Hebrides, to "wild-child hippies" who were never in one place for very long. The "address" section of his birth certificate reads "The Caravan". His father was "a potato farmer or something" who somehow ended up being a roadie for Patti Smith, a fact which still makes Hans go goggle-eyed with awe. He didn't get to see his dad much once Patti entered the picture, though he cherishes memories of him returning home lugging dustbin bags bulging with toys. His parents were supportive even as he entered an especially anti-social adolescence. He and some friends were done for breaking into a drinks factory. "We were only after fizzy pop!" he exclaims. I suggest he changes that minor detail to achieve notoriety. "You're right," he agrees. "It was vodka. And we got chased for two hours." That's the idea.

He was also expelled from school for breaking a kid's nose with a Coca can. "I was a wild child," he smiles, looking not very wild at all. He wears battered, rusty leather boots, and a black leather jacket which he doesn't remove throughout the two hours I'm with him, so I suppose he



could be brusque and arrogant if he wanted to. "I isolated myself for years," he remembers. "I just lived in a shed at the bottom of my parents' garden and buried myself in my acting." But these days he is happier plunging into his work only while he's on set. "You have to be wary of acting in situations where you should be yourself. A lot of actors feel the need to act in real life, through drugs or whatever. I've done all that in the past. I've done most things. I couldn't go back to that now." He doesn't even fancy clubs any more. "I wish I could. I just don't enjoy the vibes. I love a

glass of red wine, though." He also has a cracking recipe for honey roast salmon.

When acting did call, it wasn't exactly a moment of epiphany. "I went to drama school hoping for personal growth and not much else," he says. "I used to watch Gary Oldman or Gerard Depardieu and think, 'I'll never be that good.' But now I reason that just as I couldn't do Cyrano de Bergerac, Depardieu wouldn't be much cop as Silver Johnny." True enough, though it might be fun to see him try, given that young Johnny causes a war among the Soho gangsters clambering to ex-

ercise considerably more than just agents' rights over his pale body. Can't you picture Depardieu in the glittery trousers, wiggling his hips? Oh well, maybe in the sequel.

It clearly still means a lot to Hans that the part was written especially for him by Butterworth, who he met while filming the latter's TV play *Christmas*. Five years on, they remain close friends; Hans treasures a copy of the play on which Butterworth has scribbled "To Hans - my very own Harvey Keitel."

In an intriguing cross-pollination of actor and character, Hans's state of mind during the stage production of *Mojo* has helped shape Silver Johnny in the movie. "While we were doing the play, I turned 30, and got very melancholy," he recalls. "I was in my dressing room and all the boys knew it was my birthday so they burst in, naked, waving a bottle of champagne around. Then they noticed me crying in the corner. It was so funny hearing them go 'Oh... um... OK' and then seeing all these naked huns waddle off."

"Jez and I had a long chat and at some point I said 'If I don't make it soon, I'm gonna kill myself.' It was an intimate conversation, so it felt strange when I saw that line in the screenplay. I was a lost soul. Still am really. I always seem to be searching for something, without ever really knowing what it is."

RUSHES

MIKE HIGGINS

THE REHABILITATION (as some might see it) of Ice-T is complete. The rap star, who has his long film career to thank for his mainstream standing, will star alongside Gary Busey and Miranda Richardson in a children's movie, *Jacob Two Two Meets the Hooded Fang*. Filming began in Toronto last month, with Ice-T nicely cast against type as a singing judge who sends six-year-old Jacob Two Two to Slimers Island Children's Prison for being cheeky to an adult.

AFTER ASSERTING that he wants to concentrate more on producing and directing than acting, Sean Penn isn't wasting any time proving he can walk the talk. The actor is set to appear in Woody Allen's next project but he's already marshalling names for his subsequent project, producing a biopic of Geronimo Pratt, former Black Panthers defence minister.

Marlon Brando (below), who knows Pratt, is set to co-produce and the directing services of Eric La Salle (ER's Dr Benton) have also been secured. While acknowledging the importance of the militant movement to the black communities of 1960s America, La Salle admitted in *Variety* that the Panthers "were no angels either". Production is tentatively scheduled to begin next April.

ALL THAT her warmly received roles in *Grasse Point Blank* and *Good Will Hunting* appear to have won Minnie Driver is much gossip column speculation about her love life. Nice to see she's back in business, then. Two Drivers, the production company that the actress set up with her sister Kate, has just wrapped *At Sachem Farm*, starring Driver, Nigel Hawthorne and Rufus Sewell. Kate Driver will also co-produce the forthcoming *Glamour Girls*, in which Minnie plays a working class woman who under- goes a makeover to convince her colleagues on a snooty fashion mag that she's refined enough to work there.



A fanfare for the common man

A NATURAL successor to the Albert Finney of *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*, Ricky Tomlinson - with his characteristic thick, black specs and weather-beaten face - has been the iconic representation of the British working class for nearly two decades. His part in *Brookside*, during its fledgling period, along with work for Ken Loach and Alan Bleasdale, has ensured him a place in screen folklore, carving the way for actors like Robert Carlyle (with whom he worked on Loach's *Riff Raff*) to champion the cause.

He features in two films this month, both true to his roots - Jez Butterworth's claustrophobic version of his own stage play *Mojo* and Wolfgang Becker's bleak, Berlin-set diatribe on existence, *Life Is All You Get*, a role that required him to speak German. In the 1950s-set *Mojo*, Tomlinson is Ezra, the owner of a Soho bar and a man under the spell of Harold Pinter's boodum-cum-record producer. Becker's film has Tomlinson as Buddy, an unemployed factory worker and, coincidentally, a 1950s throwback.

"I remember the era of *Mojo* fondly," Tomlinson said. "I was just a young buck then, so I actually got the girls. I played the banjo on the social club circuit. That was my game. *Life Is All You Get* was different. To me it was about relationships: people getting knocked

down and coming back. That's probably the story of my life," he notes. Tomlinson, who modestly calls his past "interesting", speaks in his Scouse accent on topics as diverse as the decline of Liverpool as a city, to the dockers' strike, to why *Coronation Street* is better than *Brookside*.

A fervent union man all his life, Tomlinson is one of life's carers. Convicted in 1972, along with his friend Des Warren, for picketing in Shrewsbury during the national builders' strike, Tomlinson was given two years, thanks to an obscure 19th-century Conspiracy Act which has since been repealed. "We were charged, originally, with stopping people from doing their lawful work. The most we could've got was three months. So they charged us with conspiracy. With that, you can get life," he says. But Tomlinson saw his protest as valid.

"Someone gets killed every day in the building industry. You never see the bosses screaming about it, but we did. Back then, guys in the trade couldn't go to the toilet: a) because there was no toilet, and b) because they weren't allowed to stop [work]. There were no first aid facilities. They had to work in the rain. That's what we were fighting against. Money was secondary."

Imprisoned in Stafford jail, he quickly gained a reputation, and was put in solitary confinement.



'Someone gets killed every day in the building industry. That's what we were fighting against. Money was secondary'

Refusing to work or wear clothes, and using his cell as a toilet, he even organised 600 inmates to strike over meals.

Upon release in 1975, not surprisingly, he was blacklisted in the building trade and turned his hand to stand-up comedy. An Equity card was acquired, and work as a TV extra was gained, despite storming out of his first disastrous audition for LWT, only to go meekly back in and ask for his train fare.

"I'm probably the worst actor in the world for knowing the business," he says. "After I'd done *United Kingdom*, Roland Joffe, the director, was having a birthday party in a place called Groucho's. And Robert De Niro was there, and he seemed so lonely. I didn't know who he was. I asked if he was an actor. Thank Christ David Puttnam walked in between us."

Such charming naiveté is integral to Tomlinson. Born in Anfield, Liverpool, he still lives in the shadow of Goodison Park. Everton's ground. His father was a baker for 27 years and Tomlinson was brought up steeped in the work ethic, eschewing a career as a writer by opting for a plastering course in his youth.

His TV roles - typically, the working class anti-hero - reflect this. Parts in *Roughnecks* and *Crocker* aside, Tomlinson's career could be taken as a controversial political statement: Bobby Grant, *Brookside*'s trade union activist; Larry, the builder in Ken Loach's *Riff Raff*; as well as an unemployed Mancunian in *Raining Stones*; the doctor in Alan Bleasdale's *Boys from the Blackstuff*; and a significant role in Lesley Woodhead's *Strike* are all ciphers for his staunch socialist views.

"My background has helped me play the parts," he says, "but my biggest challenge was Hills-

borough [by Jimmy McGovern]. John Glover, who I played and got to know very well, had two sons the same age as mine. One died and one was traumatised. So there was something I had to cling on to. There was one scene where I had to identify the body. I just thought, that could've been one of my lads."

Working with writer Kay Mellor on the second series of the football drama *Playing the Field*, Tomlinson, nearing 60, has no intention of reducing his workload. He is due to be seen in his first sitcom in the autumn, *The Royle Family*, which reunites him with his *Brookside* wife, Sue Johnston. "I just play myself," he says, "always worrying about the 'lecry bill and who's been on the phone for too long."

While he hopes to pursue comedy further, a more immediate prospect is the chance to feature in a Harrison Ford film, an as yet untitled political thriller. "I'd like a crack at Hollywood," he says. "It's like being a boxer. Everyone wants a shot at the world title."

We walk out of the door still chatting as my allotted time elapses. "Let's go, kid. We've put the world to rights," says Tomlinson. It feels like it.

'Mojo' opens next Friday. 'Life Is All You Get' opens 17 July
JAMES MOTTRAM

THE CHARTS

US BOX OFFICE

TITLE	SCREENS	WEEK'S TAINGS	TOTAL TAINGS
1 The X-Files	2629	\$41,604,418	\$41,604,418
2 Mulan	2888	\$37,216,746	\$38,373,489
3 The Truman Show	2911	\$18,160,527	\$90,989,886
4 Six Days, Seven Nights	2579	\$15,892,351	\$39,557,269
5 A Perfect Murder	2755	\$10,852,206	\$49,964,447
6 Can't Hardly Wait	1987	\$6,819,729	\$19,031,373
7 Hope Floats	1876	\$5,403,822	\$46,494,035
8 Godzilla	2337	\$4,704,161	\$130,930,508
9 The Horse Whisperer	1852	\$4,158,886	\$64,646,657
10 Deep Impact	1972	\$3,819,553	\$134,186,764

UK BOX OFFICE

TITLE	SCREENS	WEEK'S TAINGS	TOTAL TAINGS
1 City of Angels	294	£1,738,994	£1,738,994
2 The Wedding Singer	274	£1,559,433	£950,874
3 Sliding Doors	260	£593,559	£10,074,391
4 Deep Impact	262	£413,149	£9,223,543
5 The Exorcist	31	£224,898	£224,898
6 Titanic	153	£163,637	£68,094,175
7 The General	80	£155,639	£1,295,866
8 Wishmaster	137	£129,307	£1,158,966
9 Scream 2	133	£124,969	£7,779,129
10 Red Corner	111	£73,476	£544,028

FRANCE BOX OFFICE

TITLE	SCREENS	WEEK'S TAINGS	TOTAL TAINGS
1 The Dinner Game	538	F6,428,670	F216,321,222
2 Taxi	460	F4,583,682	F149,332,992
3 Marvin's Room	394	F3,250,146	F8,877,270
4 Deep Impact	399	F2,774,880	F32,933,352
5 What I Did For Love	146	F2,666,166	F2,666,166
6 Le Clone	224	F2,220,444	F2,220,444
7 Wishmaster	83	F1,793,274	F4,066,236
8 Kundun	130	F1,297,692	F12,311,640
9 Red Corner	158	F1,180,380	F8,006,112
10 Shooting Fish	70	F1,170,354	F3,151,374

THURSDAY RADIO

PICK OF THE DAY

THE 50th birthday of the NHS is marked on Radio 4, with reporter Julie Ball bopping around the corridors of Trafford General Hospital in Manchester, the first hospital opened by the NHS, at intervals throughout the day in *The NHS at 50* (9.30am, 11am, 3pm, 8pm and 9pm R4). While she covers the human angle, Polly Toynebee (right) tackles the political end in a two-part history, *Health for a Nation* (11am R4). If you're

disillusioned with the nifty state, you may find more congenial listening in *Postscript*, tonight's instalment of *This American Life* (9.15pm R3), in which we meet frightening phone-in agony aunt Dr Laura Schlesinger, whose wire-brush-and-carbollic approach to personal problems "I don't tolerate excuses, because we all have free will!" makes Anne Atkins sound like Dr Timothy Leary. ROBERT HANKS



Shipping, 5.57 - 6.30 Test Match Special, 11.30 - 12.00 Parliament.

RADIO 5 LIVE

(693, 909kHz MW)
6.00 The Breakfast Programme.
9.00 Nicky Campbell.
12.00 The Midday News.
1.00 Wimbledon 98.
8.00 David Gower's Cricket Weekly. David Gower and his guests are in Manchester tonight at the end of the first day of the Third Test.
9.00 Inside Edge. Rob Bonnet with the programme that looks at the issues behind the sporting headlines.
10.00 Late Night Live. With Nick Robinson. Including the day's sports round-up at 10.30, a late night news briefing at 11.00, and 11.15 The Financial World Tonight.
1.00 All Night.
5.00 - 6.00 Morning Reports.

CLASSIC FM

(100.0-101.9MHz FM)
6.00 Nick Bailey. 8.00 Henry Kelly. 12.00 Requests. 2.00 Concerto. 3.00 Jamie Cullum. 6.30 Newsnight. 7.00 Smooth Classics at Seven. 9.00 Evening Concert. 11.00 Alan Mann. 2.00 Concerto. 3.00 - 6.00 Mark Griffiths.

VIRGIN RADIO

(125, 197, 1260kHz MW 105.8MHz FM)
7.00 Chris Evans. 10.00 Russ Williams. 1.00 Nick Abbot. 4.00 Robin Banks/FM only Ray Cokes from 6.45pm. 7.30 Ray Cokes. 10.00 Mark Forrest. 2.00 Peter Poulton. 5.00 Jeremy Clark.

WORLD SERVICE

(198kHz LW)
1.00 Newsdesk. 1.30 Westway. 1.45 Britain Today. 2.00 Newsdesk. 2.30 Composer of the Month. 3.00 Newsday. 3.30 Focus on Faith. 4.00 World News. 4.05 World Business Report. 4.30 Sports Roundup. 4.30 The World Today (0430-0700)/insight (SW 575kHz Only). 4.45 Of the Shelf: A Simple Heart (SW 575 kHz Only). 5.30 Outlook (SW 7235kHz Only). 5.55 - 6.30 Science View (SW 7235kHz Only).

TALK RADIO

6.30 New Talk Radio Breakfast Show. 9.00 Scott Chisholm. 12.00 Lorraine Kelly. 2.00 Tommy Boyd. 4.00 Peter Dinkley. 7.00 Anna Raeburn. 9.00 James Whelan. 1.00 Ian Collins and the Creatures of the Night. 5.00 - 6.30 Bill Overton.

RADIO 4 LW

(198kHz)
9.45 - 10.00 Daily Service. 11.00 Test Match Special. 12.00 News Headlines. Shipping Forecast. 12.04 - 1.00 Test Match Special. 1.30 Test Match Special. 5.54

RADIO 1
(97.8-98.8MHz FM)
6.30 Kevin Greening and Zoe Bell. 9.00 Simon Mayo. 12.00 Jo Whalley. 2.00 Mark Radcliffe. 4.00 Dave Pearce. 6.30 Steve Lamacq - the Evening Session. 8.30 Live Music Update. 8.40 John Peel's Meltdown. 10.30 Mary Anne Hobbs. 1.00 Clive Warren. 4.00 - 6.30 Chris Moyles.

RADIO 2

(88-90.2MHz FM)
6.00 Sarah Kennedy. 7.30 Wake Up to Wogan. 9.30 Ken Bruce. 12.00 Jimmy Young. 2.00 Ed Stewart. 5.05 Johnnie Walker. 7.00 David Allan. 8.00 Paul Jones. 9.00 Stand Up 2. 9.30 The Russ Abbot Show. 10.00 Their Long Voyage Home. 10.30 Richard Allinson. 12.05 Steve Madden. 3.00 - 4.00 Alex Lester.

RADIO 3

(90.2-92.4MHz FM)
6.00 On Air.
9.00 Masterworks.
10.30 Artist of the Week.
11.00 Sound Stories.
12.00 Composer of the Week: Barber.
1.00 Radio 3 Lunchtime Concert. 2.00 The BBC Orchestra. 4.00 The Piano. 4.45 Music Machine. 5.00 In Tune. 7.30 Performance on 3. Stephanie Hughes introduces the culmination of a strenuous week for budding maestros. This final concert was given last February in Manchester's Bridgewater Hall. Leon McCawley (Gamba), Timothy Redmond and Stuart Stratford. Britten: The Young Persons' Guide to the Orchestra. Rachmaninov: Piano Concerto No 2 in C minor. Rimsky-Korsakov: Capriccio espagnol. Debussy La mer. 9.15 This American Life: Postscript. Ian Peacock attempts to understand America through its self-image on radio and television. Is it a country, an ideology or just a chaos of cultures? 4. "I Am My Kids' Mom". With this catchphrase, the fearsome Dr Laura Schlesinger introduces her no-nonsense family values phone-in from Sherman Oaks, California, advocating stern, absolutist morality. Why is she now America's most listened-to female presenter? And what does this say about her

RADIO 4

(92.4-94.6MHz FM)
6.00 Today.
9.00 A Hard Act to Follow.
9.30 The NHS at 50: The Lost Art of Convalescence. See *Pick of the Day*. 9.45 Serial: The Doctor, the Detective and Arthur Conan Doyle. 10.00 NEWS; Women's Hour. 11.00 The NHS at 50: Health for a Nation. See *Pick of the Day*. 11.30 Rent 4. 12.00 NEWS; You and Yours. 1.00 The World at One. 1.30 Puzzle Panel. 2.00 NEWS; The Archers. 2.15 Afternoon Play: As I Crossed a Bridge of Dreams.

RADIO 5

(630-640kHz AM)
6.00 The World at One. 1.30 Puzzle Panel. 2.00 NEWS; The Archers. 2.15 Afternoon Play: As I Crossed a Bridge of Dreams.

RADIO 6

(640-650kHz AM)
6.00 The World at One. 1.30 Puzzle Panel. 2.00 NEWS; The Archers. 2.15 Afternoon Play: As I Crossed a Bridge of Dreams.

RADIO 7

(650-660kHz AM)
6.00 The World at One. 1.30 Puzzle Panel. 2.00 NEWS; The Archers. 2.15 Afternoon Play: As I Crossed a Bridge of Dreams.

RADIO 8

(660-670kHz AM)
6.00 The World at One. 1.30 Puzzle Panel. 2.00 NEWS; The Archers. 2.15 Afternoon Play: As I Crossed a Bridge of Dreams.

RADIO 9

(670-680kHz AM)
6.00 The World at One. 1.30 Puzzle Panel. 2.00 NEWS; The Archers. 2.15 Afternoon Play: As I Crossed a Bridge of Dreams.

RADIO 10

(680-690kHz AM)
6.00 The World at One. 1.30 Puzzle Panel. 2.00 NEWS; The Archers. 2.15 Afternoon Play: As I Crossed a Bridge of Dreams.

RADIO 11

(690-700kHz AM)
6.00 The World at One. 1.30 Puzzle Panel. 2.00 NEWS; The Archers. 2.15 Afternoon Play: As I Crossed a Bridge of Dreams.

RADIO 12

(700-710kHz AM)
6.00 The World at One. 1.30 Puzzle Panel. 2.00 NEWS; The Archers. 2.15 Afternoon Play: As I Crossed a Bridge of Dreams.

RADIO 13

(710-720kHz AM)
6.00 The World at One. 1.30 Puzzle Panel. 2.00 NEWS; The Archers. 2.15 Afternoon Play: As I Crossed a Bridge of Dreams.

RADIO 14

(720-730kHz AM)
6.00 The World at One. 1.30 Puzzle Panel. 2.00 NEWS; The Archers. 2.15 Afternoon Play: As I Crossed a Bridge of Dreams.

RADIO 15

(730-740kHz AM)
6.00 The World at One. 1.30 Puzzle Panel. 2.00 NEWS; The Archers. 2.15 Afternoon Play: As I Crossed a Bridge of Dreams.

RADIO 16

(740-750kHz AM)
6.00 The World at One. 1.30 Puzzle Panel. 2.00 NEWS; The Archers. 2.15 Afternoon Play: As I Crossed a Bridge of Dreams.

RADIO 17

(750-760kHz AM)
6.00 The World at One. 1.30 Puzzle Panel. 2.00 NEWS; The Archers. 2.15 Afternoon Play: As I Crossed a Bridge of Dreams.

RADIO 18

(760-770kHz AM)
6.00 The World at One. 1.30 Puzzle Panel. 2.00 NEWS; The Archers. 2.15 Afternoon Play: As I Crossed a Bridge of Dreams.

RADIO 19

(770-780kHz AM)
6.00 The World at One. 1.30 Puzzle Panel. 2.00 NEWS; The Archers. 2.15 Afternoon Play: As I Crossed a Bridge of Dreams.

RADIO 20

(780-790kHz AM)
6.00 The World at One. 1.30 Puzzle Panel. 2.00 NEWS; The Archers. 2.15 Afternoon Play: As I Crossed a Bridge of Dreams.

RADIO 21

(790-800kHz AM)
6.00 The World at One. 1.30 Puzzle Panel. 2.00 NEWS; The Archers. 2.15 Afternoon Play: As I Crossed a Bridge of Dreams.

RADIO 22

(800-810kHz AM)
6.00 The World at One. 1.30 Puzzle Panel. 2.00 NEWS; The Archers. 2.15 Afternoon Play: As I Crossed a Bridge of Dreams.

RADIO 23

(810-820kHz AM)
6.00 The World at One. 1.30 Puzzle Panel. 2.00 NEWS; The Archers. 2.15 Afternoon Play: As I Crossed a Bridge of Dreams.

RADIO 24

(820-830kHz AM)
6.00 The World at One. 1.30 Puzzle Panel. 2.00 NEWS; The Archers. 2.15 Afternoon Play: As I Crossed a Bridge of Dreams.

RADIO 25

(830-840kHz AM)
6.00 The World at One. 1.30 Puzzle Panel. 2.00 NEWS; The Archers. 2.15 Afternoon Play: As I Crossed a Bridge of Dreams.

RADIO 26

(840-850kHz AM)
6.00 The World at One. 1.30 Puzzle Panel. 2.00 NEWS; The Archers. 2.15 Afternoon Play: As I Crossed a Bridge of Dreams.

RADIO 27

(850-860kHz AM)
6.00 The World at One. 1.30 Puzzle Panel. 2.00 NEWS; The Archers. 2.15 Afternoon Play: As I Crossed a Bridge of Dreams.

RADIO 28

(860-870kHz AM)
6.00 The World at One. 1.30 Puzzle Panel. 2.00 NEWS; The Archers. 2.15 Afternoon Play: As I Crossed a Bridge of Dreams.

RADIO 29

(870-880kHz AM)
6.00 The World at One. 1.30 Puzzle Panel. 2.00 NEWS; The Archers. 2.15 Afternoon Play: As I Crossed a Bridge of Dreams.

RADIO 30

(880-890kHz AM)
6.00 The World at One. 1.30 Puzzle Panel. 2.00 NEWS; The Archers. 2.15 Afternoon Play: As I Crossed a Bridge of Dreams.

RADIO 31

(890-900kHz AM)
6.00 The World at One. 1.30 Puzzle Panel. 2.00 NEWS; The Archers. 2.15 Afternoon Play: As I Crossed a Bridge of Dreams.

RADIO 32

(900-910kHz AM)
6.00 The World at One. 1.30 Puzzle Panel. 2.00 NEWS; The Archers. 2.15 Afternoon Play: As I Crossed a Bridge of Dreams.

RADIO 33

(910-920kHz AM)
6.00 The World at One. 1.30 Puzzle Panel. 2.00 NEWS; The Archers. 2.15 Afternoon Play: As I Crossed a Bridge of Dreams.

RADIO 34

(920-930kHz AM)
6.00 The World at One. 1.30 Puzzle Panel. 2.00 NEWS; The Archers. 2.15 Afternoon Play: As I Crossed a Bridge of Dreams.

RADIO 35

(930-940kHz AM)
6.00 The World at One. 1.30 Puzzle Panel. 2.00 NEWS; The Archers. 2.15 Afternoon Play: As I Crossed a Bridge of Dreams.

RADIO 36

(940-950kHz AM)
6.00 The World at One. 1.30 Puzzle Panel. 2.00 NEWS; The Archers. 2.15 Afternoon Play: As I Crossed a Bridge of Dreams.

RADIO 37

(950-960kHz AM)
6.00 The World at One. 1.30 Puzzle Panel. 2.00 NEWS; The Archers. 2.15 Afternoon Play: As I Crossed a Bridge of Dreams.

RADIO 38

(960-970kHz AM)
6.00 The World at One. 1.30 Puzzle Panel. 2.00 NEWS; The Archers. 2.15 Afternoon Play: As I Crossed a Bridge of Dreams.

RADIO 39

(970-980kHz AM)
6.00 The World at One. 1.30 Puzzle Panel. 2.00 NEWS; The Archers. 2.15 Afternoon Play: As I Crossed a Bridge of Dreams.

RADIO 40

(980-990kHz AM)
6.00 The World at One. 1.30 Puzzle Panel. 2.00 NEWS; The Archers. 2.15 Afternoon Play: As I Crossed a Bridge of Dreams.

SATELLITE AND CABLE

PICK OF THE DAY

JODIE FOSTER'S great skill as an actress is that although in real life she is a formidable intelligent, Yale-educated woman, in the movies she is able to play it dumb. In *The Accused* (10pm) SKY Movies Gold, right, her first Oscar-winning role (she netted another for *The Silence of the Lambs*), she plays a poor trailer-dweller who attempts to seek justice after she is brutally gang-raped in a bar.

Kelly McGillis is an admirable foil as her lawyer in Jonathan Kaplan's undeniably powerful 1988 film. The recent Comic Strip film *Four Men in a Car* showed that the team is still capable of inspired moments. One of the best offerings from a somewhat uneven back catalogue, *A Fistful of Traveller's Cheques*, gets an airing on The Comic Strip Preseats... (10.45pm) UK Gold.



SKY 1

2.00 Tattooed Teenage Alien Fighters from Beverly Hills (1986). 7.30 Games World (1987/88). 7.45 The Simpsons (1989/90). 8.45 Oprah Winfrey Show (1990/91). 9.00 Hotel (1987/88). 10.00 Another World (1989/90). 11.00 Days of Our Lives (1990/91). 12.00 Married with Children (1990/91). 12.30 M*A*S*H (1990/91). 12.55 Special K Collection (1990/91). 1.00 Gelfin (1990/91). 1.55 The Special K Collection (1990/91). 2.00 Sally Jessy Raphael (1990/91). 2.55 The Special K Collection (1990/91). 3.00 Jerry Jones (1990/91). 3.55 The Special K Collection (1990/91). 4.00 The Oprah Winfrey Show (1990/91). 5.00 Star Trek: Voyager (1990/91). 6.00 The Nanny (1990/91). 6.30 Married with Children (1990/91). 7.00 The Simpsons (1990/91). 7.30 The Simpsons (1990/91). 8.00 America's Funniest Home Videos (1990/91). 8.30 The Simpsons (1990/91). 9.00 Friends (1990/91). 9.30 Friends (1990/91). 10.00 Friends (1990/91). 10.30 Friends (1990/91). 11.00 Star Trek: Voyager (1990/91). 11.30 Star Trek: Voyager (1990/91). 12.00 Star Trek: Voyager (1990/91). 12.30 Star Trek: Voyager (1990/91). 1.00 Long Play (1990/91).

SKY SPORTS 1

12.00 Sports Centre (1990/91). 2.00 Sports Centre (1990/91). 4.00 Sports Centre (1990/91). 6.00 Sports Centre (1990/91). 8.00 Sports Centre (1990/91). 10.00 Sports Centre (1990/91). 12.00 Sports Centre (1990/91). 1.00 Sports Centre (1990/91). 2.00 Sports Centre (1990/91). 3.00 Sports Centre (1990/91). 4.00 Sports Centre (1990/91). 5.00 Sports Centre (1990/91). 6.00 Sports Centre (1990/91). 7.00 Sports Centre (1990/91). 8.00 Sports Centre (1990/91). 9.00 Sports Centre (1990/91). 10.00 Sports Centre (1990/91). 11.00 Sports Centre (1990/91). 12.00 Sports Centre (1990/91). 1.00 Sports Centre (1990/91). 2.00 Sports Centre (1990/91). 3.00 Sports Centre (1990/91). 4.00 Sports Centre (1990/91). 5.00 Sports Centre (1990/91). 6.00 Sports Centre (1990/91). 7.00 Sports Centre (1990/91). 8.00 Sports Centre (1990/91). 9.00 Sports Centre (1990/91). 10.00 Sports Centre (1990/91). 11.00 Sports Centre (1990/91). 12.00 Sports Centre (1990/91). 1.00 Sports Centre (1990/91). 2.00 Sports Centre (1990/91). 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